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June 1911

SOLOMON CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.



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SOLOMON CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.

MEMORIALS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY HIS ELDEST SURVIVING SON,

REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS SKETCHES, ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE task of compiling a biography may be approached under variable conditions of motive and object; it may be modified by the relation of the subject to the writer, by the intrinsic merit and incidental attractiveness of the character to be portrayed, by the wealth or poverty of materials at command. In the present case filial veneration desired that the memory of a distinguished father should not pass away without some effort to preserve its outlines from oblivion.

Dr. Malan's claim to distinction rests mainly upon his pre-eminence as an Oriental scholar. In him profound linguistic ability was combined with an insatiable eagerness for knowledge, an energy of resource for obtaining it, and indefatigable zeal for literary labour. The fundamental principle underlying his life-work was an unfaltering faith in the Divine Truth of the Bible. This prompted in him a stern unflinching spirit of resistance against opinions that aimed at undermining the confidence of believers.

A long catalogue of learned works was the outcome of his labours in defence of the Faith. As Priest and Pastor he administered the parish of Broadwindsor during forty years. As an artist he was gifted with genius of a high order, and in his travels in Europe and Asia he made constant use of pencil and brush for sketching places and objects of interest.

His published works and volumes of sketches have provided the chief sources of materials available for the

preparation of this memoir. Few of his intimate friends survived him, and therefore only a scanty measure of personal reminiscences was obtainable. With the exception of two series of letters, very little of his correspondence has been preserved. Thus it will be admitted that materials available for biographical purposes were not very abundant.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of biography, says: "It is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The truth of this verdict must always be evident in greater or less degree, when a son undertakes to review his father's life—peculiar difficulties and disadvantages being associated with the task by reason of close relationship. Such considerations went far towards deterring me from attempting the work, but my reluctance was over-ridden by the wishes of a few of my father's influential friends, whose encouragements were backed by offers of assistance.

To all who have assisted me I render the acknowledgment of grateful thanks, specially mentioning the one of my father's friends who has been foremost in his encouragement and help—the Rev. Robert Sinker, D.D., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. He not only favoured me with much valuable advice upon approaching the task, but also critically examined the entire manuscript before its final revision, and assisted me in correcting the proofs.

"You need have no fear, I am sure," he said, "but that your subject will be quite safe in your hands. It is not as if you were trying to make the best case you could for some second-rate man. Your father, being what he was, takes care of himself, as it were. He is a character whom to know is certainly to hold in honour."

In dealing with Dr. Malan's writings, I have endeavoured to give such insight into their contents as may conduce to a more intimate acquaintance with the modes of thought which ruled

the solitude of his life. For since, as he said, he “lived in his books,” his writings were in great measure the outward expression of his inward life. In the transliteration of the names of Oriental languages I have occasionally used the variations presented in the books and letters quoted, rather than adopt a rigid uniformity.

ARTHUR NOEL MALAN.

EAGLE HOUSE, SANDHURST, BERKS,
August, 1897.

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SOLOMON CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORICAL CONNECTIONS.

Fortunes of the Vaudois—Les Malan of Piedmont and Mérindol—Persecutions and Martyrdom—Burning of Mérindol—Geneva—Refugees to the Cape—Wellington Branch—Bergen-op-Zoom.

IN seeking to analyse a character, before examining the secondary processes which tend, as it were, to the refinement of details, it is well to consider the melting of the original metal and the pouring of it into the peculiar mould—such processes being certainly of no less interest and importance than those by which the character assumes its specialised completion. The melting of the metal, in the present instance, was effected by the fiercest flames of persecution; the mould that received it was laid amid the crags and precipices of the Cottian Alps.

The fortunes of the Vaudois furnish a page of history which must appeal to every friend of freedom, piety, and patriotism. The tale of their intrepid courage and patient faith has been often told, and need not now be recounted afresh; but as the name of Malan figures repeatedly in the stirring vicissitudes of their tribulation, enshrined many times among the noble army of martyrs, no record of an eminent member of that family would be complete without a radiance shed upon it by such a heritage of ancestral renown.

The leading characteristics of the Vaudois were, steadfast faith in the authority and inspiration of the Bible, and

stubborn endurance in defence of their religion. The divine encouragement to the Israel of the Old Testament, "One man of you shall chase a thousand," re-echoes in the history of the Israel of the Alps, finding fulfilment in resistance against overwhelming odds so determined, as to extort from one of their most notorious persecutors the exclamation, that "the skin of a Vaudois cost fifteen or twenty of his best Catholics."

Montalembert ("Monks of the West") speaks of them as, "not monks, but monk-like men in strength of character, immortal grandeur, and celebrity of solitude. Men of the cliff and wild gorge, the bounding torrent and forest, whose very untamed patriotism and rugged nature survive till to-day, a religious recollection." He speaks of their manifesting "enthusiasm regulated by faith . . . an instinctive tendency towards retirement and solitude. . . . Through the clouds of the past they offer to us the grandest of spectacles, that of a host victorious in a good cause."

These traits—steadfast faith in the Bible, stubborn resolution in its defence, enthusiasm regulated by faith, strong sympathy with the spirit of nature in mountain, torrent, and forest, an instinctive tendency towards retirement—were specially pronounced in the character of S. C. Malan, and show the spirit of the race revived in the descendant.

The family connection with the Vaudois was fully drawn out in 1840—1845 by one of Mr. Malan's brothers after careful researches among the Archives of Turin, Piedmont, and Provence. He found the name existing at Turin (A.D. 830), when Bishop Claude, not willing to acknowledge the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, retired into the Valleys of Piedmont. Many families of Christians who kept the primitive faith followed the bishop, and among them probably that of Malan, since they are spoken of, a little later, as one of the oldest families in the Vaudois district.

They settled at La Tour, at Angrogna, and in the Valley of St. Martin. Their name occurs in the eleventh century

in the chronicles of La Tour, spelt in different ways—Malano, Malanots, Malanot, and Malan, being used in speaking of the same family. Later on the name retained only the French mode, and they were called exclusively Malan. Their possessions in the south of France are still called Les Malans, and they gave their name to a town situated at the entrance of the Valley of Lucerna, in the Valleys of the Vaudois, and called “Malan” (A.D. 1020).

Most probably “les Malan de Mérindol” (the particular branch of the family which claims S. C. Malan as its son) emigrated from the Valleys to Mérindol in Provence during the great persecution of 1112. This is gathered from the Archives of Mérindol, which speak of the family acquiring the rights of Frenchmen at that time.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries severally contribute the name of a Malan who perished by martyrdom for refusing to abjure the faith.

1290. Jeanne Malan, “put to death in the most revolting and atrocious manner” by soldiers of the Duke of Savoy.

1309. Laurent Malan, with his wife and children, “precipitated from the rocks.”

1440. Barthélemi Malan, “impaled at Angrogna.”

On November 18th, 1540, the Parliament of Aix, in Provence, decreed that Mérindol should be burnt and levelled with the ground. The principal inhabitants were to be burnt alive unless they renounced their faith. This edict, suspended in operation during four years, was subsequently carried out. The burning of Mérindol is thus described in Musten’s “History of the Waldenses”:—

“On February 13th, 1545, letters were fabricated and sent to D’Oppède at Aix contravening the law, and devoting to destruction a whole population, occupying seventeen villages. No notification was given to the Vaudois, but troops were despatched. On April 12th (Sunday) the Court met, and action was decided on. Column 1 (Oppède) marched on Loumarin, where 114 houses were destroyed, as also at La Roque, Villa Laure, and Trezemes. Column 2 (Baron

La Garde) marched on La Motte and Cabrières d'Aigues. Column 3 (Vaujuine and de Redortier) marched to Mérindol and Cabrières du Comtat. On April 18th (Saturday) these united troops met before Mérindol. Maurice Blanc, a young man, was tied to an olive tree and shot with five arquebuse-balls. The village was set on fire, and some women (among them Malans), surprised in the church, were stripped of their garments and compelled to march round the Castle. They were then flung from the rocks, Les Rochers Malans, at Lauris, a village close to Mérindol."

Some of the unfortunate inhabitants fled to the Valleys of Piedmont, and some returned later to Mérindol by favour of the Edict of Nantes.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century three members of the family, Guillaume, Jean, and André Malan, Seigneurs respectively of Lucerna, St. Jean, and La Tour, headed deputations of the Vaudois to the Courts of Turin, Savoy, and that of Henry the Great. In the persecutions of 1655—1656 Anne and Jeanne Malan suffered martyrdom, the former being hurled from a precipice in the mountains of Angrogna, the latter being burned at the stake.

It has not been possible to trace back the genealogy of Dr. Malan's family from father to son beyond 1690, the Archives and the Register of the *État Civil* at Mérindol having perished when the town was burnt. In 1841 the Mayor of Mérindol, Monsieur Boüer, wrote to Henry Victor Malan, brother of Dr. Malan: "Thank Providence, sir, that the names of Pierre Malan and of his father are found to stand on the very page where the fire stopped, as this document gives you the right of claiming the title of Frenchmen."

It is recorded in the Archives and Registries of the *État Civil* of Mérindol, that, in 1690, there lived at Mérindol, four brothers of the name of Malan—Jean, Jacques, Henri, and Barthélemi. They were called the Seigneurs Malan de Mérindol, and classed among the "notables" of the country. Jean Malan died in 1698. His son, Pierre Malan de Mérindol,

fled from Mérindol, pursued by the Papists, thirsting for his blood, and enemies to his faith. He arrived at Geneva in 1714, having lost everything except his faith. When he was driven out of his home, his sister Jeanne, refusing to renounce her faith, was buried alive. Thus died, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the last martyr of the family. The habitations of les Malan at Mérindol are now only ruins shaded by trees, sole traces of the persecutions that decimated and at length exiled the family.

In 1714 Pierre Malan de Mérindol arrived at Geneva, then the chief refuge of the faithful Protestants persecuted for their creed. His son, Antoine Malan de Mérindol, born at Geneva in May, 1725, married Susanne Claudine Flückiger in 1751, and had issue two sons—Jacques Imbert, and Alexandre.

In 1797 Napoleon published a decree that all the French families who had fled for religious causes and could prove their lineage, were authorised to return to their hearths, and to retake possession of their rights and properties.

Jacques Imbert Malan, preferring to remain in his new home in a Protestant country, did not answer to this call, and the family of Malan de Mérindol lost this opportunity of recovering the lands of their rightful inheritance. Jacques Imbert Malan de Mérindol married, March 19th, 1783, at Burtigny, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, Jacqueline, daughter of Monsieur J. Prestreau de Clavelières, by whom he had two sons—Louis, and César Henri Abraham. The latter, known and revered in all the Christian world, endured persecution for his faith in the spirit of the Vaudois, not, indeed, of fire and sword, but of insult, scorn, and injury; coming out of the then Socinian Church of Geneva, and shining as a light in a dark place, boldly declaring the Divinity of our Lord, and suffering deprivation of all things rather than deny his faith. He married, at Geneva, April 25th, 1811, Salome Georgette Jeanne Schönberger, and had twelve children, five sons and seven daughters. The eldest of

these is the subject of this present memoir, CÉSAR JEAN SALOMON MALAN, the addition of "de Mérindol" having been discontinued in the eighteenth century as part of the family name.

Such an ancestral history, of special family interest, may serve as an introduction for the descendant on whom attention is now centred. The Vaudois have won for themselves a glorious renown, world-wide among Christians. Their son was not unworthy of the great traditions, since in him were pre-eminently displayed many of the qualities which characterised the race.

Of the four brothers, Jean, Jacques, Henri, and Barthélemi Malan, mentioned as being at Mérindol in 1690, Jacques Malan, with other Protestants, fled from the persecution to Holland. According to tradition, disguised as a fiddler he escaped to Leyden, where members of the family had been located since 1625. He subsequently sailed from Rotterdam, in the ship *China*, with many other refugees bound for South Africa. "It happened" ("Cape of Good Hope Official Handbook, 1886") "that Holland at this time was receiving with sympathy and kindness the Protestant refugees who were driven from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The East India Company offered these 'exiles for conscience sake' a home in their African possessions; and a number of them, amounting in all to about 300 men, women, and children, accepted the offer. In 1687 the Chambers of Amsterdam and of Delft informed Van der Stel, that, in addition to other freemen, some French and Piedmontese refugees were willing to emigrate to the Cape. 'Among them,' says the despatch, 'are persons who understand the culture of the vine, who will in time be able to benefit the Company and themselves.'" These refugees arrived in the colony in 1688 and 1689; and the public records contain the names of nearly all of them. Among them is the name of Jacques Malan.

His descendants form a numerous and thriving population in South Africa, both in the neighbourhood of Wellington,

Cape Town, etc., and also in the Transvaal, to which several of them "trekked" in 1835.

In 1887 the Wellington branch of the Malan family sent to their English kinsmen a gratulatory address (see Appendix A.) signed by 55 members, the first three being respectively 90, 82, and 79 years of age. It was forwarded by the late Christopher Villiers, together with a genealogical table containing the names of 757 members of the family, showing their descent from Jacques Malan, "who arrived (Huguenot refugee) at the Cape of Good Hope about 1688, and married, presumably in 1699, Elizabeth Lelon (widow of Jean Jourdan), as I find recorded in the original baptismal register of the Drakenstein Church." Number 700 in this table is Herculaas Philip (born 1792). He joined in the "trek" (emigration) of the Boers alluded to in the address, and was among those who, with their leader, Peter Retief, were treacherously massacred by order of the Zulu King Dingaan in 1838. He had three sons—Johannes Augustinus, Jacob Johannes, Hercules Philippus.

After the excitement connected with the "Jameson Raid" had somewhat abated, the present writer wrote to "Commandant Malan" (Hercules Philippus), who negotiated the final surrender of Dr. Jameson. A letter was received in reply from his son (P. J. Malan, Inspector-in-Chief of Public Roads), stating that his grandfather, Jacobus, fell in battle against Dingaan; that his father is Commandant of Rustenburg and Native Commissioner; and that his eldest brother, Jacobus, married the youngest daughter of President Krüger.

From this South African digression a return must be made to Geneva, and the chapter shall be closed with a brief allusion to the uncle and great-grandfather of S. C. Malan.

Louis de Malan, brother of Dr. César Malan, was tutor in the family of Prince Repnine, Viceroy of Poland, who made him head of an educational institution in Poltawa, where he married, and had three children—Basile, godson of Prince Basile; Varette, goddaughter of Princess Varette; and Nicholas, godson of the Czar.

Antoine Malan, afterwards a Regent in the College at Geneva, was, at the time of the Mississippi Scheme of Law (1720), unfortunately involved in that monetary disaster. Being asked one day to copy a paper for a member of an aristocratic family, he complied with the request, though unaware of the responsibilities he was incurring. Then came the crash; and when Antoine Malan was named as the man who wrote the paper, he was condemned, not to death (as the law then was), but to exile. Accordingly he retired to Bergen-op-Zoom, in North Brabant. He was subsequently rehabilitated by the influence of the family who had made a considerable fortune at his expense. By way of some further compensation, his son, Jacques Imbert Malan, was made Professor in the College at Geneva, where he became deeply imbued with the doctrines of Rousseau and Voltaire. He had at one time the option of recovering the ancestral lands at Mérindol; but on ascertaining that if he pressed his claim twenty-five families would be rendered homeless, he waived his right, although advised to consider the future of his sons. As a relic of this episode in the family history, years afterwards, in another country and under altered circumstances, S. C. Malan, great-grandson of Antoine Malan, would, in the children's hour of a winter's evening, hide himself in the lobby at the foot of the staircase, and spring out upon them with the mysterious exclamation, "Bergen-op-Zoom!"

CHAPTER II.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS, 1812—1830.

Birth of S. C. Malan—Geneva—Dr. César Malan—Early Experiences—Paternal Education—Home Life and Pursuits—Anecdote of Mrs. Ritchie—Youthful Enthusiasm—Influence of Home Life—Outward Appearance.

CÉSAR JEAN SALOMON MALAN, afterwards better known as the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, and D.D. of Edinburgh, Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, was born on April 22nd, 1812, at his father's house in the Rue Verdaine, Geneva. He was the eldest son of that eminent French *pasteur* of Switzerland, Dr. César Malan, and of Salome, daughter of Salomon Schönberger, of Mitlöde, in the Canton Glaris, a merchant long established at Geneva, who lived in the small hamlet of Valavran.

The city of Geneva, despite its reputation for being the sheltering mother of persecuted Protestantism, was also at this time the arena for conflict of controversy and creed. Alexander Haldane ("Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and his Brother, J. A. Haldane") says: "Geneva is a name which symbolises something far more glorious than the little town, whose ancient battlements were at once the monuments of the defensive skill of Vauban, and of the persecuting tyranny of the House of Savoy. Geneva has been for ages the symbol of all that is antagonistic to Rome. Placed at the extremity of its own placid and beautiful lake, where the blue waters of the 'arrowy Rhone' rush onwards to the ocean, this free city, as if designed to be a witness for God against Popery, whether Ultramontane or Gallican, stood between the Jura and the Alps, themselves the types of beauty and sublimity. Within its hospitable gates were received several of the distinguished French and Italian

families, proscribed for favouring the Reformation. . . . At a later period it welcomed many of the noble confessors who fled from the bitter persecutions which both preceded and followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Geneva was, indeed, the glory of the Reformation, the battlefield of light and darkness, the Thermopylæ of Protestantism, from whose Alpine heights the light of Gospel truth once streamed forth with brilliant lustre, athwart the blackness of Papal superstition. But Geneva fell from her ancestral faith, and proved how vain are historic names, orthodox creeds, and scriptural formularies, where the spirit ceases to animate the lifeless frame. The younger Turretine, the degenerate son of an illustrious sire, more than a century ago, quietly laid aside the doctrine of the Trinity, when he was Professor of Theology. In 1777 Professor Vernet allowed Arian theses to be maintained before him by students of the University. But the crowning proof of their apostasy is to be found in the fact that, twenty years before that period, the infidel, D'Alembert, complimented the Venerable Company, in the French Encyclopædia, in an article, in which he observes, 'To say all in one word, many of the pastors of Geneva have no other religion but a perfect Socinianism, rejecting all that they call mysteries.' . . . But in the writings of the 'self-tortured sophist,' Jean Jacques Rousseau, there is a still more melancholy picture of the lapsed condition of Geneva. In one of his 'Letters from the Mountains,' he thus writes: 'It is asked of the ministers of the Church of Geneva if Jesus Christ be God? They dare not answer. It is asked, if he were a mere man? They are embarrassed, and will not say they think so. A philosopher, with a glance of the eye, penetrates their character. He sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists. . . . Oh, Genevans! those gentlemen, your ministers, in truth are very singular people! They do not know what they believe or what they do not believe. They do not even know what they would wish to appear to believe. Their only manner of establishing their faith is to attack the faith of others.' "

This gross degeneracy of religion which prevailed in his native city, powerfully affected the mind of Dr. César Malan. His earnest convictions compelled him to denounce the Socinian tendencies of the Genevese clergy, and emboldened him to lift up his voice for the primitive purity of the Christian faith. From the history of his career, written by his son César Malan, much of the following information is derived.

With an opposition not deliberate or aggressive, but necessitated by loyalty to God and the Faith, he fearlessly braved the displeasure of ecclesiastical authority. Remembering his kinship with the Waldensian confessors, he was impelled by religious enthusiasm to expose heretical error; and so he stood forth single-handed to uprear in Geneva the soiled standard of her ancient faith—to proclaim from Calvin's pulpit that Gospel whose echoes had so long ceased to be heard in her national churches.

The Ecclesiastical Consistory, filled with indignation at his zeal, did not rest until they had brought about his exclusion from every pulpit in the city. The rancour of popular feeling was so bitterly stirred against him by the severity of ecclesiastical odium, that he was exposed to the insults of the populace whenever he appeared in the streets of Geneva.

Compelled to separate himself from the jurisdiction of the Consistory, he obtained the sanction of the Council of State to build a chapel in the garden of his house, Pré Béni, which he called "*La Chappelle du Témoignage*," and in which during several years he conducted his ministrations.

Various fluctuations of success and disappointment followed, to encourage or thwart his efforts. Though the tide of open persecution was somewhat stemmed, yet the eddies of opposition and undercurrents of disaffection seldom ceased to disturb his life.

Such were the external associations amid which the young Salomon received his earliest impressions. As his mind gradually dawned with powers of intelligence more keenly

appreciative and observant than is usual in childhood, he must have formed strange views of society. Indeed, from the few allusions that he ever made to his experiences of those early years, it is clear that his first impression of the world was little else than abhorrence. Seeing his father the object of insult and persecution, which often rendered it advisable that his children should not go beyond the bounds of the garden at Pré l'Evêque (the name of the house was changed to "Pré Béni" in 1827), his infant mind conceived vague notions of fear and dislike towards those who lived outside the garden-gate. His highly sensitive nature thus received a bias towards a spirit of antagonism; and this, being grafted on a determined will, developed with advancing years into strong resentment against oppression, and a resolute zeal to fight for the right.

Being led to expect small sympathy from the world, he was thrown in upon himself, and taught to lean upon his own resources. A sense of self-reliance and confidence in his own power nerved him with tremendous energy to equip himself for the battle of life, which early experience led him to forecast as a stern struggle against prejudice and aggression.

It was but natural, therefore, that as a child he should be shy towards strangers. Yet there was always a peculiar fascination about his manner, a grace of carriage and uprightness of bearing, a charm of politeness, and keenness of expression, which, being combined with a striking air of originality, marked him as a child of no common type. Hence his shyness could not shield him from attracting notice; and, since it was ever ready to melt before kindness, all who showed him sympathy found him responsive to their address.

Thus the external influences of early life contributed towards moulding in him a character of strong feelings, which in great measure ruled his behaviour within the family circle. Towards his younger brothers he asserted the prerogative of the elder brother with a firm hand, ruling them by superior strength of will, and appropriating as his right

the homage of their admiration. To such an extent was the service of their vassalage rendered, that they would even walk barefoot in a stream famous for cray-fish, that Salomon might enjoy a savoury meal off such of the crustaceans as clung to their toes. At the same time, as one of the younger brothers admits, "he was never coarse or loud in his behaviour towards us; he was too sure of himself, and too much of a gentleman for that."

"Salomon Malan," writes his brother César, "was the adored son of his mother. Towards her Salomon was always filial, kind with the kindness of the strong and sure man, but not outwardly demonstrative in his affection. As for loving her—all her sons loved her; only Salomon's manner was not so impulsive as my brother Henry's, nor so intimate as mine."

Towards his father Salomon always showed the highest honour and respect. The father's attitude towards his children is drawn with interesting clearness by the son who wrote his biography. Living, as he did, in the unfaltering assurance of God's ever-present guidance and protection, César Malan could not fail to impress that assurance upon his children. "Even though we lost all the grand and beautiful remembrances that our father has bequeathed to us," said one of the brothers to another, once when they were calling back memories of childhood, "there is one treasure which we have received from him, which alone would suffice to render his memory a holy and a sacred thing in our eyes. It is that truth which he has impressed upon our souls, that God is not an *idea*, but a *living reality*; not a Being more or less separated from the details of our daily life, but the living omnipresent One, the actual Witness of our very thoughts, to Whom every day and every instant of the day we are all accountable. He has convinced us of this by the practical illustration of his own daily life. He has indeed walked before us, always, and to the very end, 'as serving Him Who is invisible.'"

Dr. César Malan concerned himself intimately with his children's education, directing their studies in logic and

rhetoric, and the elements of geometry. "Every evening at a certain hour," writes his biographer, "about the year 1829, I saw my elder brothers and sisters go into his study with their paper books. . . . Aided by his varied experience, he gave us, further, our first ideas of natural philosophy. To accomplish this, he constructed electric machines, one of them of large dimensions, with the various appendages then in use. Sometimes, on fine nights, he would adjust his large telescope, to show us the satellites of Jupiter, or the mountains of the moon; at other times, collecting us round his microscope, he made us handle, as it were, the proofs of the infinite goodness and power of the Creator. . . . My most vivid recollections gather round certain seasons, in which he used to call us into his room to tell us stories. We used to find him seated in an easy-chair in front of the fire. My brothers and sisters settled themselves right and left of him, while my place was on a rug at his feet. There, as I watched the flame flickering on the logs of wood, while the fire died slowly down, and the shadows danced on the Dutch tiles of which the sides of the fireplace were composed, I heard him tell us the story of 'The Watch-Chain,' 'Raoul,' 'Theobald the Iron-hearted,' 'Didier le Vagabond,' 'Jean des Raquettes,' and 'The German Tinder Dealer.' . . . At a very early period he began to teach us drawing; and ever afterwards, when (among the first in Geneva to do so) he applied to A. Calame to instruct us, he scarcely ever omitted to come into the room where the lesson was being given. . . . He it was who gave us an early taste for handicraft. When the weather was bad, and we were at liberty, he opened his workshop. It was a large room, containing a lathe for his own use, and a smaller one for us, a forge with a locksmith's belongings, a carpenter's bench, and a large assortment of tools of every kind, many of which had been manufactured by himself. . . . He set up for my eldest brother a bookbinder's workshop, completely furnished. Afterwards, on noticing the interest with which another of us employed himself with a child's printing-press, he made

him a small one of iron, with all the proper accompaniments. . . . Fond as he was of giving away, he would have nothing lost. While out for a walk, I have seen him stop to pick up a nail, or a pin, or some other trifling thing; remarking, as he did so, that he would one day find a use for it. He possessed the talent of turning everything to account. One day he brought me a knife, the handle of which he had made out of an old bone bleached by the sun, while he had forged the blade out of a piece of steel which I had seen him pick up in the road some days before. . . . He was very urgent in requiring his boys to rise early. In summer our first lesson was at six o'clock. . . . It would be difficult to mention all the various things he could do. Sometimes I saw him with a graver's tool in his hand, a glazier's diamond, or a tinsmith's irons. Then again, he would be devoted to making ink or sealing-wax. On other occasions he would paint, or compose music, or busy himself with lithography, or in his workshop. . . . On Thursday afternoons, when the weather was fine, we generally walked with him. Getting into the country as quickly as possible, we halted on the bank of a stream, or under a cluster of trees, or in some other solitary nook, when he would gather us round him, and enlarge upon the habits of various field animals, or tell us the names of the flowers we might happen to bring him. He showed us in everything the wisdom and goodness of God, Whose Presence was ever filling his soul. . . . We spent the long winter evenings with our mother round the drawing-room table. There every one was occupied. While my sisters were busy with needlework, I drew or read aloud. Often we had music. Salomon would accompany my sister on the flute. . . . The optical lantern (we were forbidden to say *magic*) was a great institution. Its slides were all painted by my father."

One of the sisters writes: "As I was one of the little ones of the family, I was not thrown much with the bigger ones, and least of all with Salomon, for whom we felt a great respect. He was very lively, and often had something funny

to say which amused our elder sisters. He used to go out shooting, accompanied by a servant. He collected butterflies, and shot birds, which he stuffed, and made a beautiful collection. My father had a large glass case made for Salomon's room, with everything necessary for arranging the stuffed birds. There were glass jars containing snakes preserved in spirit, shells, eggs, and cases for butterflies. We children were astounded at it all."

Salomon was a great favourite with his maternal aunt Tessier, whose house was a centre of social festivities. The spacious park surrounding it extended to the shores of the lake, and was well stocked with game. "My grandfather had killed wolves in it," writes César Malan. Salomon was often invited there for a day's shooting.

He used to go with a servant on sporting excursions in the Alps. The servant afterwards became a missionary to the Sioux.

Keen to appreciate such inducements of interest and recreation pursued within the home circle—for he was never sent to school—Salomon received into good soil the seeds of many tastes and idiosyncrasies destined to yield good fruit in after life. He acquired cleverness of manipulation in all accomplishments that demand neatness of fingering; delight in acquainting himself with the technical niceties of any trade or handicraft that specially engaged his attention; aptitude for turning to account things likely to be tossed aside as useless; habits of early rising and absolute aversion to idleness; taste for drawing; taste for music and musical composition; an ardent love of natural history, and constant delight in observing and drawing attention to the perfection of God's works displayed in nature.

On one occasion, at the dinner-table in the Vicarage of Broadwindsor, he took a screw from his pocket, and said to his sons, "Does not that interest you? I never can handle a screw without longing to drive it home." He achieved high excellence in turning wood and ivory upon a lathe, and used all carpenter's tools with the proficiency of an expert.

Amid so much that was calculated to mitigate the galling pressure of public animosity which was continually harassing the home at Pré Bénî, amid so many sources of pleasure and interest calculated to enrapture the heart of youth and cement in it an attachment to home, there were other influences at work which tended in another direction. From intercourse with the English pupils in his father's house Salomon Malan imbibed a romantic admiration for England, regarding it as the ideal home of freedom, peace, and enlightenment.

The magnetism of this attraction towards England induced within him a spirit of restlessness and longing to seek wider scope for the exercise of those powers which he knew that he possessed. As "the Spirit of the LORD began to move Samson at times in the camp of Dan"—stirring within him indefinable yearnings to find an outlet for the energies of his latent force—so was it with the intellectual might of Salomon Malan.

The ardent spirituality, which dominated the soul of Dr. César Malan with complete supremacy, was not calculated always to present itself in a congenial light to the young. It is not to every nature that such an ecstatic aspect of religious fervour finds an easy avenue of access. In "Chapters from Some Memoirs," by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, the writer gives a graphic description of an interview with Dr. César Malan: ". . . I never think of Geneva without a curious feeling of terror and emotion. We were in a tall hotel with windows looking towards the lake, and it was lovely summer weather, but it was a dismal time. My dear grandmother sought for sympathy among the people to whom she was naturally drawn, the masters and teachers belonging to the Protestant Church in Geneva. They were interesting and important personages, who inspired me with a curious mixture of respect and discomfort, and to whom my grandmother had brought various introductions from her friends the French Protestant *pasteurs* at Paris.

“There was a garden to which she took me, not far from our hotel, with beautiful shady trees and spreading grass. In the garden stood a white chapel, clean, light, bare, decorous, with some black and white marble ornamentations. A woman in a black frilled cap showed us to our seats, and there we waited, listening for some time to a clanging bell. Then the service began. Only one or two people came to it, but the place, although to others it might speak of most fervent and passionate emotion, seemed oppressive with chill and silent religion to me. When all was over my grandmother had some low-voiced conversation with the woman in the black cap, who beckoned to the bellringer, and the result of the whispering was, that, after a short delay, we were led across the grass and under the trees to a retired part of the garden, where, in the shade of some bushes, sat an old man of very noble aspect, with long white hair falling on his shoulders. He looked to me like some superior being. Indeed, to my excited imagination it seemed as if I was being brought up to the feet of a prophet, to some inspired person who was sitting there in authority and in judgment on all the rest of the world. This old man was M. César Malan, the head of a section of the Calvinist Church in Geneva, whose name was well known and very widely respected. He had built the chapel in his garden. Not a little to my consternation, after a few words with my grandmother, he immediately, with the utmost kindness, began asking me questions about myself about my convictions, my religious impressions, my hopes, my future aspirations. He was very kind; but even an angel from heaven would be alarming, suddenly appearing to a girl of fifteen with such a catechism. The more kindly he pressed me the less able I was to answer. Sometimes I said too much, sometimes I was hopelessly silent, and in the midst of a nervous discussion as to the ultimate fate of Judas (I felt somewhat akin to him myself) the scene ended in my bursting into tears of embarrassment and hopeless confusion.”

This anecdote need not suggest an exaggerated idea of Salomon's attitude towards his father's views of religion. Granting the disparity of sentiments in such a case, as between strangers and relations, it may suffice to say that the eager enthusiasm of the son's strong nature was not wholly in harmony with the father's fervent spirituality. Evidence of this is supplied in the following note, recorded at the time, from a conversation between Mr. Malan and Miss Marion Kennaway: "I can recall perfectly the first time I took part in Divine Service. I was a mere lad. One Sunday morning, at Geneva, my father sent for me to his room. He was ill, and he said I must take the service in his chapel for him. I refused, and said I could not possibly do such a thing. But he insisted, telling me there was no one else to do it; and, finally, off I went. Never shall I forget the shame and confusion I felt, nor how my spirit rebelled at the performance of such a distasteful task."

Salomon's mind discerned and fully estimated the potentialities of this life; things *seen* possessed for him an accredited title to respect; the solidity of the temporal refused to be pushed altogether aside by the idealism of the spiritual. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" was a question which he never evaded in its human applicability; but that business, as he interpreted it, led him by cords which his earthly father did not fully recognise or comprehend. The sanctity of home life within the walls of Pré Béni had its roseate hues, but they were not entirely untinted by darker shades in the intercourse of father and eldest son. It was natural that his father should at times exercise paternal authority with forcible expression, when the strong character of the son is taken into consideration. The Vicar of Broadwindsor once described a stormy scene at Pré Béni to his son Edward, who rowed two years in the Oxford Eight, and was at the time a Master at Sherborne School. "Do you mean to say grandfather spoke to you like that? I should like to have had him in my pupil-room for half an hour!" The Vicar was so overcome with the

humour of the notion that he lay back in his armchair and laughed as he never laughed before or after.

Principles of strong integrity, the fear of God, the love of truth, and a noble strictness of morality were deeply implanted, cherished, and matured in the heart of Salomon Malan by the religious atmosphere of the home life. But meantime there grew up in him an overmastering thirst for intellectual knowledge and a hunger after worldly wisdom. This insatiable appetite could not be indulged at home, nor could the limited opportunities for its indulgence be improved without involving opposition to the line in which paternal influence was bent upon leading him. Dr. César Malan's ambition was that his eldest son should succeed him as minister of La Chappelle du Témoignage. Salomon had no inclination to fulfil that desire. The impulses of his strong character moved him to chafe against the trammels that would confine him within such a narrow sphere. The thirst for knowledge and wider experience could not be appeased under such conditions. In his ears rang the challenge of the sacred book which, even then, riveted his attention, and was to claim the service of his life's study: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." The horizon of his aspirations spread far beyond the snows of Mont Blanc, and the atmosphere of home life, being intensely charged with the spiritualities of religion, could not always awaken in him responsive harmonies that should absolutely exclude the jars of discord.

Though Salomon Malan never swerved from the rule of reverential honour towards his parents, though, to quote his words to his own children, "I would sooner have cut out my tongue than utter a word of disrespect towards my father," still there was such a wide divergence between them in their attitude towards the leadings of religious truth that the inspired warning might seem to find some fulfilment in them: "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on

earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: . . . The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father." The son, indeed, with loyal self-restraint, never manifested unfilial conduct; but God had work for him to do which his parents wist not of, and was preparing him for that work, and leading him to its sphere of action in the mysterious dealings of His Providence by the influence of motives with which the parents did not entirely sympathise.

He did not often speak of his early life at Geneva. Almost the only allusion to it that is remembered was this: "The life at Geneva was a hard trial; my father, for whose memory I have the most profound respect, was wholly given up to religion, and had little sympathy for anything else. One day a medical friend of my father's brought a diagram of a skeleton to the house and said to me, 'Draw that!' because he saw me reading a book on anatomy. I drew it as well as I could, and got it fairly right. When the doctor came back, he took up my drawing and said nothing to me, but called my father, and exclaimed with emphasis, 'This boy must be a surgeon!' My father was vexed, and crumpling up the drawing he tore it in pieces." When asked whether he wanted to be a surgeon, at the time he said "'Yes.' The profession would have opened a road to knowledge. I set myself the task of determining to know everything there was to be known, but I had few books and no money to buy them."

Yet, in spite of what seemed to him a dearth of books—for even at that early age the passion was strong which prompted him in after years to amass the valuable library which is now the heritage of the Indian Institute at Oxford—at the age of eighteen the results of his companionship with books were remarkable. He spoke with fluent ease French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and less perfectly English. He was well advanced in the knowledge of Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Arabic, and had made no inconsiderable acquaintance with other Oriental languages. Furthermore, his father, being anxious to spare him the distress occasioned to most

children by the study of Latin, determined from the first to address him only in that language. Therefore, Latin was the child's father-tongue. To be sure, being the Latin of Calvin's Institutes, it might not have satisfied the refined ears of Cicero and Livy, but it was an introduction to the language of the classics which stood him in good stead at Oxford. The following passage occurs in a letter from M. Bruen, dated from Geneva, 1817, quoted in Dr. Mason's Memoirs, p. 460: "What do you think of my sitting down at table at Malan's house, in Geneva, with his little son, six years old, who not only knew the name of everything he wanted in *Latin*, but could sustain a conversation in that language? It may amuse you to hear that when Dr. Mason and myself had engaged to dine with his father he was told, as something extraordinary, that two Americans were to be there. His first exclamation, on seeing us, was, '*Americani? non sunt cum plumis!*' He had no other idea of Americans than what he had derived from prints, and therefore very naturally expected to see us in the feathers and fantastic garb of Indians."

The solitary life, forced upon him in great measure by circumstances, was destined to leave a permanent impress upon his character, engendering a certain shyness of reserve in the presence of company, which never entirely forsook him, and found vent in an abrupt epigrammatic turn of manner, not always understood, but producing a chilling effect. This inclination of those early years was not effaced by time. The love of Oriental study, which specially engrossed his attention during the hours of enforced solitude, led him to be enamoured of the traditions of the ancient world. These subjugated his intellect and captured his fancy. Already he lived in an enchanted realm, remote and far from the reach of ordinary men, where the figures and modes of thought of a great archaic world peopled his lively imagination. The effect of this on a naturally strong character, thrown much in upon self, and generally restricted from outward expansion, was to make him somewhat of an idealist, who constructed

for himself and others a code of life from his world within by the exercise of a meditative power gained from the companionship of books. Such an education, at the most impressionable time of boyhood and youth, could only induce a centripetal tendency, for ever taking in to self, and when asked to give out only being ready with ideas from book study, and not from the study of men and manners.

It was always a source of bitter regret that he had never enjoyed the benefits of a school education in his boyhood. He would frequently impress upon his grandsons the contrast between their condition and his own at their age. "Ah, if I had only had your advantages!" When one of his grandsons came out first on the roll of Winchester scholars in 1886 the grandfather's congratulations were: "Well done, Walter, my boy; but if you hadn't you would have deserved to be licked!" The remark might have been repeated—its austerity possibly softened by the influence of old age—had the grandfather's life been spared another ten years, when Walter's brother Charles won second place on the roll of Winchester scholars.

The natural consequence of such an isolated education developed itself in after life, observable in a distinct vein of subjective philosophy, a self-centred fibre conspicuously woven in every fabric of word and writing, with the individual for its standard in all things, and a certain incapacity to accept the opinions of other men at their proper value. Such a temperament, apt to be happy in the sacred places of the past, and with a susceptibility to their influence which seemed to increase with increasing years, stamped and minted his whole being with a currency scarcely in concord with modern thought.

From these sources he drew that strong personality and individuality which he left on all he did, and which appeared even in the smallest details. If he made a box, there were the solid proportions of an Egyptian temple moulded in its form; if he built a gateway, or put on a roof, there was the stern severity of rigid rule evidenced in the lines of the gate,

the deep relief of shade in the broad eave, and the solid-set, half-stunted readiness of attitude to resist the sudden avalanche; if he wrote in Eastern character, there was the clear-cut, absolutely correct delineation of the artist of old, presenting it perfect like the face of a gem.

Reared as he was from childhood under the shadow of Mont Blanc, he breathed, in some measure, the inspiration of the mighty mountains, and caught a reflex of their influence — rugged isolation, stern integrity. Amid the grandeur of the high Alps he first heard the truth that God's righteousness standeth like the strong mountains, and the glories of nature viewed under sublime conditions begat in him profound adoration for nature's God—much in the spirit of Coleridge's lines:—

“Thou too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downwards, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
. . . Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

At the age of eighteen he was a youth of striking appearance. Standing five feet ten inches in height, of upright figure and strongly built, with large and grandly moulded head, crisp, curly, brown hair, wide and high forehead, clear blue eyes, sparkling with the fire of genius and ever ready to melt in a smile of peculiar charm, with lines at their outer corners breaking into curves eloquent of a love of humour, well chiselled nose of intellectual cast, a beautiful mouth, and chin eminently expressive of firmness and decision of character. Such was his outward appearance. In manners he was graceful and attractive, shy towards strangers, but at once amenable to courteous approach, and responsive with a brilliancy beyond his years. No one could fail to see in him a youth of interesting attractiveness and remarkable promise.

In moral character his life had been without blemish. In

his heart reigned paramount the fear of God and a fearless indifference to the opinion of men.

Such was Salomon Malan at the age of eighteen, when circumstances were so ordered as to turn his life into its appointed channel, which brought about the realisation of heart's desire—to visit England, the home of freedom, peace, and enlightenment.

CHAPTER III.

“MELIOREM PATRIAM,” 1830—1837.

Miss Mortlock—The Dawn of Romance—Poetical Spirit—Farewell to Geneva—Tutorship in Scotland—Introduction to Oxford Life—Loss of Eyesight—Boden Sanscrit Scholarship—Marriage—Married Life at Oxford—Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship—“*Litteræ Humaniores*”—Letters from Mrs. Coleridge—His Thucydides—Offer of Classical Professorship at Bishop’s College, Calcutta.

IN the summer of 1830 Mr. John Mortlock and his daughter, during the course of a Continental tour, spent six weeks at the Pension of M. and Madame Wolff-Hanlock, closely adjoining the residence of Dr. César Malan at Geneva. The visitors became intimate with the household at Pré Béni, and in many expeditions Salomon Malan and Mary Mortlock were constant companions. The result was that a romantic attachment sprang up between them. Miss Mortlock was a graceful girl with dark eyes, wearing “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Her gentle and affectionate nature was entirely taken captive by the fascinating vivacity of her companion. In their Bibles are recorded dates—the silent but touching and eloquent testimony of that happy time. In Miss Mortlock’s Bible, “May 25th, 1830 . . . June 4th, 1830.” . . . In Salomon’s Bible, “May 26th—June 4th, 1830. Love’s Grove.”

The reference of these dates is explained by a page in the only “album” that Mr. Malan ever possessed, showing that the time was spent with Mary Mortlock and her father at Montanvert. An exquisite water-colour sketch of a glacier remains as a memento of the occasion, beneath which are inscribed some stanzas in French, commencing:—

“O temps! pour un moment suspends ton vol rapide!
Et vous, mes jours heureux! suspendez votre cours!
Voulez-vous dérober à ma mémoire avide
La trace de mes ans qui s’en vont pour toujours?”

After spending six weeks at Geneva, during which time the romantic attachment between Salomon and Mary had ripened into mutual declarations of love, Mr. and Miss Mortlock returned to England. Then the daughter informed the father of her secret. As she was only sixteen years of age, while Salomon was eighteen, her father naturally disapproved of any engagement. He had formed other intentions about the disposal of his daughter's hand. Being blest with the enjoyment of worldly riches, he had pictured her making a brilliant marriage, and the idea of her being given to the son of a Genevese pasteur by no means coincided with his best wishes. He therefore desired that there should be no correspondence, hoping that time might efface the memory of Salomon Malan from his daughter's heart. An offer of marriage was shortly afterwards made to her, which well suited her father's views, but Mary refused it, saying that she was engaged to Salomon Malan, and would never marry any one else.

In 1831 she fell into bad health, and told her father that the anguish of her trial was more than she could bear. Then Mr. Mortlock, being seriously alarmed for the probable consequences of a continued refusal, was prevailed upon to give his consent to the engagement. He wrote to Dr. César Malan upon the subject, saying that if the marriage was to be brought about it was his wish that Salomon Malan should go through the course of an University education at Oxford, and generously offering to defray the entire expense entailed by the proposal.

At the same time negotiations were already proceeding at Geneva between Dr. César Malan and a friend of his, the Marquis of Tweeddale, with reference to Salomon paying a visit to Scotland as tutor to the Marquis' sons. Thus a twofold attraction towards the "land of freedom" was presented at the same time. It must have been a happy moment for Salomon when the intelligence of Mr. Mortlock's proposal was communicated to him. The dream of his life to be actually realised—the land of enlightenment to be

reached! None the less must it have been a pang to the father to see the hopes he had entertained of Salomon's succeeding him as minister of La Chappelle du Témoignage fading before his eyes. But Dr. César Malan recognised in the order of events the overruling guidance of God's Providence, and would not withhold his consent. So it was settled that Salomon should accept the temporary tutorship, and afterwards proceed to Oxford. Before finally quitting the home of his fathers Salomon Malan took a general leave of his friends and acquaintances in the form of an “Address to the Christians of Geneva.” This was printed by his brother, Henry Malan, in the press his father had made for him. The Address contains an exhortation to Christian charity and unity of worship in place of the distractions of sectarian controversy. The following passage occurs in it:—

“O MES FRÈRES! Vous tous Chrétiens de cette ville, qui que vous soyez, vous qui aimez Jésus! hâtez, hâtons ensemble le moment où, abjurant ces sentimens charnels et ces divisions qui nous désolent depuis si long-temps, nous formerons enfin une *Église fidèle* dans cette ville-ci, en nous réunissant en un seul corps pour aimer et servir le Seigneur.”

On the eve of departure Dr. César Malan gave his son two seals—one representing a ship tossed on a stormy sea with heavy clouds overhead, bearing the legend *JACTER DUM APPELLAM*. It had originally been *JACTER DUM APPELLO*. The alteration—made by the father's own hand, for he was expert in engraving gems—expresses the *hope* rather than the *assurance* of reaching port, and points to misgivings in the father's heart as to the issues of Salomon's leaving the land of his birth. On the other seal was engraven a flying stork, with the legend, *MELIOREM PATRIAM QUÆRENS: VIRES A DEO*. The father intended the “better country” to signify Heaven—but to the son it was none other than England, and for many years he used the Stork as his crest. He also adopted the English way of spelling his name *SOLOMON CÆSAR*, omitting Jean in his habitual signature.

In 1831 Salomon accompanied his father to Scotland, and

entered upon his duties as tutor to the sons of the Marquis of Tweeddale, at Yester House, Haddington.

Such an introduction to society in a strange land was a novel experience, demanding requirements for which his previous life had scarcely been the best preparation. The contrast between the household *régime* of a Scotch nobleman and that of a Genevese pasteur was strong. To cement bonds of sympathy with his pupils was no easy task. The incongruity of assimilation between imperfect English, with foreign accent on the one side, and Scotch intonation on the other, must have occasioned laughable scenes, not to say repeated discouragements, and beyond a doubt the young tutor found much that was decidedly uncongenial in his new life.

There were two ingredients, however, to mitigate the disagreeable with a flavour of consolation. From a game-keeper on the estate he learnt much interesting information about natural history; and the noble library of the mansion was a constant resource, though destined to be fraught with disastrous consequences.

He had taken with him to Scotland the album mentioned above, in which were passages inscribed in Hebrew and Greek and Latin by his father, and in French by his mother—dated October 4th, 1830. Then follow specimens of his own unrivalled calligraphy—in Chinese, Ethiopic, Egyptian Hieroglyphics, Greek, Hindostani, Arabic, Hebrew, French, Italian, Sanscrit, Spanish, Turkish, and Coptic—written in the order mentioned, as the spirit moved him. To this collection he now added, “*Stances sur les ruines du Château de Yester :*”

“*Antiques monuments de la gloire passée
Des puissants de ces lieux !
Vous murmurez encore, après six cents années,
Les noms de leurs ayeux !*” etc., etc.

These stanzas are signed “S.C.M.”—the first evidence of his adopting his familiar signature.

His tutorial duties ceased at the end of July. A tour in

Scotland with his father, in company with Mr Mortlock and his daughter, must have been a pleasant diversion, for the late preliminaries of his introduction to the “better country” had not been free from sighs and regretful memories of the home he had left. Proof of this may be found in some verses written at Edinburgh in the course of the tour, entitled, “*Stances sur le Lac de Genève, Edimbourg, Août 1831.*”

“Hélas ! ils ont passé, les jours de mon enfance,
Où je jouais, Beau Lac ! sur tes bords enchantés !
Hélas ; elles ont coulé, ces heures de plaisance,
Comme un esquif léger, par les eaux emporté,” etc.

These fugitive pieces—the only versification that he ever attempted—are of interest as testifying to a latent poetical spirit, which, though metrically indulged only in the spring morning of life’s romance, was yet often apparent in his prose writings of a later day. It is true that he never showed much interest in English poetry, protesting that it might do very well “for the ladies,” but that he could not understand it. But he professed profound admiration for the sonorous poetry of Sanscrit literature, he revelled in the verse of Pindar, with its abrupt turns, opulence of expression, and final precision of the strokes (as he called it), which seemed like his own vigorous touches of brush and pencil.

The reason of his disinclination towards English poets is not far to seek. His mastering the English language was a gradual and laborious process ; the radical difficulties of English poetic diction, contrasted with that of prose—more marked than in Latin and Greek, and presumably so in Oriental languages—presented in his earlier studies of English literature a deterring influence, which he had no time for combating in after life. Two exceptions to this rule may be mentioned. He found much delight in simple nursery rhymes, and enjoyed hearing them repeated to the very last. He also appreciated very deeply the poetry of “The Christian Year,” quoting it freely in the most poetical

of his own works, "Magdala and Bethany." There is sentiment attached to the origin of this preference. The Rev. George E. Yate, Vicar of Madeley, Salop, in a letter dated February 1st, 1895, writes: "Mary Mortlock first gave me the love that has never left me for 'The Christian Year,' saying, 'Begin with the one on the love of flowers—that you will like—"Sweet nurselings of the vernal skies"—and it led me to other pieces, until the book is now, next to my Bible, a treasure, I may say, by day and night; as, when sleep does not come readily, the words do come, suitable to sleeping hours, restless hours, and waking hours."

The year 1832 was spent partly at Brighton, partly in visits to various friends. Mrs. Theyre Smith supplies memories of a visit to Cowley Grove, near Uxbridge, the residence of her father, Thomas Williams; and of a subsequent visit to Lynton, North Devon, when Mr. Mortlock, in his early walks, would give a shilling to the first woman he saw sweeping her cottage, to encourage early rising.

During the latter half of August, 1833, Mr. Malan was at Brighton. An interesting relic of the time survives in a small sketch-book, inscribed, "S. Malan, August 12th, 1833." The first page contains notes in Spanish, dated August 10th, 11th, 13th, referring to a strong protest from his father concerning his resolution to enter the English Church. Then, as though the original intention of keeping a diary were abandoned immediately, August 14th commences a series of notes on the History of the Greek Tragic Drama. Then a scheme of diagrams illustrating Heraldry is followed by a page of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Scripture aphorisms in Hebrew and other Oriental characters fill a few pages. After this the book was evidently carried in the pocket and used for sketching on the beach. The now historic Chain Pier is represented, together with studies of fishing-boats and fishermen. The book was afterwards used at Lynton, the Castle Rock and other views being drawn in pencil. There are also many drawings of shells scientifically classified. This insight into the subjects that specially engaged his

attention in his pursuit of knowledge is in keeping with the versatility of his studies.

Amid such pleasant variety S. C. Malan spent the summer of 1833, before beginning his Oxford career. It was arranged that he should matriculate at St. Edmund Hall. At the time when this important question was definitely settled Mr. Malan was paying a visit at Lumley Lodge, Richmond, the residence of the Rev. the Honorable Gerard Noel, Honorary Curate of Richmond, a very sincere friend of Dr. César Malan, and almost a second father to Solomon during his first years in England. On hearing the glad news Solomon burst into the study exclaiming, in a tone of high excitement, “I’ve got a career!” He matriculated at St. Edmund Hall, July 6th, 1833.

What a turmoil of exultant anticipations must have crowded upon his mind! What an opportunity for day-dreams of ambitious hopes, ardent desires, prospects dazzling in their vague potentiality, during the coach drive from Richmond to Oxford! How his heart must have bounded within him as the horses clattered over Magdalen Bridge, Magdalen Tower giving him the first welcome to the arms of Alma Mater! How he must have looked right and left as the coach rolled on up the High Street—Queen’s College, University College, the spire of St. Mary’s—until his journey ended at the Mitre Hotel, and at last he stood upon the sacred ground!

Then the gradual unfolding of the power of a new life. The sight of fellow scholars would emphasise the proud conviction that he was a member of the noble University; the venerable *genius et religio loci* would set every fibre of his soul vibrating, responsive to the harmonies of association; the spirit of learning, which haunted every stone of the grey and ancient buildings, would brood over him with the “shadowing shroud” of sympathetic assurance. The spell of the past was upon him still, but side by side with it a new pulse began to beat with a power of imaginative exaltation. The narrow restrictions of Geneva were rolled away; here

was *life* offered to him, as he expressed it, for emulation, adventure, and progress. He nerved himself for the encounter with strong resolution.

He entered at once upon long hours of hard reading. He used to sit up late at night, giving great attention to English composition. A course of excessive mental labour was followed by an attack of fever, and a severe affection of the left eye, which eventually developed cataract. The result was that he rose from his sick-bed totally blind in the left eye—of a blindness which never again felt the influence of light.

Solemnly pathetic and unutterably sad, to those who loved him, is the thought of this most grievous affliction at the very outset of his career. It might fain have overwhelmed him with despair.

“ O first created beam, and thou great Word
‘ Let there be Light,’ and light was over all ;
Why am I thus bereav’d thy prime decree ?
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half :
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon ! ”

The sequel represents a life-long struggle nothing less than heroic against heavy odds. He always said that the seeds of that blindness were sown during the tutorship at Yester House. Burning the candle at both ends, in trying to satisfy his unappeasable thirst for knowledge, proved a fatal mistake, whether at Haddington or at Oxford it matters not.

The doctors warned him that he must altogether abandon books if he wished to save the right eye. One oculist recommended an operation, while another said it would be useless. What greater trial could be imagined for such a man as he was ? It was in the desperate dread lest the predicted loss of his right eye might be realised, that, like a traveller in the desert who drains the last few drops of water face to face with the prospect of perishing by thirst, instead of obeying the doctors’ orders, he set himself heart and soul to make the utmost possible use of the remaining eye, so long as its light should last. “ Now you can understand,” he sometimes said, “ why I got up early and went to bed late.”

During the summer at Broadwindsor, in after years, he frequently got up at 4 a.m., and seldom later than 5.

The Christmas vacation of 1833 was spent with the Rev. Charles Kennaway, Vicar of Campden, Gloucestershire, Miss Mortlock being likewise a guest in the house. The following notes and dates are copied from her Bible:—

“*December 21st, 1833.*—Saturday. Arrived at Campden.”

“*January 1st, 1834.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 1. 12 o’clock at night. S. C. M.”

“*January 16th, 1834.*—Psalm ciii. S. C. M. returned to Oxford.”

“*January 18th, 1834.*—I left Campden.”

“*January 26th, 1834.*—1 Thess. ii. 17: ‘. . . taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart. . . .’”

“*February 21st, 1834.*—Psalm xlii. 11: ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul?’”

“*February 25th, 1834.*—Psalm xciii. 1: ‘O sing unto the Lord.’”

“*March 23rd, 1834.*—Psalm cxliii. 8.”

These notes invite us to disturb the silence of long-forgotten years by an attempt to read between the lines of their sacred references. They seem to speak of hopes and misgivings, sorrow and joy. There was sunshine in that visit to Campden, with its midnight service in the family circle, bidding “farewell” to the Old Year and “all hail” to the New. The verse of gladness that marks February 25th may have been noted by the news of Solomon Malan winning the Boden Sanscrit Scholarship, the first trumpet-note of fame proclaiming the future Oriental scholar. Or it might have been inspired by the thought that her wedding-bells would soon awake the echoes, for that happy event was fixed for April 1st.

The few days before his marriage were spent by Mr. Malan at Shifnal, a village in Shropshire, with some friends.

On April 1st, 1834, Solomon Cæsar Malan and Mary Marsh Mortlock were married in the parish church of Madeley. In the marriage register he is described as “Bachelor, of

St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford." They were married by licence, by the Rev. William Marsh, D.D., Vicar of Basildon, godfather of the bride.

In Mrs. Malan's Bible is the inscription, "April 1st, 1834. —Prov. xxxi. 10, 11, 12, 26, 30. S. C. M. Madeley, *προσωρμίσθη ναῦς*." Her husband's initials are appended to the quotation, and his hand added the Greek words, "The ship has found an anchorage," evidently in allusion to the seal which his father gave him before leaving Geneva.

The honeymoon was spent at Lynton, a spot full of romantic scenery, and beautified in the eyes of the newly married pair by memories of happy days spent there in the previous year. At its conclusion they went to Oxford for the Easter and Trinity Terms. Mr. Mortlock had taken a house for them at the end of King Street, numbered at the present day 19, Merton Street. At right angles to it runs the wall of Merton College Gardens.

The long vacation was spent at Brighton. Another small sketch book, inscribed "S. Malan, 14, 1834, 8 (August 14th)," testifies to his studies in natural history at the time, represented by pen-and-ink illustrations of the seed-vessels of various plants, and anatomical diagrams of beetles, insects, and fishes.

Towards the close of 1834 it is probable that excessive study wrought further mischief, as is gathered from a letter written by Mrs. Malan to Miss Cahusac.

"MADELEY,

"December 24th, 1834.

"... My dear husband is better. This country abounds with interesting objects in natural history, and he has been induced to take very long rambles in search of mosses, fossils, etc., which have decidedly relieved his head, though he is by no means free from pain. I hope he will be very prudent when he goes to Oxford, where we expect to be in the course of three weeks."

In the following year, on June 6th, 1835, a son (William

John Cæsar) was born. The long vacation was spent at Frant, near Tunbridge Wells. A letter from Miss Cahusac speaks of the quiet domestic life at 19, Merton Street, where she paid a visit in December, 1835. The infant son used to be brought down after dinner, when his father talked Latin to him, in memory of the old Geneva days. Mr. Utterton was a friend often at the house. Mr. and Mrs. Malan used, on Sundays, to attend the church of St. Peter's-in-the-East, of which the Rev. Walter Kerr Hamilton was vicar. He shared the services with the Rev. Edward Denison, whom he was destined afterwards to succeed as Bishop of Salisbury.

The quiet Oxford life pursued an uneventful course through 1836, with its daily round of lectures and hard study; while the vacations were spent, for the most part, at Brighton.

On August 8th, 1837, Mr. Mortlock died—a man well known for his munificent acts. His epitaph, in the churchyard at Paddington, says of him: “He rose to wealth by industry, and spent his wealth in acts of piety and charity. The walls of many a temple reared in part by his aid for the worship of God speak for him. The many servants of Christ whom he succoured in the hour of need speak for him. The many widows and orphans who have been supported by his bounty speak for him, and are his best commendation and epitaph.”

An example of his generosity is recorded in “Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth,” edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. “Mr. Wilberforce sold his house at Kensington Gore. The purchaser was Mr. Mortlock, of Oxford Street. When the purchase money was paid (£10,000) and the deeds executed, Mr. Mortlock waited upon Mr. Wilberforce, and said, ‘This house suits you, Mr. Wilberforce, so well in every respect, that I am sure your only motive in parting with it is to raise the money; therefore permit me to return these title-deeds. Accept this testimony of esteem, due to your public character and talents.’ Wilberforce did not accept this handsome offer.”

The year 1837 was to bring Mr. Malan's undergraduate

career to a close. It was marked by the brilliant distinction of his winning the Boden and Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship. In a letter to Dr. Sinker, Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, from Dr. Malan, dated April 24th, 1894, there is an allusion to this event: "Your article in the *Churchman* on Psalm cx. carried me fifty-eight years back, when I stood for the Hebrew Scholarship at Oxford. After all the candidates had left, scared by the work, I was left alone. Dr. Pusey then gave me this Psalm in Hebrew to comment upon it with the Greek text. I treated it lovingly, as you may suppose. . . ."

Shortly before the final examination Mr. Malan issued his first publication, entitled "Persomache Herodotica: a Tabular Analysis of Herodotus." It is a large coloured representation of a flowering plant, elucidating the sequence of events in the history of Herodotus, in a manner at once artistic and calculated to fix the attention.

During the four years spent at Oxford he had mastered the English language for ordinary conversational purposes; but not being practised to his satisfaction in English composition he did not feel confident of being able to do himself justice in writing philosophical essays in English. He therefore petitioned the examiners for permission to write some of his papers in one of six other languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, or Greek. This startling request was not granted, and he was required to adhere to the ordinary usage of the Oxford schools. To the disadvantage under which he thus laboured, may, in great measure, be attributed the result that he was placed in the second class in *Litteris Humanioribus*. The examiners thought well to compliment him specially upon the excellence of his Latin prose.

Two of his friends, H. W. Burrows and E. C. Woollcombe, appeared in the first class. The former, with whom he was afterwards to be associated in the curacy of Alverstoke, also obtained a second class in mathematics.

The Rev. Canon Menzies was present during Mr. Malan's examination in Divinity *vivâ voce*, and remembered one of his

answers. When asked, “And what became of the traitor after that?” he replied, “He suffocated himself”—an interesting evidence that he was justified in distrusting his knowledge of English as a vehicle for examination purposes.

On August 6th, 1837, a second son, Charles Hamilton (named after his godfather, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), was born at Oxford. Mr. Malan was in Oxford during November, on which occasion he made a series of sketches, as the last memorials of his undergraduate career.

Some interesting information is supplied by Mrs. Coleridge, daughter of the Rev. John Hill, B.D., Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall at the time.

“My father had much personal dealing with all the undergraduates under his charge, and took the greatest interest in all that concerned them. Mr. Malan was frequently at our house as a friend, dropping in of an evening whenever he liked. He was very kind in giving my eldest sister, then a girl of about twenty, hints in her drawing, besides making sketches for us younger ones to copy. I can well remember his pointing out the different ways of drawing trees, so as to distinguish oaks from elms, etc.

“He spoke English well in a remarkably short time and with very good accent. His occasional mistakes amused us young ones very much, as, for instance, when he was boasting of how many teapots he possessed, he said, ‘I have quite an artillery of them!’ He eagerly asked the meaning of anything he could not fully understand, as, when my father used the expression, ‘Being left in the lurch,’ he asked, ‘What is a lurch?’ and again, ‘What is meant by “taking time by the forelock?”’ He was a particularly pleasant, lively, and interesting young man, and was a general favourite in society.”

In 1863 there was an old scout in St. Edmund Hall who remembered Mr. Malan as an undergraduate before his marriage, and pointed out the rooms on the first floor, on the left as one entered the gateway, which Mr. Malan occupied.

Mrs. Coleridge states that he subsequently gave up the house, 19, Merton Street, and removed to a house standing back in a small garden, beyond Magdalen Bridge. The drawing-room window opened into the garden with glass doors.

“Mr. Malan was required to attend chapel and lectures after his marriage. . . . I remember calling with my mother at the little house above mentioned, on their return to Oxford after the long vacation. The baby (William John Cæsar) was just recovering from a long and dangerous illness, and was looking pale and delicate. Mr. Malan was in his study at work, as the examinations were drawing near; but he ran down to speak for a few minutes to my mother. As he talked, he caught up the baby from his mother’s knee, and walked up and down the room with him. Then, stepping out at the window, he ran round the garden—then returning and restoring the infant to Mrs. Malan very reluctantly, he turned to my mother and said, ‘Oh, Mrs. Hill, I did not know how I loved him till I thought we were going to lose him! I don’t think I thought about whether I loved him or not. But I know it now.’ Then he left the room to go back to his studies.

“I can say little about his recreations or his special college friends, except that I think he was very intimate with a fellow-undergraduate at St. Edmund Hall, Mr. Donkin, who afterwards obtained a scholarship at University College. He took a double first, and later on became Professor of Astronomy. [The friendship was so marked that the two friends went by the names of Pylades and Orestes among members of St. Edmund Hall. It was unbroken till Professor Donkin’s death, and in corresponding Mr. Malan used to address him as “Dear Pyl.”]

“My father and mother often invited the Malans to our house, and I remember going to tea at their house more than once. Mrs. Malan was very slight and of middle height. Her features were good, her complexion rather dark. She was refined and very quiet in her manner—

perhaps rather reserved, and probably appearing so the more from not having strong health. . . .

“I remember hearing from Mr. Malan’s own lips how his father on his birthday (I cannot say which birthday) told him he thought him old enough to judge for himself to what branch of Christ’s Church he would wish to belong. He wished him to be perfectly free to act as he chose, giving him a set time to study the subject. He therefore set himself to study the constitution and character of the divers bodies professing Christianity, and came to the decision that the Church of England was the one nearest perfection in his judgment.

“Mr. Malan attributed his failure in gaining a first class entirely to his want of a thoroughly classical knowledge of English, not having the time for it while reading for his examination.”

The daughters of the Rev. the Hon. Gerard Noel formed a bevy of most sincere friends always deeply interested in Mr. Malan, and specially beneficial during the earlier years of his life in England. Sophia, the eldest daughter, married (October, 1832) the Rev. Philip Jacob (afterwards Archdeacon of Winchester), Rector of Crawley, near Winchester. Louisa Diana (the great friend of Bishop Wilberforce), on the death of her father, lived at Lavington. Emma married the Rev. Charles Kennaway, Vicar of Campden, Gloucestershire. The diaries of the three sisters contain numerous entries, which tell of Mr. Malan’s frequent visits to the different homes, where he was welcomed more as a brother than as a mere friend.

“During his Oxford life,” writes Miss Marion, daughter of the Rev. Ch. Kennaway, “S. C. Malan paid several visits to Mr. Lewis Way, at Leamington. The family were all devoted to him. They got up one cold November morning to see him off, all very unhappy, and he said: ‘Cheer up, my children; these things are but the ripple on the ocean.’”

Two portraits of Newman and Pusey, drawn by Mr.

Malan during his Oxford life, were engraved. The latter was published in No. 90, "Tracts for the Times." Mrs. Shephard Walwyn has a clever pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. Malan, entitled, "Oxford; or, the Sure Road to Glory." A difficult and circuitous path is represented leading by many steps up a precipitous cloud-encircled rock, the summit of which stands out in clear light. The travellers at the outset are men in academics, and the various groups are described in explanatory footnotes. There is the "First Class—scuffle with examiners, and dangers attending it." Close by is a building, "Refuge for the unmarried destitutes, who get fellowships." Then there are "Machines generally called 'Cranes,' in Oxford 'a Coach,' serving to haul stones or men up to the First Class, in spite of the examiners." "Men being Coached." "Fourth Class," "Torrent of Ignorance, carrying away the οἱ πολλοί." "Fourths and Thirds scrambling to glory, and breaking their necks." "Cross examiners flinging men into the Region of Pluck;" "Rescuing the mangled Plucks, who are sold to Cambridge retailers, who make *men* of them." "Pluck Coach, ready loaded for Cambridge." "Thirds, creeping to Fellowships by a secret path."

One interesting relic of his undergraduate days survives—an interleaved copy of Thucydides, inscribed, "S. C. Malan, 1833." The volume contains his manuscript notes, plans, maps, pen-and-ink illustrations, occasional sallies of a facetious nature to relieve more serious labour—*e.g.*, a humorous sketch of the Platæans during the siege—Ammeas in tail-coat, tight hose, and buckled shoes, with a large umbrella, storm, hats flying, umbrellas blown inside-out. Beneath, in good classical Greek, is given a "quotation" from one of the "lost" books of Thucydides, which may be thus translated. "Because of the rain every man of the Platæans took his umbrella, together with his macintosh. And there were some who lost their hats by reason of the wind. And Cydippe, one of the baking-women, wife of Ammeas, fearing lest the Platæans, being drenched by the rain, might get ill,

kindled a fire, and made abundance of hot grog, which she poured for them into cups.”

There is a beautiful sketch of a pillared temple, under which is written in pencil, “Remember me, albeit thou art in the middle of India. H. B. nuper e Coll. Oriel. nunc e Coll. S. Mar. Mag. Sept. 1837”—showing that the volume was lent to some friend after Mr. Malan had finished his course.

An amusing skit on the Revolt of the Helots shows skeletons rising up and fitting skulls upon themselves, some reversed, some belonging to others—the Lacedæmonians flying in terror. Over the sketch, from the same lost books, an inscription in Greek, to this effect: “Rising (or resurrection) of the Helots.” And underneath: “Cæadas being too narrow to contain so many Helots, the Lacedæmonians slaughtered them all. And it happened one day that the bodies were all moved by the wind. And as each picked up the first skull that came to hand and fitted it on his trunk, they were joined at haphazard, so that some of them had their heads hindbefore after their resurrection, while some had those of others, which caused much confusion afterwards in their meditations.”

The “Melian Grind”—groups of Athenians and Melians conversing; Ghosts of Oxford men; Regius Professor of Greek prominent: “Pray, gentlemen, talk Greek; for our refined ears cannot tolerate your Melian gibberish!” Melians: “Say rather that your weak understandings cannot make it out; for our talk is sublime.”

At the end of the book, in pencil: “Finished 7th of Thargelion (23rd April), 1836.”

Towards the close of 1837 a prospect opened to Mr. Malan, which, while presenting considerable attractions to his thirst for knowledge of men and languages, involved the breaking off of English ties and associations. The post of Classical Professor in Bishop’s College, Calcutta, was offered to him, and after much deliberation it was accepted.

It is only by such scattered and scanty notices that the

attempt could be made to snatch a connected glance at Mr. Malan's youth and early manhood. To members of his family he seldom spoke of the past, and few among his favoured friends ever succeeded in drawing him into conversation about himself. But upon the subject of seeking a sphere of work in India he once said to Miss Marion Kennaway: "I was literally dazzled by the prospect before me; for Oriental languages, manners, and customs had always filled me with the greatest delight and keenest interest, and now I was to work in those distant lands.

"But, my child, man proposes, GOD disposes. He saw that, if I remained in India, my mind would be absorbed in the glorious traditions of the country and entrancing interest of my surroundings, and that my heart would not be given to Him. So He saw fit to send me illness and blindness, making me unfit to live any longer in that hot climate."

One other exception to his rule of reticence is found in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Austen:—

"... Pray tell her that I am somewhat related to the 'most beloved Pastor' she mentions, as I am only his eldest son—the eldest of twelve, one of whom is dead. Some day, when you have no headache, I will tell you a few particulars about my family and myself, which may not prove uninteresting; for we escaped from S. Bartholomew, when we lost all our worldly goods, and have been tossed by sea and land, but not without guide or rudder. In our direct line of ancestry we number eleven martyrs; and times look very much as if they would not be the last. We have, however, kept the Faith inviolate, for which we sacrificed everything; and I trust we may be enabled to do so to the last. . . ."

In August, 1837, Mr. Malan paid a visit to Geneva, to take leave of his parents before going to India.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA, ETC., 1837—1840.

Bishop's College—Departure for India—Voyage—Letter from Mrs. Malan—Arrival at Calcutta—Csoma Körösi—Evil Effects of Climate—Letter from Mrs. Malan—Cape of Good Hope—Return to India—Letter to S. P. G.—Qualifications for Missionary Work.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, the most important missionary institution in India, was originally situated on the right bank of the Hooghly, about four miles below Calcutta. The following information is gathered from "Bishop's College and its Missions," by the Rev. S. C. Malan (J. Burns):—

It owed its origin to the Right Rev. Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, the first Bishop of British India, at whose earnest request the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts agreed in 1819 to build it.

Bishop's College was then founded under the sanction of the supreme government, for the maintenance of a Principal and of two subordinate Professors, and for as many students and probationers as might be required for the service of the missions and be maintained by the funds of the institution. Its declared object was the education of native and other youths in the principles and discipline of the Church of England, with a view to their becoming missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters; and also to train them for the translation of the Scriptures, of the Liturgy, and of other religious books, into the native languages. It was also intended to offer to the Society's missionaries, on their arrival from Europe, a temporary residence, during which they might qualify themselves for the better discharge of their duties in India.

The Bishop of Calcutta was the Visitor of the College. The ordinary government of it was vested in the College

Council, which consisted of the Principal and the two Professors, who were obliged to reside within the College. The Principal was especially charged with the superintendence of the morals and conduct of the students, and with their instruction in Divinity. The Senior Professor acted as secretary to the College Council, and conducted the whole of the correspondence connected with the College. He also had the management of the library. The Junior Professor was charged with the duties of College Bursar, and with the care of the College buildings and grounds.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

The system of instruction comprised—Theology, with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, as subsidiary to it; History, both ancient and modern, ecclesiastical and civil; and the elements of Philosophical and Mathematical knowledge. These subjects were under the tuition of the Principal and the Professors. But the teaching of the Sanscrit, Bengalee, Hindostani, Persian, Arabic, Tamil, and Cingalese languages belonged to several learned pundits and moonshees, who were attached to the College, and placed under the immediate superintendence of one of the Professors.

The period of the preparatory state was generally three

years, after which the catechists in the service of the Incorporated Society, having forwarded the requisite testimonials, were readmitted into the College under the name of Probationers, subject to the discipline of the institution, and for the purpose of employing their time in prayer and diligent study, as a preparation for Holy Orders. They remained in the College until they were ordained Deacons, when they repaired (being first licensed by the Bishop) to the stations respectively assigned to them, in the character and with the salary of missionaries.

The library, containing about 6,000 volumes, was placed under the immediate charge of the Senior Professor. The superintendence of the College Press devolved upon the College Council. An annual examination was held in December; and a commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the institution was celebrated in January. The College offered annually twenty-three scholarships. There were two vacations in the year, of one calendar month each, commencing respectively on the 15th of June and on the 15th of December; and also two of one week each, at Easter and at Michaelmas.

Such was the organisation of Bishop's College at the time when Mr. Malan was appointed Senior Classical Professor of that institution. In a sermon preached in St. Mary's, Brighton, on Palm Sunday, 1840, the Rev. H. Venn Elliott made the following allusion to that appointment: "In this house of God, after they had nobly resolved to renounce the comforts of an easy fortune in England, and the friends and associations of their youth, in order to preach the Gospel to the heathen in the sultry plains of Hindostan, they received a kind of final discharge on the 17th of December, 1837, from the words, 'Your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.' The same week, in a private house, they were addressed by some ministers of other congregations whom they highly valued; after which we all bade them adieu in the Lord, as His servants and messengers to the heathen, and commended them to His grace for their

arduous work. In their letters from India they more than once referred to this Christian parting as a source of much comfort and encouragement to them in the post which Mr. Malan went out to fill."

After bidding farewell to their friends at Brighton, Mr. and Mrs. Malan, with their infant sons, journeyed to Portsmouth, and embarked on board the ship *Malcombe*.

In a letter to her cousin, Miss Cahusac, Mrs. Malan gives some interesting particulars of the voyage and experiences on reaching India. On a page of the letter is a chart beautifully executed by her husband, recording each day's run throughout the voyage, from Portsmouth (January 6th) to Calcutta (May 10th). A fair wind evidently followed the ship to St. Antonio (January 20th), gradually giving way to calms as they neared the Equator. In the volume of sketches entitled "India" there is a pencil view of St. Antonio in the misty horizon. Studies of flying-fish, drawn to the life (January 22nd, 23rd), suggest a familiar incident in breaking the monotony of a voyage; and "Crossing the Line" (January 30th) is memorialised by a humorous group of sailors, in fanciful attire, celebrating the occasion with time-honoured ceremony.

The island of Lesser Trinidad was passed on February 14th, and sketched in sunny colour. Tristan d'Acunha was sketched on February 25th. Between April 11th—14th they coasted Ceylon, and reached Madras April 17th. Many sketches were made during a fortnight spent there, including the Car and Temple of Jagger Nath and a Catamaran on the open sea.

"We came to anchor," writes Mrs. Malan, "in front of the College on Wednesday evening, May 9th, and we were most kindly received by Mr. Withers (the other professor) next morning, whose guests we are until our apartments are ready. We were seven days in coming from Madras, and encountered one violent squall attended by lightning. We came up the river in one day, and were highly pleased with the rich vegetation on either side, especially as we

approached Garden Reach. Our grounds are like a park ; a spacious lawn surrounds us. There are pleasant walks along the bank of the river, shaded by beautiful trees, and there is a nice garden with plenty of flowers. . . .

“ Our residence is to be the middle wing. The drawing-room windows look to the river, and the nursery also over it. A delicious breeze comes in after sunset, which makes some amends for the intense heat by day. Solomon finds it utterly impossible to be out in the sun, and I am thankful he has taken timely warning. . . . There are fourteen pupils, six of whom are natives. They dress in white, and the others wear the English University dress. Were it not for the punkahs, I could fancy myself in an Oxford chapel. . . .

“ You may imagine how Solomon is delighted with India. He hopes to enter Holy Orders on Trinity Sunday.”

Among the very few allusions that Mr. Malan ever made to his travels, in the family circle at Broadwindsor, was the following : “ On the morning after our arrival a beautiful blue butterfly sailed into the room where I was sitting in Bishop’s College. At once I started in pursuit, and followed it out into the garden, where I caught it. Then a voice hailed me, ‘ Oh, are you fond of those things ? Come here and catch some of this.’ I found myself face to face with a wonderful man, no less a personage than Csoma Körösi. He was reading Tibetan, and I went to learn Tibetan of him every day. He gave me some three dozen of his books and manuscripts, and we corresponded after I left India till his death. I went on studying Tibetan, and my sorrow was that I could find no one interested in it. But by way of practice I translated the Gospels and Acts into Tibetan, and heard nothing more about it for nearly fifty years.”

In 1839 Mr. Malan was appointed Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal ; and it was during that year that his intimacy with Csoma Körösi ripened into sincere friendship. Csoma held the post of under-librarian to the same society, and was engaged in arranging the Tibetan works in the library. M. Paire writes thus : “ I saw Csoma often

[illegible]

during my stay in Calcutta, absorbed in phantastic thoughts, smiling at the course of his own ideas, taciturn like the Brahmins, who, bending over their writing desks, are employed in copying texts of Sanskrit."

This very remarkable man, who as an esteemed friend of Mr. Malan deserves more than passing notice, was a native of Körös, a village of Transylvania. At an early age he became imbued with a desire which mastered the devotion of his life—to travel in Central Asia with the object of tracing the origin of the Hungarian nation. The following extracts from his biography, by Theodore Duka, M.D., supply some interesting information: "Impelled by a noble devotion to historical and philological science, he set out on his solitary journey to the East, endeavouring to penetrate into the northern parts of the Chinese empire, especially into Mongolia and the surrounding countries, his sole object being to study, from a Hungarian point of view, several yet unsolved ethnological and historical problems, hoping that his labours generally might be found useful by posterity, whose appreciation he looked for as his only reward."

The history of his travels, performed in great measure on foot, presents a record of indefatigable energy, uncompaining endurance, and indomitable enthusiasm. To him is due the honour of first rank among foreign students of Tibetan. "Though many eminent scholars have since followed in the same direction, Rajendrolála Mitra, one of the greatest living Orientalists, declares, 'that no European has studied Tibetan with greater success than Csoma did;' while Mr. Malan remarks, 'Csoma laid the foundation, and others merely built upon it.'"

Dr. Gerard, of the Bengal Medical Service, when travelling in the Himalayan countries, found Csoma at the village of Kanum. He writes: "The cold is very intense, and all last winter he sat at his desk wrapped up in woollens from head to foot, and from morning to night, without an interval of recreation or warmth, except that of his frugal meals, which are one universal routine of greasy tea; but the winters at

Kanum dwindle to insignificance compared with the severity of those at the monastery of Yangla (in the district of Zanskar, in the province of Ladak), where Csoma passed a whole year. At that spot he, the Lama, and an attendant, were circumscribed in an apartment nine feet square for three or four months; they durst not stir out, the ground being covered with snow, and the temperature below zero of the scale. There he sat, enveloped in a sheep-skin cloak, with his arms folded, and in this situation he read from morning till evening without fire, or light after dusk, the ground to sleep upon, and the bare walls of the building for protection against the rigours of the climate. The cold was so intense as to make it a task of severity to extricate the hands from their fleecy resort to turn over the pages.

“The power of acquiring languages was the extraordinary talent of Csoma. He had studied the following ancient and modern tongues, and was proficient in many of them: Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, Pushtu, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, German, English, Turkish, Persian, French, Russian, Tibetan, with the addition of Hindostani, Mahratti, and Bengalee.”

Little wonder that Mr. Malan found much delight in his friendship. In Ralston's “Tibetan Tales” (Trübner) Dr. Malan is quoted as saying: “I never think of Csoma without interest and gratitude. I had heard of him and seen his Tibetan Grammar and Dictionary before leaving England. One of my early visits was to the Asiatic Society's house, Calcutta, where Csoma lived as under-librarian. I found him a man of middle stature, much weather-beaten from his travels, but kind, amiable, and willing to impart all he knew. . . . I happened to be the only person who was troubling himself about Tibetan. He and I became very good friends during the whole, alas! too short stay in India. And when we parted he gave me the whole of his Tibetan books, some thirty volumes. I value such relics highly, and still use the same volume which I used to turn over with him.”

Regarding a portrait of the famous Hungarian student, Dr. Malan wrote to Dr. Duka on October 15th, 1883:

“ I thank you for giving me the pleasure of seeing Csoma’s likeness. It reminds me very well of him, although it is younger than when I saw him. He was then weather-beaten, and looked older than this picture, but he wore no beard when I knew him. I hope you will have the likeness photographed, then may I beg a copy of it, for I always remember him with gratitude and pleasure. I used to delight in his company ; he was so kind and so obliging, and always willing to impart all he knew. He was altogether one of the most interesting men I ever met.”

Dr. Duka adds : “ Dr. Malan is presumably the only witness still living who knew Csoma face to face so well.”

There are numerous sketches of Bishop’s College—the exterior from many points of view ; library, chapel, dining-hall, burial ground ; views on the Hooghly ; Christian chapels and churches in the neighbourhood ; portraits of pundits and students ; native huts, trees, birds, fish, pottery, etc.—all of which are full of interest both for the genius displayed, and the assistance they lend to realising the scenes and persons among which he lived. On Trinity Sunday, 1838, Mr. Malan was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Calcutta, having obtained letters dimissory from Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, to Bishop Wilson. He was thus enabled to take his full share in the duties entailed by his professorship.

That prominent trait in his character—an unappeasable thirst for knowledge—had now full scope in prompting him to search out the hidden treasures of Oriental wisdom. With the sight of his left eye gone, and the warning of high medical authority that excessive study would produce blindness of the right eye, his one determination was to employ his sight while it lasted, regardless of that warning voice. The restless activity of his brain rendered idleness impossible ; and now that the prescribed course of Oxford study was over, he at once threw himself heart and soul into the wider paths of linguistic culture. When not necessarily engaged in college duties he devoted his leisure hours to studying the native languages of India, and besides these, Tibetan and Chinese.

The Professor of Chinese at Oxford (the Rev. James Legge, D.D.) gives an interesting incident of this period: "It was only about eight or nine years ago," he writes, "that I became personally acquainted with the late Dr. S. C. Malan, but his name had been familiar to me since 1840, and I had occasionally corresponded with him.

"The way in which I came to hear of him first was the following. I reached Malacca as a missionary in December, 1839; and in the spring of the next year, the son of the Rev. John Evans, my senior colleague, returned from Calcutta, where he had been studying at Bishop's College. Along with him there was a Chinese youth, called Ho Tsin-shan, who had gone with him from Malacca as a companion. By the time that they arrived, I had begun teaching a small class of pupils in the Anglo-Chinese College, which Mr. Ho soon after joined. His acquaintance with English and his general intelligence surprised me, and I asked him how he had acquired them. He told me that he had learned some English before he went to Calcutta, but that the Classical Professor at Bishop's College, a Mr. Malan, had taught him much more, and introduced him to the study of various other subjects, while Mr. Malan had employed him also to teach himself the rudiments of Chinese; that, in fact, nothing could exceed Mr. Malan's kindness to him, and the way in which he had sought to promote his improvement. The two young men—for Mr. Malan's age must have been considerably short of thirty years—had come together, each thirsting for the knowledge which the other possessed; and their mutual profiting was great and lasting. Ho continued his studies with myself for some years, and in time became a very able preacher and expositor of Christian truth."

It was very soon evident that the climate of Calcutta did not suit the constitution either of Mr. or Mrs. Malan. Her health, which had always been delicate, showed symptoms of deterioration (after the birth of a third son, Basil Henry) grave enough to cause alarm for the consequences of a prolonged sojourn in the country. Her doctors finally decided

that she ought to return to England. Mr. Malan had also suffered from a serious attack of dysentery, which left him weak and unfit for work, while the sight of his right eye became affected by his general ill-health. He was therefore strongly recommended to take a sea-voyage. Thus early were their hopes of a long career of useful work in the sphere they believed appointed for them by God, blighted by discouragement. But they were both so convinced of the necessity of following the medical advice, that it was decided that Mrs. Malan should return with her three sons to England, and that her husband should accompany her as far as the Cape, where he intended to stay some months. The doctors assured him that there was every hope that he would thus recruit health, and be able to resume his duties at Bishop's College at the beginning of the next year.

In a letter dated January 16th, 1839, Mrs. Malan writes :
“ . . . This is now the time of vacation, but the native students remain, having no other home, and at the daily service six different nations meet for prayer, which is conducted by a converted Brahmin. A Chinese student has just arrived, the first of his nation that has been admitted here, and indeed he is among the first that have embraced Christianity. He retains his national costume, which is very peculiar, and seems a very simple-minded Christian. He comes from the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and accompanied the son of an English missionary there, who has also entered as a student. I forget whether Professor Withers had sailed from Bombay when I last wrote, but I suppose I must have mentioned his illness, which was so severe as to oblige him to leave for several months, and I am sorry to say our last accounts from him were very unsatisfactory. You will not be surprised to hear that my dear husband has suffered from his most harassing position as the only responsible person in this College, and from the crowd of duties that have devolved upon him. He has long since been complaining of extreme languor and inability for exertion, which is not natural to him, and for the last three

months his eye has been decidedly affected, so that he could not use it without much pain and great indistinctness of vision. Mr. Green (our doctor) forbade his attempting to use it, so he closed his books and took medicines and used lotions, but without any benefit; and in December he tried an excursion of three weeks on the river, hoping that the change and absence from college duties would restore him, but it has not been so. Since his return he has consulted Mr. Egerton, the oculist, who pronounces the complaint to be paralysis of the retina, and considers it connected with the state of the nervous system, which has been over-exerted for a long time past; and that therefore nothing but an entire separation from his present cares and responsibilities, and change of scene for some time will accomplish his recovery. January 28th: You will see by the above that we are again under the chastening hand of God, for it is no small trial to my dear husband to be suddenly stopped short in his studies and projects, and every pursuit in which he takes interest; and to me to be obliged to make up my mind to a separation for some months. I was very loth to relinquish the hope of accompanying him, but yet it seemed impracticable, with any comfort to him or myself, on account of the children. His object is to get as much change of scene and variety as possible. . . . Every day proves more strongly that nothing but his going away for a time will succeed. Before this sheet is closed he will be able to add something of his plans; at present he is thinking of the Straits of Malacca, and possibly China. Look in your map at that intricate and dangerous navigation, through so many clusters of islands and rocks, and you will understand that my *faith* will be kept in constant exercise during his absence, and that these separations, so commonly necessary in this climate, form not the least part of its trial. If he prolongs his voyage more than three or four months, possibly I may join him somewhere, but this is all uncertainty. I cherish the hope that he may be well enough to come back by that time. The College will be left destitute of professors, but we have now the hope of Mr.

Withers' return in April, and in the interval the Bishop has kindly promised to reside. He or his chaplain, Mr. Pratt, who is just arrived from Caius College, Cambridge (of which he is fellow), will give some instruction to the students. This is all I can tell you of our prospects for the next few months." The remainder of this letter is in Mr. Malan's handwriting. "Mary has told you all the news, so that there remains for me to add only that on Wednesday, the 30th of January, at four o'clock a.m., I was blessed with a *third* son. Mary had promised it was to be a daughter, and I had reckoned upon it, but the little fellow is healthy, and Mary is doing so well that these blessings forbid me to be otherwise than most thankful."

They left India, and reached the Cape at the beginning of May, 1839. Among the sketches is one of Table Mountain and Cape Town from the sea, dated May 7th, drawn probably before he landed, his wife perhaps watching the genius of his hand for the last time. Veiled is the sadness of the parting: did ever a suspicion cross their minds that they should see each other no more upon earth?

The remainder of the home voyage must have been a melancholy and trying time for the frail young wife, whose dearest affections were centred in her husband. She landed in England in July, 1839, and proceeded with her sons and nurse and two ayahs to the house which Mr. Mortlock had settled for her home—51, Regency Square, Brighton.

Meantime S. C. Malan was composing himself to spend six months at the Cape. His sketches supply the only records of that period. Busy, as ever, with pencil and brush, he has left behind him graphic memorials of the locality. Nothing came amiss to the masterful genius of his art. Busy scenes in the market-place of Cape Town; views of Table Bay, Simon's Bay, Grahamstown (May 15th), French Hoek, Drakenstein, Guadenthal, Petaurs, Wynebero; groups of flowers drawn and coloured with exquisite tenderness of touch. May, June, July, and August contribute their artistic offerings; and there are others on which the dates, lightly pencilled at the time, are not now decipherable.

This was probably the first occasion on which the descendants of the two brothers, Jean and Jacques Malan de Mérimol—the Genevese and South African branches of the family—had opportunity of coming into touch with each other since the dispersion from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is characteristic of Jean Malan's descendant that he gave no heed to renewing any intercourse of kinsmanship. When asked, in after years, if he did not come across many of his own name during his sojourn at the Cape, he replied in his abrupt manner:—"Oh, yes; I had nothing to say to them." In striking contrast to such reserve was the attitude of his son Charles, Major in the 75th Regiment, who, many years later, visited the same regions. On first meeting one of his South African kinsmen he grasped his hand with a gush of good-fellowship; and, after a cordial interchange of compliments, he pressed his new acquaintance to come to breakfast on the morrow and "bring any of your relations." The gallant officer was somewhat disconcerted next morning when his kinsman appeared attended by 125 sturdy representatives of the family name.

S. C. Malan returned to India before the close of the year, for there are sketches of some of the students of Bishop's College dated Dec. 5th, 1839. The hoped-for improvement in his health did not, however, answer to the cheering anticipations of the doctors. Though he had certainly benefited by the voyages and change of air, yet the evil effects of the Indian climate soon re-asserted their baneful influence; and scarcely had the new year dawned than the doctors pronounced him physically incapable of standing the climate. They said it was essential that he should leave India forthwith, and strongly advised him to give up all idea of ever returning thither. They recommended him to try the effect of further travel before finally returning to England.

Bitter as must have been this sentence of discharge from a life which presented such avenues of congenial and useful labour, he probably found some compensation in the opportunity offered for seeing new countries and enjoying inter-

course with men of other languages. Before leaving India he made a missionary tour in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, particulars of which have been preserved in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. That letter he carried with him to Alexandria, and despatched it by a vessel sailing direct to England.

Extract from a letter of the Rev. S. C. Malan, Professor at Bishop's College, dated Alexandria, April 26th, 1840 :—

“ Shortly before my departure from Calcutta I visited Kishnaghur and two of the neighbouring villages, Ranabondo and Anondobash ; and in both I expounded the Scriptures to the inhabitants in Bengalee. I was certainly very much pleased with what I saw and heard, though my visit was far too short to enable me to form a correct judgment of things. But if I was pleased with my visit to that most interesting missionary station, I felt, I may say, happy and grateful to our Heavenly Father for what I witnessed, on my return, at Barripore, and afterward at Tallygunge. I spent a Sunday with our friend the Rev. C. Driberg. We went together in the morning to Mograhät, twelve miles distant, where I expounded, in Bengalee, John xv., to a most attentive and orderly congregation. The attendance is generally one hundred and fifty—from that and two or three neighbouring villages. The very expression and countenance of those dear natives is changed by their sincere conversion to Christianity. The natural self-interestedness and wiliness in the men and false shame in the women make room for frankness and open-heartedness in the one, and true modesty in the other. But this is only in those, of course, who have really tasted that the Lord is good ; the difference is great, even in appearance, between them and those who merely profess Christianity. In the afternoon we proceeded to Sulkea, another chief village, where I also expounded, in Bengalee, John x. The inhabitants of this village have given Mr. Driberg the greatest cause for satisfaction and thankfulness to God. In 1832, when a dreadful hurricane swept away this and other Christian villages, the landowners were very

urgent upon the villagers of Sulkea for the payment of their rents; but they offered to remit it to them if they would renounce Christianity. They all refused doing so; and the other villagers, who had not suffered so much, contributed of their poverty sixty-two rupees towards the relief of the brethren at Sulkea. There is also, Mr. Driberg told me, a poor widow in that village who has learnt to read, and who goes from village to village teaching gratuitously young women to read, that they may read the Scriptures. A day or two before I went to Barripore a young woman died there. She had for many years shown a uniform and steady faith. Mr. Driberg visited her daily. One day, after hearing him read the Scriptures, she said, 'What you have just read to me gives me so much peace; I have neither fear nor doubt.' Shortly before her death she desired her child to be baptized and educated in the Christian faith, and she expired with these words on her lips: 'Lord, protect and save me.' Another catechist, dying, told Mr. D., who asked him what his faith was, 'In my Father's house there are many mansions.' Mr. D. is indefatigable in his exertions among the twenty Christian villages under his charge. He told me the average number of families embracing Christianity was about two per month. During these seven years he has laboured among them he does not think that above twenty individuals have drawn back, although every possible inducement is held out to them for doing so.

"I left Barripore for Tallygunge, whence I accompanied our dear friend the Rev. D. Jones to Sajnaborea and Jangera. At Sajnaborea I expounded in the chapel, which was formerly a heathen temple; and at Jangera I also expounded to a congregation of about two hundred, John iii. It was harvest time, and, being Monday, many villagers were out at work, and could not attend. After the service I catechised some of them, and was delighted with the correctness of their heartfelt answers. Mr. Jones is a good pastor of his flock. One poor old woman in particular (I shall never forget her as long as I live), with hardly clothes to cover her emaciated body, and blind with age, told me, when I asked her if she loved her Saviour, 'Ah, sir, I do trust in my Saviour, and

love Him ; but I know no more, so do not ask me anything else.' The other females I questioned, and who returned their answers with the modesty and decorum unknown to a heathen woman, struck me much by their knowledge of the Scripture and Articles of Faith, although most of them cannot read. This is an important point—the education of females. I have strongly urged our missionaries to devote much attention to that branch of their duties. It is by converting the mothers when young that we shall have influence over the rising generation. I shall endeavour in England to raise a fund specially devoted to that purpose. One village only in the Tallygunge station has drawn back.

“ I returned to Bishop's College blessing God with an overflowing heart for all I had seen and heard. I was prevented from visiting the missionary station of Bowescotty, under our friend the Rev. J. Bowyer. It is prospering through the blessing of God. But when we reflect that these blessed fruits have been produced by Bishop's College, and that the Christians of Barripore, Tallygunge, and Bowescotty, in all about 2,000, owe their spiritual birth to the efforts of zealous men educated within the walls of the College, have we not cause to thank God from the bottom of our hearts, praying He may give increase to the seed we sow, and bid us take courage for the future ? ”

The above letter is eloquent of the enthusiasm with which he undertook missionary work. That he thoroughly realised the requisite qualifications and difficulties of the profession is proved by a series of “ Letters to a Young Missionary ” (J. Masters, 1858). He tells him that he will meet fellow-labourers of various sects, with whom difference of opinion must be overruled by the desire for spreading God's truth. He should remember that educated Hindoos are men of superior intellect and learning :—“ Do not talk of ‘ conquered nations.’ You come to dwell in their country, on which they think you an intruder. You come to them with many prejudices of your own. . . . The Brahmin who teaches you Sanscrit comes to you for gain and pays you compliments. But he despises you in his heart, and no sooner is he gone

home than he washes himself, from fear of defilement by contact with you. . . . The only way to bring them over to your side is for you first to go over to theirs. . . . Meet them on their own ground, and show yourself acquainted with their writings and system of thought. . . . One single quotation in Sanscrit will have more weight in your favour with them than hours of talk from your own head."

Mr. Malan gives examples of the right and wrong method of approach (Appendix B.), and emphasises the necessity of distinguishing between the real doctrine of the learned and the sensualities that have sprung from it.

"I remember standing with a very learned Brahmin on the banks of the Hooghly, near Calcutta, during the festival of the goddess Doorga, images of which were being paraded in boats and then thrown into the river. I pointed to them and said to my teacher: 'Dwija, O twice born, behold your gods!' To which he replied in his own sacred tongue, with a very significant gesture: 'What is that, sir, what? A doll, straw, wood, or anything else you like. It is all very well for stupid folks, but assuredly not for the wise.' And he then quoted some lines from the laws of Manu, where God is described as infinite, incomprehensible, and eternal, and said: 'That is my God.'"

In advising the young missionary as to corresponding with those to whom he is responsible at home, he bids him to be guided by the truth, and not the desire to see his "Report" in print. "The incident you cherish most is having preached to a crowd of natives in the bazaar, where you distributed abundance of tracts that were eagerly received. . . . That would do admirably for the Report, and gain subscriptions to the Society. But you ought to write the whole truth—that, when you went to that same bazaar two days after, you bought sugar of a grocer who gave it you wrapped in one of your own tracts, a pile of which you spied on a shelf in his shop ready for other customers. Tell that too, and leave to the reporters the responsibility of printing it or not as they like."

CHAPTER V.

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND, ETC., 1840—1842.

Leaving India—Egypt—Sketches—Anecdotes—Malta—Stones of Cham—Letter from Mrs. Mortlock—Mrs. Malan's Last Illness—Quotations from Her Letters—Her Death—Mr. Malan Returns to England—Further Travel—Letters to Miss Cahusac—Records of Pilgrimage—Flowers of Palestine—Humorous Experience—First Sight of Sea of Galilee—Day spent on its Shores—Identification of Places—Reminiscences by Rev. J. H. Armstrong, etc.

INDIA was finally quitted towards the end of January, 1840. Light is thrown upon his progress by referring to his sketches and the dates they bear.

On January 29—30th the ship was passing the west coast of Ceylon, and touched at Colombo, where sketches were made of a Cingalese boat, a native, and a Sheikh of Lascars from Sennaar. On February 7th they passed Cape Comorin; on March 1st they went through the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, past the low rocky islands on the left, and the sunny hills of Mocha on the Arabian coast. The ship afterwards touched at Jidda, and evidently stayed there some days, as there are many sketches of that place, though none are dated—street scenes, Eve's tomb, etc.

From Jidda they sailed to Cosseir on the opposite coast, where S. C. Malan took leave of the ship, intending to journey overland to the Nile. In one of his books he speaks of "the camel I rode across the Egyptian desert," and the sketches furnish evidence of the route followed and objects of interest visited. Many travellers have written their encomiums upon the gorgeous sunsets and manifold glories of that ancient land; but few, probably, have left such interesting memorials as are presented by S. C. Malan's

sketches, all drawn and painted on the spot, and never retouched afterwards. The vigour displayed in every stroke, the breadth and transparency of colouring, the grasp of effect, the delicacy of detail, the truth of every touch, impart to every sketch the distinct impression of unconventional originality and genius.

From Cosseir he proceeded along the caravan route used by pilgrims on their way to Mecca. March 22nd found him "in the desert" amid arid sands and low rocky hills. Afterwards the wells of El Gaita were reached, from which he branched off in a southerly direction to the First Cataract. There he lavished the full power of his pencil and brush upon the magnificence of Philae, while Syene and Elephanta claimed due homage. There are sketches of Koom Ombo and Edfou; a noble series of the temple ruins of Karnak, visited on April 12th; Luxor at sunset; the temples of Thebes, Medinet Aboo, Biban el Moluk: the pillared temple ruins of Dendarah, which he reached on April 18th. There is a sketch of Girgeh, and a full-length portrait of a Bedouin Arab. The Sphinx, Pyramids, and Pompey's Pillar claimed his best attention—the dates on some of these last being April 22nd, 23rd. On one of those days, while engrossed in sketching, he was surrounded by a menacing group of Bedouins, one of whom thrust at him with a lance, but the wound was prevented by a copy of the Syriac Gospels, which he carried in his pocket; and his ready use of Arabic enabled him to conciliate his aggressors. At the Pyramids he also met a man whom he had seen before. A sister of Mr. Malan writes: "Our Aunt Tessier was once staying at some place in Germany (name forgotten) for taking the waters. She wrote and asked her nephew Salomon to come and see her. He did so, and in the course of conversation she told him of an extraordinary being who could not find any one to understand his language, and who accordingly was very lonely and miserable. Salomon went to look for him, and in two minutes he began talking to him in Arabic. The poor man was so beside himself with

delight that he followed my brother about like a dog for days afterwards."

Alexandria was reached on April 26th, from which port he sailed to Malta. To his sojourn in Malta there is an interesting allusion in "Philosophy, or Truth"—a volume published by Mr. Malan in 1863:—

"I was returning from Egypt and from India in 1840, when, at my passage through Malta, I visited the Hdjār Cham, Qīm or Qīma, the 'stones of Cham' or of 'Qīm' (worship or veneration), as they are called, which had just been cleared of the soil which had accumulated around and within their enclosure for perhaps more than three thousand years. For the fact of their being situated on the upper part of a hill, where no alluvial soil could possibly reach them, shows that the several feet of earth with which they were filled must either have been thrown in purposely, or, rather, that this earth was the slow but regular accumulation of decayed vegetable substance and soil during a long range of centuries. The ground plan of the building showed in the rudest and simplest fashion the outer and inner courts and the sanctuary of the actual temple, formed of large unhewn stones, several feet high, for the outer wall, and lined inside with a course of smaller stones more or less worked by hand. The passage from one such hall to another was through doorways cut in solid stones, of a rude Egyptian or Etruscan outline, *i.e.*, wider at the bottom than at the top. In one hall, which seemed to be the temple, and at the east end formed a kind of apse, were several niches in which female figures were found with monstrous limbs, but with the smallest hands and feet; most probably the oldest figures of Ashtoreth, the Syrian Venus, in existence. In front of these niches were stone seats and altars rudely carved; and in another room, or rather enclosure (for the worship was there performed in the open air), the altar, carved with the palm tree—the Phœnician or Carthaginian symbol—was yet standing where it was left after the last sacrifice, close to the seat of the high priest, on the back of

which were carved two serpents and an egg—two other Eastern symbols. In what we might call the ‘ash-pit,’ behind that stone seat, were found horns of sheep and of goats, and the ground was yet strewn with ashes.

“Of all the remains of antiquity I ever saw, none struck me as so ancient; and none of that probable date ever appeared so perfect. I was more interested in it, as a genuine monument of the oldest times, than even in the splendid remains of Thebes; and I visited Hdjār Qīm or Cham more than once during my stay to sketch it as it was found. I have visited it again since, but the ruthless hands of visitors—one cannot call them travellers who travel without a traveller’s mind—have more injured these precious relics of a real antiquity than the unsparing hand of Time has done during perhaps more than thirty centuries. In the absence of all inscription or clue to the date of these two temples, or Casal Crendi, we may probably assign them to the time when, according to Suidas, the Canaanites fled from before Joshua, first to the coast of Egypt, whence they were driven to the coasts of Africa, where they left on record in inscriptions on stone the reason for their having left the country. The passage from the nearest coast to Malta is very short, and might have been crossed easily even in those early days. At all events, and judging from the shape, the construction, the stone figures, the carved palm, serpent, and egg, and the skeletons found each with a stone egg in one hand, show these remains to be of Phœnician origin, and ancient enough to date from the time when Canaan and Phœnicia were accounted one and the same.”

Since leaving India the uncertainty of his movements had prevented Mr. Malan’s receiving any letters from England, and consequently no news had reached him of the serious deterioration of his wife’s health. Soon after she had reached home the symptoms of consumption developed rapidly, and it became evident that medical skill would not be able to cope with the progress of disease.

In a letter dated "10th December, 1839," Mrs. Lydia Mortlock wrote:—

"We all feel most deeply for her dear husband; the intelligence of her alarming illness will, I am afraid, be almost too much for him. When they parted at the Cape she was so much revived as to give him every hope that her native climate would be the means of restoring her. Soon after his arrival in India—which, we believe, took place some time in November—he would receive a letter containing the intelligence of his beloved wife's dangerous illness, and holding out *no* hope to him that there was any probability of his ever seeing her again. . . . The last accounts she received from him gave a more favourable state of his health; the letter was dated the 8th of September, from the Cape. He was just on the point of setting off for Calcutta. Dearest Mrs. Malan has relinquished all hope of again seeing him in this world. . . . You will be glad to hear that the dear children are all quite well. It is a very severe trial to Mrs. Malan that she is quite unable to bear their presence in her room more than for a few minutes together. . . ."

Miss Charlotte Elliott, a beloved friend of Mrs. Malan, wrote, for her special comfort during this last illness, the hymn which probably more than any other has come nearest to the heart of English Christians throughout the world—"My God, my Father, while I stray." How closely the verses applied to Mrs. Malan's condition may be gathered from some of the letters written by Mrs. Malan to her husband during that period, recovered afterwards from India.

"I long so much to be with you. Indeed I feel that India is my home, and I seem out of my place here. The bitterest thought almost I can have is that of being a hindrance to your work, which I long so much to advance; yet if God is not pleased to recover me entirely I must not murmur."

"God has been very gracious to me of late, and so I am persuaded He will be to you when once He has brought your will into entire resignation to His. This He has done so gently to me, for when first I came here I could not bear to

be told that I must not return to India, and the thought that I should never see you again was agony to me. But now—not that my love to you has diminished one iota—I find entire peace in giving myself up wholly unto Him—without anxiety, without fear. . . . Dare I distrust Him for what yet lies before me? Oh, no! I could not so wrong Him. I will trust in Him for myself that He will deal gently with me to the end. I will trust in Him for my husband that He will bless you, dearest, abundantly—that He will not suffer you to faint under the chastening of His hand.”

“Five months we have already been separated, and, painful as it has been, yet the thought of the glorious service in which you are engaged, and of Him for Whose sake and in obedience to Whose will, as far as we could see it, we consented to the sacrifice, has by His grace supported me. . . . I am a wonder to myself, that a poor, timid, anxious, fearful creature as I am, with affections so intensely fixed on my husband and children, should yet be unmoved, calm, and even rejoicing in the prospect of leaving these beloved ones, without even saying farewell to the most beloved. . . . His wisdom sees these bitter dispensations necessary, to exercise your faith, to wean you from the world; to teach you that most difficult of all lessons—to acquiesce in God’s will, whatever it may be.”

On Sunday, April 5th, the spirit of Mary Malan passed away. She was married at the age of twenty, and died at twenty-six. Her body was laid to rest in Hove Churchyard, Brighton, on Saturday, April 11th, 1840. On the morrow, Palm Sunday, the Rev. H. Venn Elliott, preaching to his congregation in St. Mary’s, based his discourse upon the subject of her life and death. In the course of his sermon he said: “Many a month, you will remember, we prayed for her as sick and dying, and on the last Lord’s Day but one I especially commended her to your prayers, as soon about to need them no more. Yet she lingered through the whole week, and began another Sabbath on earth; but she concluded it in the paradise of God.” Very similar were the circumstances

attending the close of her husband's earthly pilgrimage. On the third Sunday before the end he was not expected to out-live the day, and he died on the last Sunday after Trinity.

It was on his arrival at Malta that Mr. Malan, happening to take up a past number of the *Times*, read the notice of his wife's death. He immediately returned to England, a sketch of Falmouth, inscribed, "England once more, September 7th," indicating the day. His broken health suffered so seriously from the shock of this bereavement, that he was recommended to recruit it by the only treatment which seemed to benefit his constitution—foreign travel. Towards the end of the year he proceeded to carry out the doctor's advice, leaving his three sons under the care of Dr. and Mrs. King at Brighton.

In the following letters to Miss Cahusac it is interesting to notice a somewhat unformed style and small inaccuracies of expression, which show that his progress was gradual towards the vigorous style of composition which afterwards characterised his writings.

"COPENHAGEN,

"November 8th, 1840.

"MY DEAR SOPHIA,

"You know, or you do not know, that I am a bad correspondent, and to write a letter requires no small effort on my part. But your kindness in sending such a delightful account of Cæsar deserves at least an answer, though I cannot find anything of equal interest to tell you about. But I must first of all thank you for all your kindness to the dear child, and all the marks of affection which you and yours have shown him. I may be partial as a father, but still I think that every impartial observer must agree with me that Cæsar is an engaging, perhaps a delightful, child. The details you sent me were and are (for I have often read your letter) most interesting. Of course I have now no greater treasure than my children, and any account of them is to me, in this distant land, like the cup of cold water to the weary traveller of which the

Proverbs speak. I have also received from Mrs. King excellent news of my three lambs; it is a blessing for which I cannot be thankful enough, for I feel as if my heart was hanging on them—for their own sake, of course, but not less for that of their sweet mother. The further I go into the world the more I see that there are not many like her. But I cannot trust myself on this subject, and you will naturally be wishing to hear something of my peregrinations.

“First of all, doctors may send you abroad to travel, as they have done me, but, Sophia, that does not mend a broken heart, and *that* prevents me from taking any interest or being amused with what I see. Until I went to Stockholm I was rather worse in health than otherwise, but since my landing in Sweden (September 28th) I have been much better in health, and therefore in spirits. The climate of Sweden is cold and bracing and dry, and that I have found do me much good, for which I wish to be thankful. I have been interested in Stockholm, but particularly in Upsala. The Swedes are simple and cordial people. I met with much kindness from all quarters, and I have become acquainted with many men of learning and talent, in whose society I have found much pleasure. Upsala, the *famous* Upsala, is a small town easily gone round in a quarter of an hour; built of wood, like almost all towns in Sweden. I visited the *Archbishop* in his *Palace*, *i.e.*, a wooden house, where he lives, on the *third story*. But those good people are all the happier for being so simple. There also did I visit the garden in which Linnæus studied and gave his lectures on botany, and the house in which he lived—a small wooden house, covered with turf! There lived that wonderful man! I left Stockholm on the 22nd of last month, and arrived here on the 28th. I intend (D.V.) to stay here until early next month, when I shall go to Berlin; after that my plans are not certain, but I hope to be in England about April next, unless I was called there sooner. I can, however, foresee nothing that will disturb my plans. I have been able to study a little of late, and that has been a source of much

pleasure to me. It is also a mercy from our Heavenly Father, Who mingles so much honey to the bitter cup He causes us to drink. I do not like Copenhagen near so well as Stockholm; but I am very busy here, and find the days flow on rapidly, though the *months* tread heavily along. I send you an *cast* view of Copenhagen. I have put a *bird* over the place where I live in the town. That large square building is the Palace, in front of my windows. I have also met with much kindness here, but I cannot make out the ways of these good people, for when they ask one to tea, it is brought in the professor's room on a tray, nicely arranged by the mistress of the house, whom, however, one does not see once. Yesterday, for example, I was asked to spend the evening and take tea at one of the *savants'* of Copenhagen. I dressed myself, naturally expecting to meet a few people. But all my trouble was in vain. For my friend (somewhat about 60) received me in his study in his morning gown, and there we sat, receiving from time to time the cakes, etc., which the invisible ladies sent us from the adjoining apartment. I am very glad that dear Charles has a pleasant prospect before him. I trust that his new situation will be to him a source of pleasure as well as of usefulness to others. Looking at the future, I propose (D.V.) leaving England for India about August next. But many things may happen to hasten or delay my departure. I long, however, extremely to return thither, though I have *very strong* misgivings as to my health. But God is faithful, and if He will have me continue in India He will give me health for it. I am in His hands—let Him do what seemeth Him best with me. I had rather not answer on paper other questions you ask me, respecting the new Professor, etc. Pray remember me kindly to Mr. Milsom when you see him, and give my love to your dear father, etc.

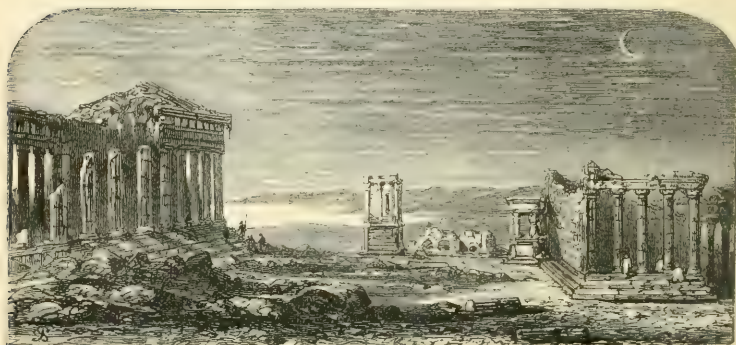
“Believe me, your affectionate cousin,

“S. C. MALAN.”

At this time he became a member of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen. The plans sketched in the above letter were carried out, except so far as they relate to a return to India, which was never accomplished. He spent the winter of 1840—1 in Berlin, being treated for his sight by an eminent oculist. In June he was at Marienbad, where he made the acquaintance of Gottfried Hermann. Their intimacy was very genuine, and on Mr. Malan's departure Dr. Hermann gave him a copy of his edition of Sophocles, on the fly-leaf of which he had inscribed the following elegant iambics—a graceful tribute of a pleasant friendship:—

Ἐν περιπάτοισι παρὰ νόσων πανστηρίοις
 πηγαῖσιν ἐντυχόντες ἀλλήλοιιν, σὺ μὲν
 ὅταν κατὰ χθόν' Ἑλλάδα στρωφόμενος
 πασῶν Ἀθήνας ἐξοχωτάτην πόλιν
 ἔλθης, πρὸς ἄλλοις τοῖς πάλαι νέον φίλον
 μέμνησο καὶ πανδίκως κεκτημένος.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τῆς σῆς εὐφιλοῦς ὁμιλίας
 μνήμην ὁμοίως ἐν φρεσὶν σάζων, θεῶ
 ἐκείσέ τ' εὐξομαί σ' ὁδηγήσαι καλῶς
 νόστον τ' ἔπειτά σ' εὐτυχοῦς δοῦναι τυχεῖν.

Marienbad, d. 29 Juni, 1841. Gottfried Hermann.

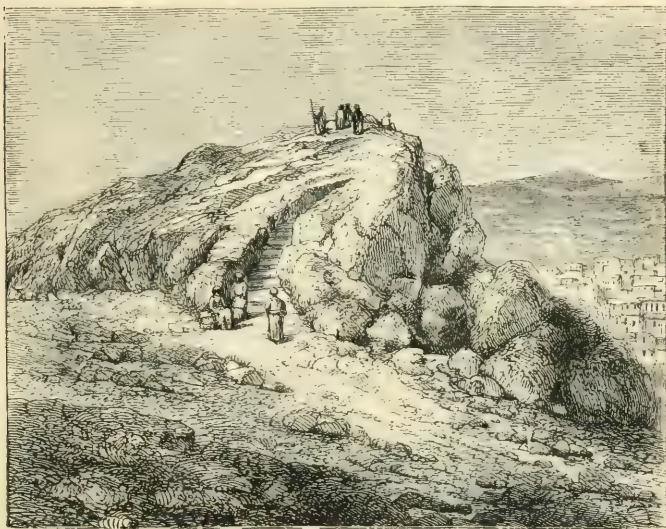


Del. S.C.M.

ATHENS.

'Twas at the wells of healing, which bid diseases die,
 Pacing the colonnades, we met, so chanced it, you and I;
 But you, when, in your wanderings throughout the classic land,
 In Athens, of all cities queen pre-eminent, you stand—
 Remember, oh! remember how, beside the friends of yore,
 You gained a new one, heart and soul, unknown to you before;

And I, for ever keeping fresh the spell of friendship's charm,
 Will pray the gods to guide your steps and shield your soul from harm ;
 So speed you, and so lead you back to those who fondly yearn
 For blessings on your journey forth, and on your safe return.*



Del. S.C.M.

AREOPAGUS.

* The original autograph of Dr. Hermann could nowhere be found among Dr. Malan's effects ; but I remembered showing it to a friend (R. J. Beadon) at school, some thirty-five years ago, and that he made a copy of it. On the chance of his having preserved that copy, I wrote to him, and recovered the lost iambics. His son, R. Musgrave Beadon, Scholar of Exeter Coll., Oxford, made the following translation :—

Amid the throng of men who take their way
 Beside the welling founts, whose waters bring
 Relief, and steal from human ills their sting,
 We met : and thou throughout fair Greece wilt stray ;
 And when to storied Athens thou shalt wend,
 Of cities all the noblest, then, I pray,
 Forget not that to friends of bygone day
 Thou hast in me to add another friend.
 And I too, none the less, within my heart
 Will bear the thought, with grateful memory,
 Of all thy sweet and friendly company,
 And pray to God to guide thee to thy bourne
 With kindly hand ; and then, where'er thou art,
 Grant thee to win the boon of safe return.

The year 1842 supplies the chapter of his travels to which in after life Mr. Malan looked back as the most interesting of his experiences. His impressions were copiously chronicled both in letters and in publications:—"Three Months' Tour in the Holy Land" (Journal of Sacred Literature); "The Coasts of Tyre and Sidon;" "Magdala, a day by the Sea of Galilee;" "Bethany, a Pilgrimage." (J. Masters.) These records are supplemented by numerous sketches.

The following letter to Miss Cahusac furnishes an introduction to his tour in the Holy Land—an undertaking of far more enterprise in the forties than under the facilities now afforded to tourists:—

"JERUSALEM,

"May 10th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SOPHIA,

"I am almost ashamed to think how long it is since I received your kind letter from Brighton, giving me such full and interesting details about my dear children, to which I have not yet answered. But you will, I know, excuse my silence, for you know that in travelling it is much easier to *think* of one's friends than to *write* to them.

"But I will not fill my paper with apologies, and after having thanked you sincerely for your kindness in writing to me so much, which you knew would be most interesting to me, I will proceed to give you a rapid sketch of my pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I left Smyrna (where your letter found me) on the 18th of March, and arrived at Beyrout five days after touching at Rhodes and Cyprus. The first sight of Lebanon was truly beautiful. I could not turn my eyes away from its snow-clad tops, contrasting so beautifully with the deep blue sky and the darker shades of the lower range of mountains, at the foot of which the tranquil sea slumbered in peace and reflected their image. I fancied the ships of Tarshish sailing along the coast, laden with the riches they brought to the Temple at Jerusalem, and the rafts of cedar trees which the servants of Hiram were steering in

their slow course to Japho, to be used in the building of the temple of the Great God of Israel. All this is gone like a dream, and the cedars have almost ceased to grow on Lebanon, but the majestic range of mountains still remains unchanged—a monument of the Truth of the Word of God. From Beyrout I visited Damascus and Baalbek, but the most interesting part of my journey was to Jerusalem. I left Baalbek for Sidon, where nothing remains of its ancient splendour, and thence along the beautiful coast of Phœnicia to Tyre, once so great and glorious, and now an unimportant little town. As the plague was raging there we did not visit it, but, bending our steps to the eastward, we crossed the hills of Galilee, and after a day or two's journey we pitched our tent at Magdala, on the borders of the Lake of Tiberias. I had been very much delighted with the beauty of the scenery in Galilee. Wooded hills and rich pastures, to which the snow-clad Hermon, visible from almost everywhere, added much freshness and beauty, form the striking features of that part of Palestine. But I enjoyed still more my rambles along the Lake of Tiberias, and the fishermen I met between Magdala and Capernaum, and whose fish I ate, perhaps in the very spot where Peter was called, carried me forcibly back to those days when our beloved Saviour blessed this country with his presence. The flowers, too, upon which He looked with pleasure, thinking that they did not sin, were interesting, and the whole of nature smiled still, though in silence, for no voice is heard where once cities and villages flourished, and the pelican is now left, undisturbed, lord over the finny tribes with which the lake abounds. This was very interesting, but Nazareth was still more so. It is one of the loveliest spots I have seen; its situation is beautiful, and the associations connected with it cannot but endear it to one who visits it with a mind and heart suitably prepared. There, the carpenter in his shop manufacturing rough implements of agriculture, aided of his boy; the women at the mill, grinding corn or lentils, or heating their ovens with the grass of the field, or drawing water at Miriam's well;—but

most of all, the surrounding scenery with which our blessed Saviour was familiar so many years of His life on earth ;—and the neighbouring localities of Tabor, Endor, Nain, Cana of Galilee, etc., all of which go by the same name to this day, enabled me to identify myself with the narratives of Scripture



Del. S.C.M.

NAZARETH.

to a degree which I could not have done before. From Nazareth, my route led me through Samaria, Sichem and Shiloh to Jerusalem, where I am, and from which I have made an excursion to Engedi, Hebron, Bethlehem, Jericho, the Jordan, Anathoth, Gibeon, Ajalon, Bethshemesh, Shocoh, etc. But I have not room to give you any more particulars

respecting these spots, all so interesting to us. I must refer you to the few sketches I have taken, when we meet in London. I leave for Smyrna in a few days (D.V.)—hope to reach England (never to leave it again, I hope) early in August. Remember me, etc., etc.

“Your affectionate cousin,

“S. C. MALAN.

“I feel very anxious about the Bishop of Calcutta, having heard from a gentleman, lately come from Ceylon, that he had been obliged to leave India on account of his health, and go to England. Should it be the case, and should you happen to see him, or any friend of his, pray remember me to him *most affectionately*.”

A letter from Admiral Coote, R.N., has reference to Mr. Malan's sojourn at Smyrna in March, 1842.

“ARDEN, DULWICH, S.E.,

“January 1st, 1895.

“In 1842, I was a mate in H.M.S. *Daphne* at Smyrna, and often met your father. We used to wander through the Bazaars together, and meet many persons of different nationalities. He seemed to be able to converse with all, in eight or ten different languages in one day. I paid with him a very interesting visit to a Greek, or more likely an Armenian, Patriarch, who was banished from Constantinople. Your father conversed freely with him in his own language and Turkish, which latter, he told me, he had learnt in the few weeks he had been at Smyrna.”

The small volumes “The Coasts of Tyre and Sidon,” and “Magdala and Bethany,” may well repay perusal; for as a writer said at the time when they appeared, “Mr. Malan travelled with the mind of a scholar, the eye of a poet, and the heart of a Christian; we may add, too, with the pen of a scribe well instructed unto the kingdom of Heaven.”

In after years, when the shadows of life's evening were lengthening to their close, and he was asked to recall memories of the past; he said that no memories of the past gave him any pleasure except his visit to the Holy Land, and "days spent in fishing at Toller"—of which more anon.

Characteristic touches, evincing the scholar, artist, naturalist, and reverent enthusiast, adorn the pages that describe that tour. Nor is the spirit of the classic muse wanting, *e.g.*, when he joined a company of pilgrims already gathered at Smyrna, waiting to sail for Jerusalem, and bade farewell to the shores of Ionia. "For the last time I went to the banks of the Meles, and there watched the eddy of the stream playing as of old among the drooping branches of myrtles and of oleanders always in bloom, where nightingales sing and kingfishers sit; and where swallows twitter at even a plaintive ditty to the name of Mæone, the mother of Homer. . . . I have been in the land of life and beauty, where Kalidas of old sang in his immortal tongue the praises of Avanti; the fairest portion of celestial birth, transferred to earth from Indra's paradise. But in Ionia I found the air purer, the sun more sunny, and the sky more blue. There the winter is soon over, and soon also forgotten, amid the vernal beauties of that enchanted land, so quickly roused from its winter trance into fresh vigour and enjoyment of life."

The scene, on embarking, was one of bustle and confusion. "Armenian pilgrims from Ararat, Georgians from Tiflis and from the Caucasus; Greeks from Athens and Thessaly; and a few Turks with their families on their passage to Rhodes, lay, sat, or stood, as best they might; until every one of them, having spread his carpet, accommodated himself, with Eastern ease and good humour, to the small space allotted to him on deck. Families gathered together; old acquaintances met, and fellow-pilgrims began to talk loud and fast of the many chances of their distant pilgrimage; until, as it grew late, their voices dropped one by one, and not a

sound was heard but the occasional flapping of the sails, and the moaning of the helm in the moonlit wake of our gallant little ship."

Samos was passed, and later on, "towards the setting sun there was a small, barren-looking island—and that island was Patmos. Other recollections were for a time forgotten. For what was the varied outline of the Dorian coast, clad in its everlasting spring, or the wooded glades of Calymne close by, to that arid and rocky spot? However great the men had been who once lived on those favoured shores,



Del. S.C.M.

SAMOS.

the poor fisherman, but beloved disciple, 'Exile in Patmos for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ,' is greater still."

Proceeding on their voyage they anchored in the harbour of Rhodes, and in due time the ship arrived at Beyrout. "Here, in Berothaï, or Berytus, which claims to have been founded by Baal, Chiun, Cronus or Saturn, lived Sancho-niatho, the celebrated disciple of 'Hierombal, priest of the God Jeva'—may be, 'Jerubbaal, who is Gideon;' of whom he learnt both the knowledge of God and the traditions current in Israel at that time; some of which he kept on record in his own way, in his Phœnician history. He tells us, for instance, that the origin of all things was a dark creative Air, Spirit, or Wind, itself uncreated; in which we

recognise 'the Spirit of God that moved upon the face of the waters,' from whence was produced Mot, a primary matter of mud and water. The first animals that were born of this matter were destitute of sense, but they produced



Del. S.C.M.

RHODES.

others endowed with intellect ; then Mot, with the sun, moon and stars, came and shone forth at once. Then Æon and Protogonus, or Life and Firstborn (in which we find Eve and Adam), were the first mortals brought forth by the wind, Colpia and his wife Baau ; that is, by the Voice of God and chaotic darkness." The whole paragraph, too long to quote, is a most interesting blend of the Divine Cosmogony with

the wisdom of ancient speculation ; and reveals a parentage for modern systems of evolution which furnishes one further testimony to the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

“ But above all, this was now to me the door into the promised land ; everything around, therefore, was fraught with interest unknown and never felt elsewhere ; from the stately cedar and the waving palm that gave this land its name, to the white cyclamen that grows among the rocks by the roadside. Whether the majestic flight of the vulture soaring overhead in graceful spires, or the bee buzzing among the frail blossoms of the almond-tree,—everything here interested my mind and captivated my heart. . . . In presence, too, of this venerable range of Lebanon—‘ the white, the hoary mountain,’ around which hover upwards of three thousand years of unbroken associations, cherished in all lands out of the Word of God—who can feel otherwise than spellbound ? ”

The intense affection that he always felt for flowers breathes in more than one page. “ On our way we sauntered across meadows spangled with early spring flowers, some of them already familiar to me, and a few others then seen for the first time. I cannot describe the full interest I felt even in these frail offsprings of the soil ; and with what pleasure I looked at them as they smiled along my path. They were the flowers, not of other lands, but of the land of Canaan, nurtured in the soil on which rest so many thoughts that link this our earthly sojourn with Canaan’s antitype, our own promised land ! The red ranunculus, the white cyclamen, the rose-coloured flax, the bright adonis, the blue lycopsis, and other such ‘ relics of Paradise ’ of a thousand hues, imbedded in the softest turf, formed the carpet on which we trod, while the yellow butterfly, the elegant Thais, and the brilliant Argus, and sparkling Phlæas, flitted by with rapid wing, eager of life and sunshine.”

He made a collection of the flowers of Palestine, gathered at every place of interest, which were carefully dried, named,

and dated, with particulars of the spot where each grew : c.g., “*Lupinus Angustifolius*—in the fields on the right side of the path going from Nain to Shunem, April 19th, 1842.” “*Sideritis Cretica*—among the rocks out of Bethany on the road to Jericho, May 10th, 1842.”

In a note upon the group of flowers represented in the illustration, Mr. Malan wrote : “The Syriac term *shoshano*, made use of by our Saviour, is very generic, so that the Gothic version is probably right in rendering τὰ κρίνα generally by the ‘flowers of the field.’ Although I paid attention to the subject, I could discover no ‘lilies’ of any great beauty in Palestine, from March, the spring-time, to the end of June, when all vegetation has ceased. I could see nowhere either the white or the red lilies growing wild ; and as to the *Amaryllis formosissima*, said by some to have been alluded to by our Saviour, it is a native of North America. The only flowers at all like lilies, though of another order, were irises, moræas, and the blue hyacinth. But by far the most showy, and the most common flowers in Palestine, in the early spring, are the scarlet and the purple anemones, which at times cover the ground, and literally glitter in the sun. As our Saviour alluded, and probably even pointed, to objects well known to His poorer hearers, these anemones, that might have been called κρίνα in the popular sense, may have been the flowers meant by Him. The flowers here represented were gathered in different localities of Palestine, and drawn on the spot. There is not a ‘lily’ among them.”

His affection for these flowers was explained on one occasion, long years afterwards, to village children in the schoolroom at Broadwindsor :—“When I was at Nazareth I took a walk round the town and in the fields ; and there I picked many flowers, some like our own, and others different ; because I loved to think that our Saviour used to see the same kind of flowers growing about His home, there, at Nazareth.” Then he described how he saw a woman take



FLOWERS OF THE FIELD GATHERED IN GALILEE.

[To face p. 80

a bundle of dry grass and flowers and throw it into an oven, and set fire to it, and keep on throwing in grass until the oven was warmed; and then she baked her loaves, "balls of dough the size of an apple," which she flattened into buns. Telling the children that God loved them more than primroses, he drew from them the remark that they "liked violets best, because they smell so nice." "And where do you find

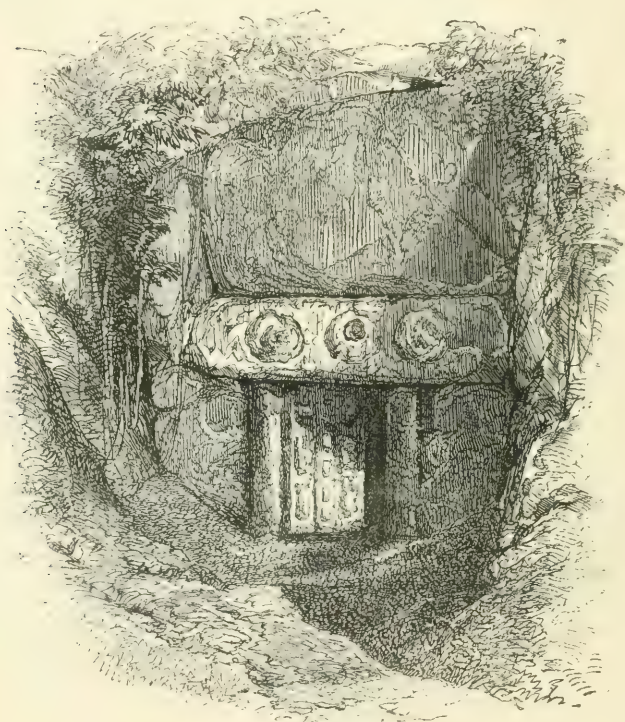


S.C.M. del.

WOMEN OF NAZARETH HEATING THE OVEN WITH DRY GRASS.

them?" "In the lane, on the shady side—we look under the leaves to find them—but we know where they be, because we smell them. White ones smell best." "That's just it. They make no noise, keep quiet under the leaves, and yet they bring you to where they are by their sweet smell. . . . Try to be like violets, children. Keep quiet, you little girls, with mother at home—and you boys too. . . . Let people hear of you, not by the noise you make in the street, but by the good name you bear. Harry is known to be a good

boy. . . . And of little Mary I heard the neighbours say, 'She is such a good child.' . . . That is like the sweet smell of violets, all over the village." It may be mentioned that Mr. Malan knew the scientific and familiar names of all the English wild flowers.



TOMB AT GADARA.

Continuing his tour he tells how he came to "tombs and time-worn sepulchres of an ancient city. . . . Out of them crept here and there large hideous lizards, as it were the grim shades of some reprobate Canaanites, which of old lay buried in this city of the dead."

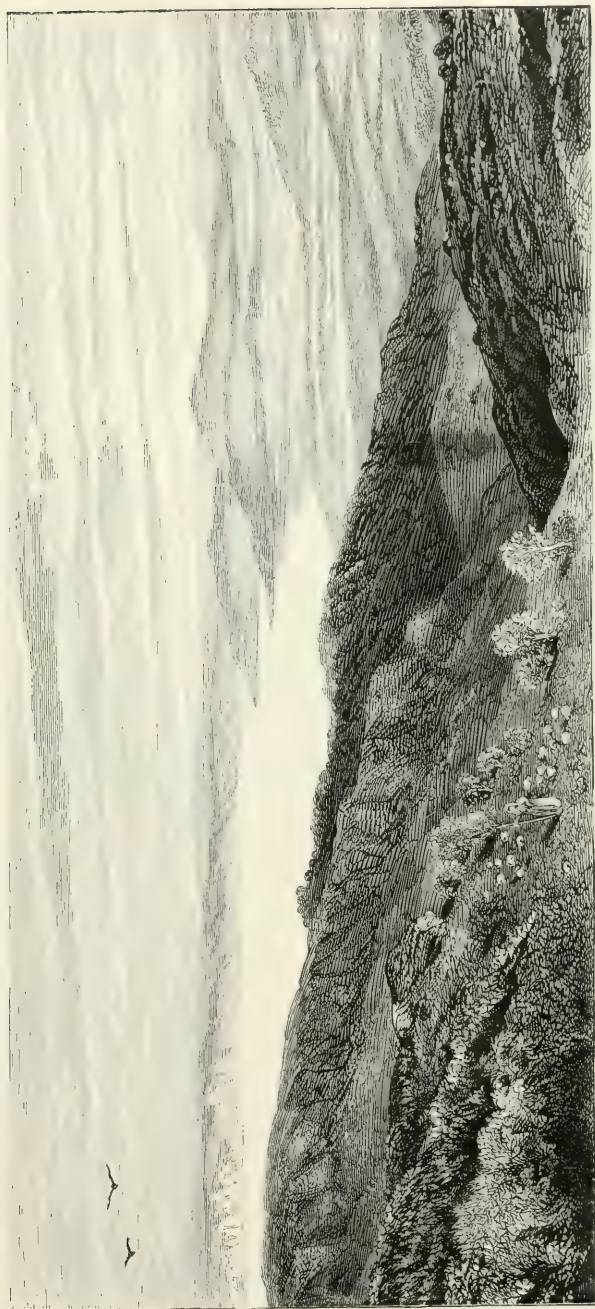
His love of humour beams forth in his account of quitting Sidon. The unwillingness of his servants to hasten the

preparations for departure, at which the host, Abu Nasir, seemed to connive, made the traveller suspicious that all was not right. "I asked what the matter was; when Abu Nasir replied that as the road was not safe, he would recommend me to take an escort. . . . I did not wish to incur unnecessary expense by hiring an escort, against which, probably, I should have to guard myself. I therefore declined the offer, and thanking my host for his kindness, ordered my servants, Abu Keslan and a lad Saleh, to start. But no sooner were we outside the gate of the town than Abu Keslan discovered that his horse wanted shoeing. So he must needs stop at the next farrier's shop, while I rode on slowly with the lad Saleh, who looked panic-struck, and half inclined to lag behind. And I was preparing to read these two gentlemen a lecture on the duty of obedience to their master, when I heard behind me a voice in the distance, shouting to me, 'Khawajah! sir!' I turned round and saw Abu Nasir at his window, which opened on the wall of the town, beckoning to me to stop. I went on, however, regardless of his cries, after having made sign to him that I could not tarry any longer. Meanwhile, Abu Keslan came up sitting ill at ease on his horse, and begging I would wait, as Abu Nasir wished to speak to me.

"I halted at the top of the hill, and there waited for him. . . . Even at this time of the day, and so near the town, a mournful stillness reigned over the scene, only broken by the distant clink of the anvil, and by the shrill note of the sea-gull on the beach. . . . By this time our good friend, Abu Nasir, joined us; and quite out of breath, exclaimed: 'Sir! I love you! I fear for you! You must take an escort; you must indeed! I have ordered it: it won't cost you anything: I will pay for it;' smiting significantly upon his breast. . . . Thoroughly tired of it, and vexed at all this delay, I desired that the escort should be forthcoming at once. 'Here it is!' said Abu Nasir; 'here it is coming!' 'Where?' 'Coming!' which in the East means any time within the twenty-four hours. . . . I looked and saw a gaunt figure on

horseback, followed at some distance behind by an old man on a donkey. Presently they came up to us, to the infinite satisfaction of my servants. 'Thank God!' said one of them, 'here they are at last!' I surveyed my escort. The gaunt soldier-like individual on horseback, whose name was Tanus, had evidently equipped himself in a hurry; for he had forgotten his powder-horn, and had no flint to his match-lock; and his companion, the old man, who was introduced to me as Sheikh Achmet, had no other weapon than his pipe-stick. . . . I found that they were friends or clients of Abu Nasir, who wished to return to their own village in the interior; and that instead of their escorting me, they rather begged humbly I would let them accompany me, and share with me the dangers of the road. . . . Abu Nasir wished us a prosperous journey—'Ma salame, in peace!'"

His enthusiasm at first sighting the Sea of Galilee is thus described:—"Leaving Kadita we continued our route to Ain Zeitun, at the foot of the mountain of Safad. I knew that from that brow I should first behold a scene, among earthly scenes, how much endeared to us! I could not, therefore, stop to quench my thirst at the clear fountain which from hence flows into the valley beneath, but I got off my horse in order to climb the quicker. I reached the top of the rock, then turned round to the left, and then a view truly like none other on earth opened at once before me, spread, as it were, by magic at my feet. . . . My eager eye soared across the whole of the Sea of Galilee, which like a patch of the blue sky itself, set in the surrounding hills, lay deep in the distant plain below. Then over the abrupt shores of the country of the Gadarenes, into the extreme borders or the plains of Botsra to the wooded hills of Bashan, and beyond them to the higher mountains of Gilead; then across the Jordan, and over the naked hills of Southern Galilee, Mount Tabor and little Hermon, to the far distant heights of Carmel, above Taanach and Megiddo. And immediately below me opened the deep chasm of Wady Leiman, into which fall the precipitous sides of the mountain of Safad. Who could stand



SEA OF TIBERIAS AND GALILEE.

where I was, and view for the first time, and all at once, spots of such intense interest, without feelings of emotion too deep to be uttered. What man could look on the land of which he can say with certainty, 'The SAVIOUR was there!' without feeling himself unworthy of so great a favour from Him, in this world? How could any one who visits this land as he ought, in worship and contrition of heart, single out one by one, as he may from this height, scenes of his Saviour's miracles—the desert place in which He fed the multitude;



FISHERMAN OF THE SEA OF GALILEE CASTING HIS NET.

the waters on which He trod, and that cowered at His feet; the shores on which He afterwards landed, near His own city Capernaum; the plain of Gennesaret; the village of Magdala; the town of Tiberias, and the opposite country of the Gergesenes—and not feel riveted to the spot, full of gratitude for such a sight!"

Deeply devotional are his meditations by the Sea of Galilee, where he spent a day (April 16th, 1842) in solitude, wishing to identify himself with the scenery, and to treasure up faithful sketches of it. Amid a rich profusion of descriptive word pictures and the numerous sketches that he made at each spot, the temptation is strong to give a copious

selection of passages; to tell in his own words how he met with a sower at work and saw the parable enacted in all its details; how he watched a fisherman plying his trade, and bought the cast of his net, afterwards eating of the fish and a portion of a honeycomb purchased at Magdala.

His identification of the sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin is full of interest; while in locating Capernaum he shows good reason for rejecting the usually accepted site.

“According to the probable meaning of the word, ‘village of comfort,’ or ‘pleasant village,’ it must have been situate in a spot which won for it that chosen name. And that spot must have been then, as it now is, on the banks of the small stream that gushes from the foot of the hills on the west of the plain, and then flows through it, among beds of oleanders and of other evergreens that abound in the fertile meadows of El-Ghuweir, or Gennesaret. The situation of Capernaum on this stream is rendered probable by the account of Josephus, who met with an accident while riding on this plain, when he was taken to the nearest village, Caphernome, in the land of Gennesaret, which, he tells us, owed its fertility to the spring of water called Caphernaoum. This would point to about the middle of the plain of Gennesaret as the probable site of Capernaum. It must also have been on the shore . . . not far from Bethsaida . . . I could therefore fix upon the pleasantest part of this shore as the probable site of Capernaum; that is, at or near the mouth of the stream, where the shore projects a little into the lake. Other travellers have thought the fountain ‘Caphernaoum’ mentioned by Josephus might be found at Ain-et-Tin; but what he says of the fertility of the plain of Gennesaret, owing to that spring, cannot possibly apply to Ain-et-Tin. . . . And as to Tell Hûm, where others have also fancied they had discovered both the ruins of Capernaum and a fragment of its name, it never could have been the pleasantest part of the shore, for there is no spring of water to refresh the stony, barren, and rugged surface of the ground. In the total absence of proof, we may then, and



SEA OF GALILEE, LOOKING TOWARDS MAGDALA.

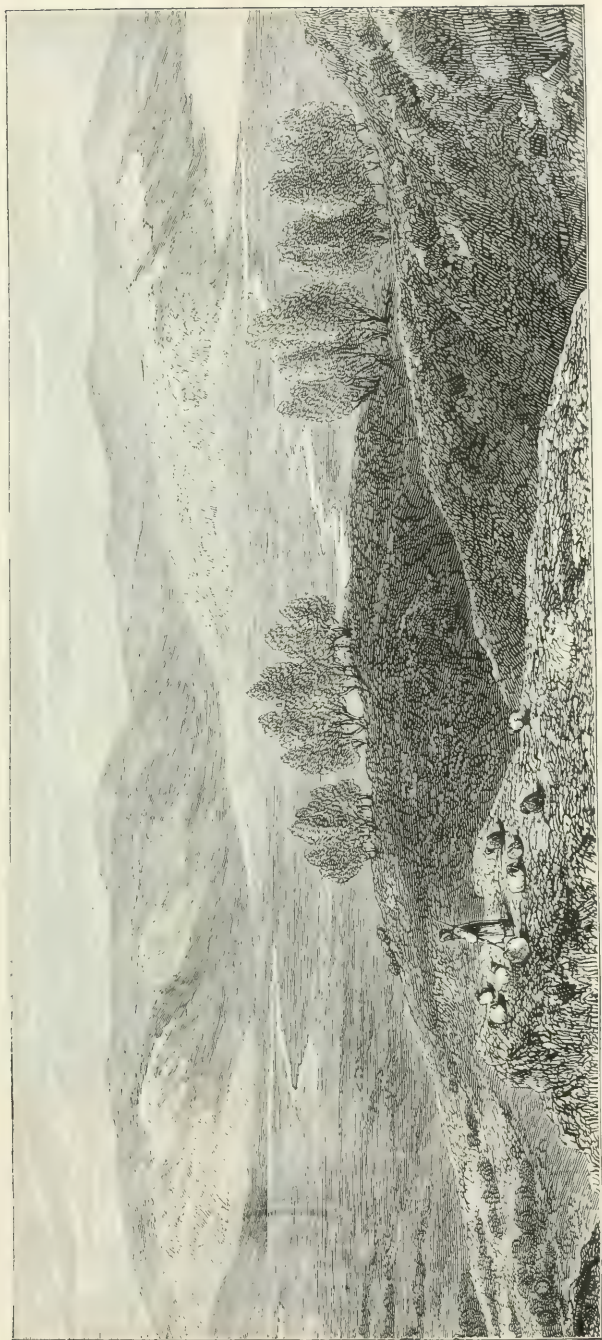
with a certain degree of probability, fancy Capernaum to have been on that spot on the shore, midway between Magdala and Ain-et-Tîn. It is true that we find no vestige of it there. But after the doom pronounced over it by the Lord, not a trace of it could be left to tell where it stood. It was 'raised to Heaven' by the presence of Him who wrought in it most of His miracles, . . . but now it was to be 'thrust down to Hell,' and its place would henceforth know it no more. No wonder then, that where once the lovely meadows and pleasant village of Capernaum, 'His own city,' stood, we should now find a barren land, overgrown with rank weeds and rushes, the safe retreat of the lonely kingfisher, of the heron and pelican, and of other wild water-fowl."

With reference to his sojourn in the Holy City, he said to the school children at Broadwindsor :—"I once spent three weeks at Jerusalem, and went to Bethany every day; sometimes by the road, sometimes over the Mount of Olives, and sometimes across the country; as I thought I could not see too much of that lovely spot, nor tread too often the path our Saviour had trodden many a time on His way from Jerusalem to His friends at Bethany."

In the course of his visit a party of four travellers arrived, one of whom, the Rev. J. H. Armstrong, Vicar of Staines, communicates the following intelligence :—"I met Mr. Malan in Jerusalem in May, 1842. Both our parties arrived just after Bishop Alexander made his entry into Jerusalem with George Williams, his chaplain. We were hospitably admitted into the Greek Convent, near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where I stayed six weeks. Mr. Malan was one of the party who went down to Jericho and the Jordan, along with Greek pilgrims, to bathe according to the custom of the Eastern Church. The pilgrims had left Jerusalem before us. We outmarched them on horseback, and encamped for the night at Jericho; but, knowing that the pilgrims would be down at the banks of Jordan before sunrise, we did not unsaddle, but simply tethered our horses,

that there might be no delay at starting. It was yet dark when we heard a subdued noise, which increased every second, as the mighty hosts of the pilgrims overtook and passed our encampment. Men on foot, women, and children in panniers, on horses and mules, and the whole assemblage guarded by a detachment of Bashi Bazouks, wild, fierce-looking fellows. They swept past us, a mighty mass. When we got down to the banks of the Jordan we found the Turkish officer in charge of the company seated on a little height above the river, surrounded by his escort. On invitation we took our places near him, looking down upon the dark mass of pilgrims that lined the bank on this side of Jordan. Every eye, our own included, was looking to the outline of the mountains of Nebo on the other side, watching intently for the first appearance of the sun. As soon as the luminous edge of the orb began to show above the mountain outline, a transformation scene took place. The dark crowd became a white crowd; the outer garments were dropped, and everybody rushed in his white garments into the river. They had previously formed parties, and dipped each other alternately in the waters of Jordan. These white garments—representing the ancient chrisoms worn by Christians at baptism—are carefully preserved by each owner to be his winding-sheet.

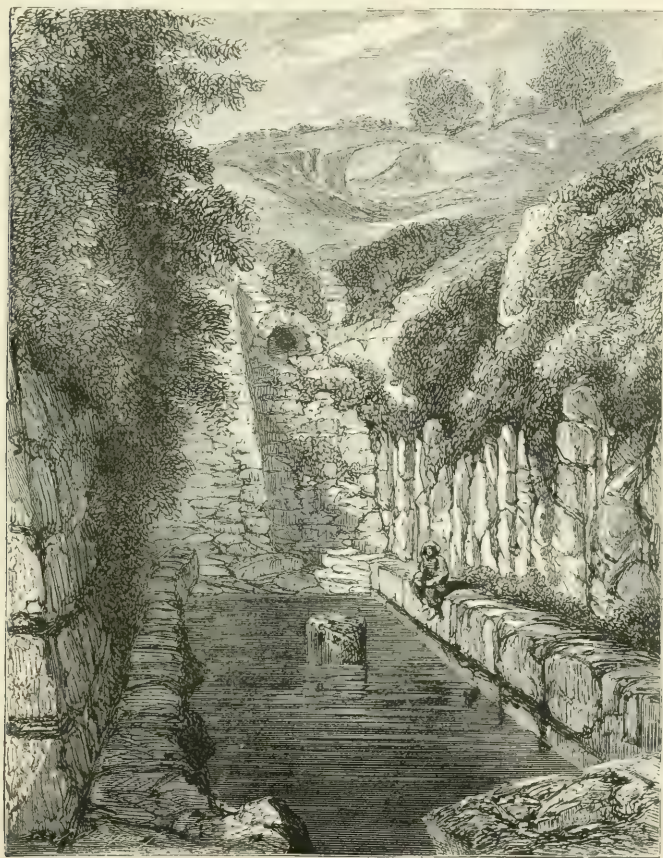
“While watching the baptisms we heard a cry of a man drowning, and looking down on the river a little to our left, we saw a poor pilgrim borne along rapidly and helplessly by the swift full current. We were struck by the promptitude with which the Turkish officer sent one of his escort to gallop down the slope with a tethering rope, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the pilgrim rescued. After the ceremony was over, Mr. Malan bathed with me in the Jordan, and we swam over to the land of Moab. . . . Mr. Malan and myself were two of a party of English travellers, who, on the Queen’s birthday (1842), in company with Bishop Alexander, crossed over the Mount of Olives to Bethany, and returned by the old road (which our Saviour trod) round



VALLEY OF THE JORDAN SOUTH OF THE SEA OF GALILEE

[To face p. 88.]

the south shoulder of the Mount. On rounding it we beheld Jerusalem in all its glory and degradation lying like a map under our feet, separated from us by the valley of Kedron. There we sat down under the shade of a fig-tree, with



POOL OF SILOAM.

Jerusalem beneath us, and there Bishop Alexander chanted in Jewish tones (like Gregorian) the first half of the Book of Lamentations in Hebrew. The latter half he chanted in English. It was a very affecting scene—there was not a dry eye among the party. . . . Mr. Malan was separated

from the rest of us in a measure by his devotion to sketching. Years afterwards I recognised a sketch I had seen him drawing in Gethsemane, at Cuddesdon—given to Bishop Wilberforce. He used to make excursions into the adjacent country with Arabs of the territory.

“Another interesting scene that we witnessed together was as follows:—We entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre one day, and found it crammed with pilgrims. Under the escort of a monk we made our way up to the gallery, opposite to the shrine of the tomb, on which we looked down. There was not an inch of room on the floor of the church or gallery unoccupied. All the pilgrims were in a state of subdued excitement; all were looking towards the tomb. Suddenly a dove apparently flew down (glided down a wire) from the loftiest point of the dome to the door of the shrine. This typified the descent of the Holy Spirit; and immediately on its arrival at the sepulchre the nearest pilgrims pushed in their little wax tapers, which were lighted from inside with the sacred fire. The object of every one was to get his taper lighted; the light was passed on from one to another, until the interior of the church was a blaze of light. Then each pilgrim drew the flame into his mouth, inhaled it, and, having extinguished his taper, he wrapped it up carefully, to be preserved as a sacred relic.”

Mr. Malan's own musings upon the sacred associations of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood breathe a spirit of fervent devotion to the source of their infinite interest; while his sketches testify the same affection—the Holy City and its valleys, taken from many points of view, Bethany and the Mount of Olives, and Gethsemane.

On leaving Jerusalem the travellers journeyed together as far as Nazareth, where Mr. Malan and his friend, the Rev. Lloyd Sanders, of Whimble, Devonshire, opened negotiations with a Sheikh of the Ben Alouin Arabs to make an expedition into the land of Moab. “They joined us again,” says Mr. Armstrong, “at Beyrout, and we sailed in the same steamer for Smyrna, passing under Cyprus. At Smyrna we were in



GETHSEMANE—AGED OLIVE TREES ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT OF OLIVES.

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quarantine for a fortnight together, along with a number of Turks. We were all so tired out with travelling that the rest was agreeable. We had our luggage with us, and monopolised the shady side of the yard. Mr. Malan had an Armenian grammar, and spent much of his time studying the language. After the quarantine was ended, he spent a fortnight in an Armenian family, at the end of which time he could converse in the language with the utmost fluency. We parted at Smyrna, as our party proceeded to Constantinople *en route* for home; while Mr. Malan and Mr. Lloyd Sanders intended to spend some time in Asia." (Appendix C.)

Mr. Malan reminded his friend of their tour in the following letter:—

" THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

" *October 10th* [1875.]

" DEAR ARMSTRONG,

" Your letter reached me when I was from home for a short holiday. I was glad to hear from you, and only two or three days before your letter came to hand, I was thinking of you and wondering if you were still at Bicknoller. I sometimes see another fellow-traveller, Lloyd Sanders, Rector of Whimble, near Exeter. We talk of you when recurring to olden days. I am glad I went when I did, and travelled as I did; for now, the place is so overrun with Cookists—literally 'trodden down of the Gentiles'—that it is *desecrated*.

" My predecessor here was G. A. Denison, not Geo. Williams. I fear my chances of coming to Staines are very few. My parish is so large, and I have so much to do, that I never leave it, except as in this case for my one Sunday's rest. You are more likely to come this way, and then come and see us.

" Ever, dear Armstrong,

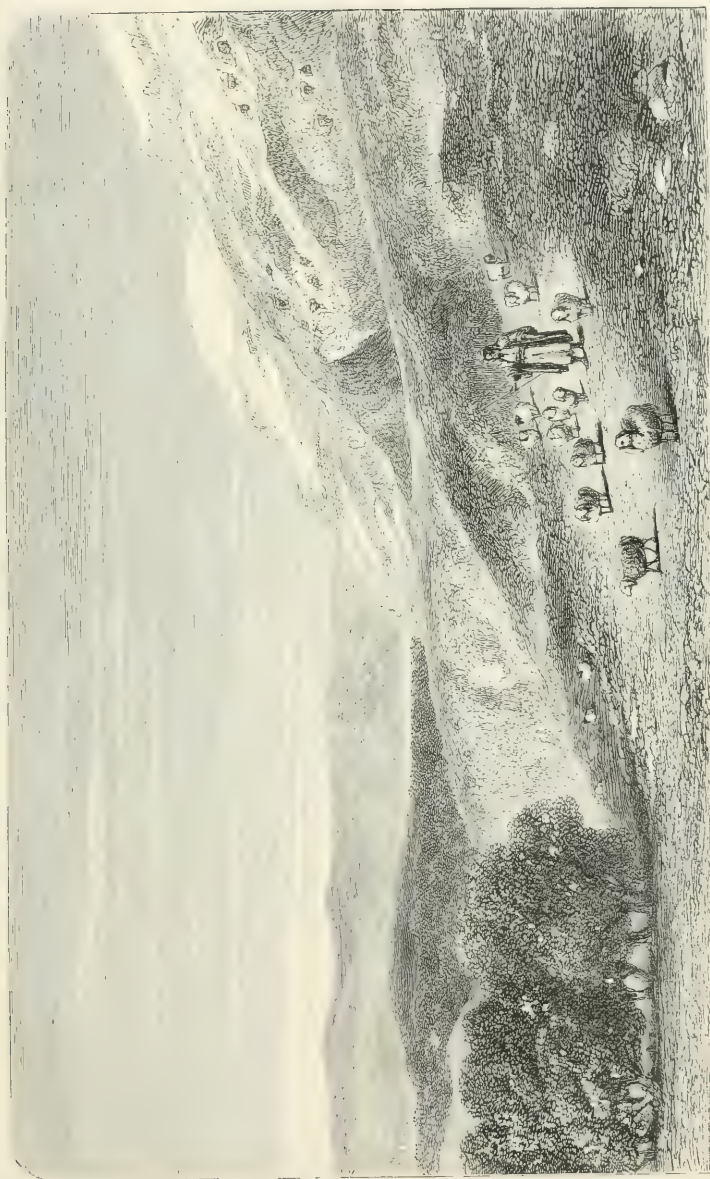
" Yours sincerely,

" S. C. MALAN."

Mr. Malan has an interesting passage on a portion of the tour, in one of his books ("Philosophy, or Truth?" pp. 172—174):

“Jacob’s interview with Esau is being acted every day in that country; and the excitement produced in the camp, by the news that a hostile band is at hand, is amusing when not carried too far. . . . It so happened to a friend of mine and to myself when among the hills of Gilead, on our return from Rabbath Ammon: a horseman arrived at full speed during the night of one of the most fearful storms I ever experienced, bringing the tidings that a tribe, with which my hosts were not on friendly terms, was in the neighbourhood. At dawn a council of war was held—a most picturesque scene and among scenery then seldom visited—a hundred horsemen were sent in one direction, and the sheikh of the tribe under whose protection we had placed ourselves, took us by another way than he at first intended, to the steep banks of the Jabbok, which we forded at what I must call ‘Mahanajim,’ *i.e.*, two camps of a few black Arab tents that were there on either side of the torrent. A march of an hour or two then brought us to the ruins of Dierash (Gerasa) which are said to be more extensive and better worth visiting, though less interesting, than those of Palmyra; but these relics of Roman art and splendour were as nothing compared with the beauty of the forests of Bashan and of the fine oaks, aged sons of the earth in that land—among which we journeyed for a whole day on our way to Gadara, the Jordan, Bethshan, and to Mount Gilboah.”

The Arabs he describes as “wild looking, dark and shaggy, djerid in hand, flashing light from their piercing eyes, . . . though rough, yet harmless, civil and trustworthy, if you place yourself at their mercy and converse with them yourself; but very much the reverse if you do not, and if you hold intercourse with them through an interpreter; then hope for nothing, and trust them in nothing. I travelled in the length and breadth of the land with no other weapon than my pocket-knife; I never took escorts but from among themselves; I went where I liked, and, as independent as a patriarch, I pitched my tent and tarried at pleasure where I listed; and from ‘Dan to Beersheba’ I never lost a thing, but on the



WILDERNESS NEAR THE DEAD SEA.

contrary I met everywhere with the greatest civility ; most of all at Samaria itself, where, I was told before I went, I should be murdered."

On the conclusion of this tour, Mr. Malan returned to England—the next glimpse of him being caught at Brighton, in a letter from Mr. J. Turner, one of Mr. Armstrong's late companions in Palestine.

" REGENCY SQUARE, BRIGHTON,

" *October 20th, 1842.*

" . . . Malan I have also met here: he seemed much oppressed by the associations connected with this place, where his wife died and was buried. We went together to the little church at Hove last Sunday. It is there that the objects of both our deep affection lie buried. . . ."

CHAPTER VI.

ALVERSTOKE AND CROWCOMBE, 1843—1845.

Curacy of Alverstoke—Second Marriage—Parish Organisation—Letter from Sir James Stephen—Influence of Anglican Orthodoxy—Comparison of Views on Ritualism and the Holy Sacraments—Crowcombe—Traits of Character.

MR. MALAN had returned from his travels much benefited in bodily health, while his mind had amassed a goodly store of fresh experiences and wider acquaintance with men and their languages. His hunger after increase of such knowledge was thus appeased for the time, and he turned his thoughts towards settling to permanent work in England. All ideas of returning to India were now abandoned; his three sons were in the good keeping of kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. King, at Brighton; and there was no immediate necessity for interfering with existing arrangements. An offer of a curacy from the Ven. Samuel Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Rector of Alverstoke, Hants, presented to him an opportunity for finding suitable work; and the offer was accepted in December, 1842. Two other curates were already engaged in the ministrations which he was about to share, the Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), and the Rev. Henry William Burrows, a former Oxford friend of Mr. Malan, who had won his 1st Class in classics and 2nd Class in mathematics in the Oxford Schools. Thus there was associated a brilliant constellation of intellect and ability in the clerical staff of that pleasant village by the sea.

In 1843, on taking the degree of M.A., Mr. Malan became a member of Balliol College. In the same year he was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Winchester.

In the spring of 1843, his friend of Eastern travel, the Rev.

J. H. Armstrong, invited him to Dublin, offering to introduce him to a cousin, "whom the moment you see you will fall in love with." The answer to this invitation has been preserved.

"ALVERSTOKE, GOSPORT, HANTS,

"June 22nd [1843.]

"MY DEAR ARMSTRONG,

"I was not a little surprised and pleased to see your handwriting again. For Paddy is a good fellow; that I'll answer for.

"When your letter arrived, I was just recovering from a severe attack of bilious fever, which has left me weak and good for nothing.

"I am here, curate to Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce, since last December. I am not married; not having met with any one yet I would or could be married to. So that if your dark-eyed daughters of green Erin hold out fair prospects of a *true* and *loving* heart, sparkling eyes and light step, I might be tempted to visit you 'on speculation.' But you must send me more particulars before I embark in it. . . . I never intended publishing my sketches; I have no time. Always delighted to hear from you, and to remain,

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. C. MALAN."

The visit to Dublin was not realised, but the allusion to a second marriage was destined shortly to find fulfilment. In the following month (July, 1843) Mr. Malan went to Blatherwyke Park, Rutland, the seat of Stafford O'Brien, Esq. (who married a sister of the Earl of Gainsborough) for the marriage of his brother, Henry Victor Malan, with Louisa Noel (daughter of Captain the Honorable Frederick Noel, R.N.). On that occasion, Miss Louisa Noel, the bride-elect, mentioned to him the name of an intimate friend, Miss Caroline Selina Mount—with the assurance that she was an ideal character to make an excellent wife. Providence overruled events to bring about an introduction. A week later, Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, was to undertake a

preaching tour in the Channel Islands for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He requested Mr. Malan to accompany him, by virtue of Mr. Malan's connection with that Society in his previous appointment at Bishop's College, Calcutta. On his return in August, Mr. Malan spent a few days at Weymouth with Sir Thomas and Lady Hawker, who introduced him to the family of the Rev. Charles Milman Mount, Prebendary of Wells, who were spending the summer at Weymouth. Mr. Malan became engaged to the second daughter, Caroline Selina. Writing to his friend W. F. Donkin to announce the news, he gave no other information than the three words, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

The marriage took place on October 24th, 1843, at the parish church of Walcot, Somerset—the ceremony being performed by Archdeacon Wilberforce.

After a tour in Devon and Somerset, and a visit to Mrs. Malan's relations at Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Malan repaired to Alverstone, and took up their residence at 7, Anglesey Crescent.

The parish of Alverstone included Gosport and its suburbs, and the watering-place Anglesey. The whole pastoral visitation of Gosport was thrown upon the Alverstone clergy, and a room was taken in the town to serve as a central office. The personal influence of Archdeacon Wilberforce had stirred into spiritual activity the deadness of a former regime. Daily prayers were offered in the Parish Church; there were frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion; catechisings of the school-children and higher classes. Three services were held in the Parish Church on Sundays, attended by crowded congregations; for the charm of the Archdeacon's preaching was irresistible. There were national schools at Alverstone and Gosport, and a parish workhouse, all of which demanded earnest labour. The neighbourhood was eminently social; the rectory forming a centre of many pleasant gatherings. On New Year's Day (1844) the Archdeacon gave a children's party, on which occasion he and

his three Curates joined heartily in the games. "Now, Trench," said the host, "you must be blind-folded, and catch the children!" Trench replied, "*Catch the children?*—I shall *kill* the children, or be killed myself!"

The following letter from Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Stephen to Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Taylor is recorded in Miss Wordsworth's "*Life of the Rev. H. W. Burrows,*" and gives a graphic sketch of the Alverstoke life:—

"December 19th, 1843.

"MY DEAR TAYLOR,

"These are the Christmas holidays, and I have come to pass them with my family at this place, of which Samuel Wilberforce is the rector and the attraction. It is an assemblage of houses, which has ceased to be a village without becoming a town; for to the old church and parsonage and their dependent cottages have been added military buildings, a railway station, various groups of villas, and seaside circuses, in one of which we are. A walk of a mile or two along the shingle brings you to a château of Lord Ashburton's, a pleasance of J. W. Croker's, and a fantasia erected in rivalry of them by the jailer at Winchester. If you advance farther it is to encounter old granges and modern farmhouses, over which has grown an incrustation of grey lichens, harmonising well enough with the sunless atmosphere of the season, the monotonous level of all the surrounding country, the grave aspect of the people, and even of the children, and the deliberate pace of all the passers-by, rational or irrational. It is a part of England which seems to proclaim that this is no longer (if it ever was, except in name) a 'merry' land. My lord's house turns its back insolently on the neighbouring cottages, and bids them keep their distance; and they crowd together, inhaling each other's evil fumes like a sulky mob meditating mischief. But in the midst of all these is one bright spot. It is the Parish Church, frequented every day, and overflowing on Sunday, where, villagers though we be, we have four clergymen, all arrayed in snowy surplices, to divide the sacred offices

between them ; and a band of choristers of the same virgin hue, with the whole ecclesiastical ceremonial executed with all attainable precision ; and a rector whose countenance, voice, style, and teaching are at once the most sedative and the least narcotic ; and one Curate (H. W. Burrows), the very man whom Oxford delighteth to honour ; and another (S. C. Malan), a Genevese, who has fled from the arctic Theology of his native city to the torrid or Evangelical zone ; and the third, a Mr. Trench (the author of three volumes of poetry, which I have not seen, and of some most heart-felt and soul-stirring prose which I have heard from the pulpit). These good men wear the outward garb of that Oxonian school which wants a more definite name than Dr. Pusey has given it. But under it glows, or seems to glow, a perfect galaxy of all clerical virtues—piety, meekness, charity—and a vehement intellectual activity, exerting itself with an energy increased by the limits which authority from without, and reverence from within, have prescribed to all their inquiries. I (who, indeed, have seen but little) have seen nothing more indicative than this real apostolate of the sound health which is yet to be found in some of the vital organs of our State ; and if I could believe that this same Alverstoke is a fair specimen of our Anglican Church, I should dismiss all doubt of the silent and effectual and ultimately victorious working of the healing principle over all our social diseases, inveterate and formidable as they are.”

The parochial work for the week was mapped out every Monday ; and on Saturday nights the Archdeacon and his Curates met at their respective houses by turns for prayer.

In the second week of January, 1844, the three boys, William, Charles, and Basil, left Brighton, and once more found shelter beneath the paternal roof.

It is possible that the Archdeacon may have seen Mr. Malan as a youth of fifteen, at Geneva in 1827, since the former specially discusses Dr. César Malan’s doctrines in a letter to Mr. Lyte (“Life of Bishop Wilberforce,” vol. i., p. 37).

Thus Mr. Malan entered upon his curacy at Alverstoke, bringing credentials of introduction which at once opened channels of intimacy with his rector. The short space of a year, during which his curacy lasted, sufficed for that intimacy to develop into warm friendship—the Archdeacon afterwards addressing him in letters as “My dearest Solomon.”

In September, 1872, in the vestry of the Parish Church, Alverstoke, where Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, was receiving candidates for ordination, he looked upon one of them with a very tender expression of kindness, and said, “Are you the son of my dearest friend, Solomon Malan?” Then, taking a slip of paper, he wrote a note, and folding it into small compass, said, as he gave it to the candidate, “Send that to your father.”

Memories of Geneva must have been mutually revived and discussed between the Archdeacon and Curate. Mr. Malan would doubtless open his heart to that friend on the subject of Dr. César Malan’s fervid zeal and strong religious bias. The atmosphere of intense spirituality, which characterised the home of his early years, had not drawn his sympathies towards the Calvinistic school; and his strong veneration for the Anglican Church would render him eagerly responsive to the firm attitude ever maintained by Samuel Wilberforce towards the burning questions of religious controversy which were then stirring the vitality of the Church.

It may be confidently surmised that close intimacy with such a powerful theologian, eloquent orator, and captivating preacher, as Mr. Malan found in his rector, could not have failed to exercise a potent influence in fashioning for him, as with a graving tool, the strong principles of Anglican orthodoxy, cast already in solid metal.

It is impossible to study the doctrinal aspect of Bishop Wilberforce’s career, in comparison with Mr. Malan’s writings, without tracing a marked similarity of character between them, manifested in fearless straightforwardness of out-spoken opinion, in staunch allegiance to the harmonious

union of Church and State, in unswerving adherence to the purity of Anglican teaching, uncontaminated by any taint of Romish superstition. Such similarity of views, as regarded Mr. Malan, was doubtless an unconscious influence, for in his steadfast self-reliance he would never have admitted the yoke of bondage to any man's opinion. Yet, notwithstanding the independence of thought which marked him all through life, that year at Alverstokey seems to have exerted a potent influence upon his attitude as a theologian.

The Tractarian movement of the Oxford School, already far developed during his undergraduate career, apparently found him a passive spectator. In the stress of excessive study he could not afford leisure for special attention to those questions which were probing the heart of the Anglican Church to its inmost core. But though unruffled at the time by the troubling of the waters, and afterwards removed from the scene of theological controversy in England by his call to missionary work in India—yet was he meanwhile formulating his attitude towards every element of controversy, thereafter destined to speak his views with no uncertain voice. From the placid retirement of the Vicarage at Broadwindsor, Mr. Malan watched with jealous and unsleeping eye the course of every agitation that concerned the welfare of the Church, or that aimed at undermining confidence in the Bible. And he met the strife, as will be shown hereafter, in the "spirit and power" of the only rector under whom he ever served.

Similarity of views is observable in their attitude towards real Tractarianism—*i.e.*, the putting tradition into the place which Holy Scripture alone can occupy, ceremony in the place of substance, giving to the sacraments the character belonging only to our Lord, craving after confession, absolution, etc., as sacramental. Each recognised therein the tendency towards Rome. "Of all the curses of Popery, the confessional is the crowning curse. . . . I have no sympathy with the morbid leer towards Rome: everything Romish stinks in my nostrils," wrote the Bishop in connection with

his friend—Dr. Pusey, sentiments which had their issue in the sentence, “I distinctly and formally prohibit your performing any ministerial act in my diocese under pain of formal inhibition.” In a similar spirit of staunch adherence to principle and of aversion to Rome fostered by the memory of the Vaudois martyrs, Mr. Malan once acted in the case of a neighbour at Broadwindsor, with whom he enjoyed the sincerest friendship. The neighbour joined the Roman Communion, and never afterwards at Broadwindsor would Mr. Malan speak to him. Once, when they were brought face to face at the bend of a narrow lane, Mr. Malan turned abruptly, and retraced his steps at a rapid pace.

When the Bishop declares himself “a Church of England man of the school of Hooker, Beveridge, and Andrewes,” the frequency of Mr. Malan’s appeal to that Court of Divines in the course of his writings, suggests an undesigned adumbration of the disciple following in the footsteps of a master.

So also, with regard to the later development of Ritualistic extravagances, which occasioned such heart-burnings in the English Church, the Bishop, while personally approving of an upward tendency, would not countenance individual attempts to force innovations. He describes the ritual development as being “like some brilliant fantastic coruscation, which has cast itself forth from the surface of the weltering mass of molten metal, which, unaffected by such exhalations, flows on with its full stream into its appointed mould. Those burning sparks witness of the heat of the mass from which they sprung; they are not, in their peculiar action, of its essence or its end.”

In Mr. Malan’s Church views, while he was generally associated with the High Church party, the horizon of his vision was too wide to be circumscribed by any specialised limitations. “High” and “Low” were terms of narrowing influence, alien to the majestic range embraced by those epithets of chief dignity—HOLY, CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC. On the questions of Catholic Revival, Vestments, Absolution,

Confession, Real Presence, etc., he explicitly declared his views in a series of letters, "intended only for the ephemeral columns of a newspaper," but subsequently published (1867, Saunders and Ottley), in a volume "On Ritualism."

He maintains that faith in Christ is alone the bond of the Catholic Church, according to the definitions of its various branches. Master builders of various sorts build upon the foundation, some with gold and silver, and many others also with wood, hay, and stubble. Since, therefore, a portion of the building of the Christian Church on earth is made up of stones that will last, while another portion has materials that will be destroyed, no one part of the human superstructure can be called "Catholic"—the Catholic element being the Faith in Christ, and such points as those in which all Christians agree. Everything else in the various branches may be national, popular, local, individual, or peculiar; but is not "Catholic." No "Catholic" traditions can be traced to the Apostles. Vestments, genuflexions, postures, and ceremonies are neither Catholic nor Apostolic—no general identity of acceptance, no instructions concerning them having been received from the Apostles. Neither is pomp of ritual in the Holy Eucharist mentioned by the Apostles, nor implied to be in general use by the early Fathers.

Concerning variety of colours, and use of particular vestments (cope, alb, chasuble, maniple, stole), not only are they innovations subsequent to the Apostolic age, but the conflicting views as to their symbolism, and the absence of uniformity in their employment, should disillusion us of the idea that they are Catholic. The "fantastic coruscations" of Bishop Wilberforce present themselves to Mr. Malan as "frivolous and unmanly, in connection with the majesty and with the dignity of God's worship . . . childish matters, offsprings of the darkness and superstition of the Middle Ages." While Bishop Wilberforce had no sympathy with the "morbid leer" towards Rome, Mr. Malan, ever jealous for the patriotic union of Church and State, says:—"I look upon every

Englishman who leaves his Church, either for Rome or for Dissent, except it be for some more cogent reason than I can understand, as wanting in loyalty to his country."

He agrees on principle with the Ritualist that we cannot show too much respect and veneration for the service of God:—"In building the house where 'His honour dwelleth,' we ought to do it as an act of worship; and, had we the means, we might lay the floor of agate, rear the pillars of jasper, carve the capitals of silver, build the walls of alabaster, and frame the windows with rubies and amethysts, with crystals, sapphires, and emeralds set in a net-work of gold." Consistently with this, he would not object to a more elaborate ritual in the Anglican Church, were it established by Convocation or by the bishops sitting in synod. But whereas public service cannot be performed decently and in order, without a definite rule of uniformity, the attempts of individuals to smuggle innovations into the Church, in defiance of discipline, under plea of Catholic Revival, are to be condemned. There is no set outline of outward form of worship for the whole Church Catholic—God left the externals of religion, the outward form of His worship, to the men of all nations to settle, according to their national habits, tastes, and ideas.

"I feel no respect," he says, "for the young brood of unfledged Papists among the clergy called Ritualists, who, in defiance of the very authority which they pledged themselves to obey, care not what disturbance, what schism, they create. . . . The movement may gather numbers; for when has it been otherwise with revivals of gew-gaws and pageants that are sure to attract those who care for such things?" There is no mistaking the allusion to the master-mind under whom he served at Alverstoke in the words:—"One bishop set to the whole bench the example of earnestness and of single-mindedness in the discharge of his duty, when he tried, at all risks and with fearful odds against him, to drive heresy from his diocese. He failed, as, indeed, it was likely he would; but he got what was

even better than partial success in this case—the answer of a good conscience, that he had done his duty to his Master and to his people.”

The following is from Mr. Malan’s answer to a Ritualist, who asked :—“ Don’t you think THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—the Re-union of Christendom—a grand idea ? ”

“ I agree with you that to look upon the whole Church of Christ as washed in His blood and purchased by Him at that inestimable price, is the grandest idea we can dwell upon. But what has that to do with copes, maniples, incense, and symbolism ? Do you mean to tell me, first, that we of the Anglican Church are not of the Church Catholic ; and, secondly, that if you joined the Church of Rome to-morrow—if you do not already belong to it, for I cannot make you out—you would be a whit nearer Catholic union and unity, the Communion of Saints and happiness, than you are at present ? From what you let me guess, your idea of Catholicity seems to be a kind of spiritual *nirvāna*, or final emancipation into an ideal world, where neither human passions rule nor dissension prevails, into a region of saints in chasubles and virgins in white. Ask then, first, some honest man who joined the Church of Rome and then left it, to tell you whether he was so very sure he had reached the land of delights ; then ask a Greek, also of the Church Catholic, what he thinks of that of Rome ; then, again, take a Greek of another section of the Greek Church, and ask him in what sort of love and of union he lives with his brethren of the opposite party. After that take a Gregorian Armenian and a united one, and see how they feel towards each other ; then step over among the Jacobites, Nestorians, and Maronites of the Syrian Church, who are at daggers drawn one with another ; and at last question the Coptic Church, all but anathematised on certain points by the rest ; thence go down to Abyssinia and witness there the lowest estate of the Catholic Church ; and at last look into the utter disorder and arbitrary rule of certain Reformed Churches. That will give you a more correct idea of the Church Catholic than you

seem to have; and if your feelings agree with mine, you will then return from your Catholic excursion a wiser and better man, more than ever thankful for the light, for the knowledge, for the truth, for the peace and quiet, even such as they are—for the ritual, for the services, and for the really Catholic spirit of the Anglican Church—than ever you were before your foreign trip.

“And as to greater union and unity in the Church of Rome than in what you are pleased to call Noah’s Ark—‘*Verum, O DEUS bone*’—‘*Good God!*’ says Bishop Jewel, ‘who, then, are those Papists who reproach us with our dissensions? Why, then, is their own Albertus Pighius at loggerheads with their Cajetan, Thomas with Lombardus; Scotus at war with Thomas, Ochamus opposed to Scotus, and Alliensis to Ochamus? And why are the Nominalists at daggers drawn with the Realists? Those men never agree among themselves, except, perhaps, like Herod and Pilate, or like the Pharisees and the Sadducees of old, against Christ. Let them go home then, and first make peace among themselves.’ Had things been half as bad in the Ark, Noah would never have come out of it alive. But Jewel, the brave Jewel, knew all about it; he carried the day at Westminster Abbey, and helped to free the Church of England from the same trammels into which your party wish to bring her back. Have you read his Apology? If not, do read it; and”—closing the spirited humour of this brilliant and powerful disquisition with a rural illustration after his own heart, Mr. Malan continues—“hearken to a lesson of homely but true wisdom taught me by one of my poor labourers. One day, while going through my parish, I met a man leaning against a gate, with his hands in his pockets, and looking very much, as they say, ‘down in the mouth.’

‘What is the matter with you, Jem?’ said I; ‘you look out of sorts.’

‘Why, sir, wages be so low, and times be so tir’ble ’ard.’

‘Why, then, don’t you go abroad—to Australia? There you will find more work and better wages.’

‘To Hástrela? So I d’ hear. But I’ll tell you what, sir; I d’ know how it be here; but I don’t know how it be there. So I’ll bide here.’

‘You are right, my man. Here’s a shilling for your good sense.’

“Do you mean to apply this to my going, as you think, over to Rome?” asked the Ritualist. The answer was:—“Believe that man, and ‘bide where you be,’ and don’t go to ‘Hástrela,’ not even though they offer you a free passage thither. You will not better yourself by going anywhere away from the church of Whitgift, Laud, Barrow, Jewel, Taylor, Lightfoot, Hooker, Beveridge, and other such worthies. They were true Catholics, and are now brilliant stars in the firmament of heaven.”

With reference to the “Real Presence,” of which he treats more fully elsewhere, Mr. Malan says, “As I cannot follow throughout the process by which even the food I take is turned into blood, and thus maintains life in my body, much less can I pretend to trace the means by which God’s Holy Spirit works through the spiritual food of the Body and Blood of my Saviour. But as I feel that nourishment keeps my body in life, by my own consciousness of that life, so also does the Holy Spirit bear witness with my own spirit, through that Sacrament, of the life it imparts to my soul and spirit. I therefore believe in the Real Presence of Christ in that Holy Sacrament, while I shrink with horror at the very thought of its being done in a material form. . . . To invest this Holy Sacrament with anything material and gross is not reverence, but a mockery; is not the worship of Him ‘in spirit and in truth,’ but it is a vulgar and sensual adoration of matter: it is not faith, but superstition; not a spiritual worship, but idolatry.”

As for “High Mass,” and excessive display at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, he says:—“Compare the lone simplicity of the Last Supper, and the garments worn by the Lord Himself and His Apostles destined to sit with Him upon thrones in the kingdom of heaven, with the pomp of

the Levitical service and sacrifices that were shadows of the Sacrifice figured at that same Supper, and soon after accomplished on the Cross. Surely, if pomp and show were necessary to the due celebration of that Holy Sacrament, our Saviour would have set the example, and His Apostles would have enforced it. . . . When I feel that the only offering I can bring to Him thus suffering for me, is that of a broken and contrite heart, nothing but solemn simplicity seems to me in harmony with those holy mysteries. . . . Your ritualistic practices look more like a mimicry of the Levitical service, connected as they seem to be in your mind with your idea of sacerdotalism, that pretends to repeat the sacrifice, wrought once, and accomplished for ever, 'of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.'"

For "Incense" he sees no authority in the New Testament, nor, in the Early Church, previous to the fourth century. "Lights on the altar," burning dim to the sun, seem but a poor emblem of "the Light of the world." For the "Mixed Chalice" we have no warrant whatever.

His views on the Sacraments were clearly propounded in "The Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," published 1868 (D. Nutt), and re-published, together with a short treatise on "Baptism," 1881. "It is indeed a mine of sanctified wealth," wrote Dr. Davies, "which will amply repay the diligent and persistent searcher."

He contends that from the variety of meaning given to *sacramentum* in the Early Latin Church (*e.g.*, St. Ambrose applies it to the *truth preached in Christ*; Tertullian, to *religion, martyrdom, dreams, parables*), may be traced the origin of the five other so-called sacraments—Chrism and Confirmation, Penance, Holy Orders, Extreme Unction, and Marriage—generally observed by Eastern and Western Churches. As these rest on no special institution by Christ, and are not generally applicable to all, they are not sacraments in the highest sense; and are therefore wrongly raised to the same rank and dignity as those of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

“As to Repentance, Penance, or Penitence, as it is variously called, which implies Confession and Absolution,—I will not here discuss the question of Absolution, leastwise, that of *Indulgences*, sold or given by the Romish Church; but only state that, how far soever the question of Absolution be supposed to reach, and howsoever it be understood, it was neither ordained nor instituted by Christ at any particular time for any definite object; but it only was a power given to His Apostles as a part of their apostolic office; to be by them used at discretion, as occasion required.

“Even supposing this ‘power of the keys,’ as it is called, to have been handed down from the Apostles, in the same degree in which they received it—a doctrine for which assertion does not suffice, but which requires proof, seeing sundry other gifts, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, etc., made to the Apostles, ceased altogether with the apostolic office—if the inward grace of remission of sins, said to follow upon the outward and visible sign of the priest’s absolution, constitute this a sacrament, then clearly must also other priestly functions be sacraments as well. Faith, which is often called “sacramentum,” is a grace that “cometh by hearing,” and hearing comes by the outward preaching of the Word of God; preaching, therefore, must also be a sacrament.

“Neither is *Extreme Unction*, which rests on S. Mark vi. 13, S. James v. 14, a sacrament properly so called. Moreover, it is administered at different times in different churches; the Romish Church administers it to all at the point of death; while the Armenian Church administers it only to sick or dying priests.”

On *Baptismal Regeneration* (παλιγγενεσία, ἀναγέννησις, λουτρὸν παλιγγενεσίας), a term that gives offence to many, who, perhaps, will not take pains to understand it aright, he says:—“Regeneration in Baptism does not mean either ‘conversion,’ ‘a daily renewing by the Holy Ghost,’ nor ‘a holy walk with God,’ as some take it. Neither does it mean ‘a new heart,’ as understood by some; nor yet does it place a child in such

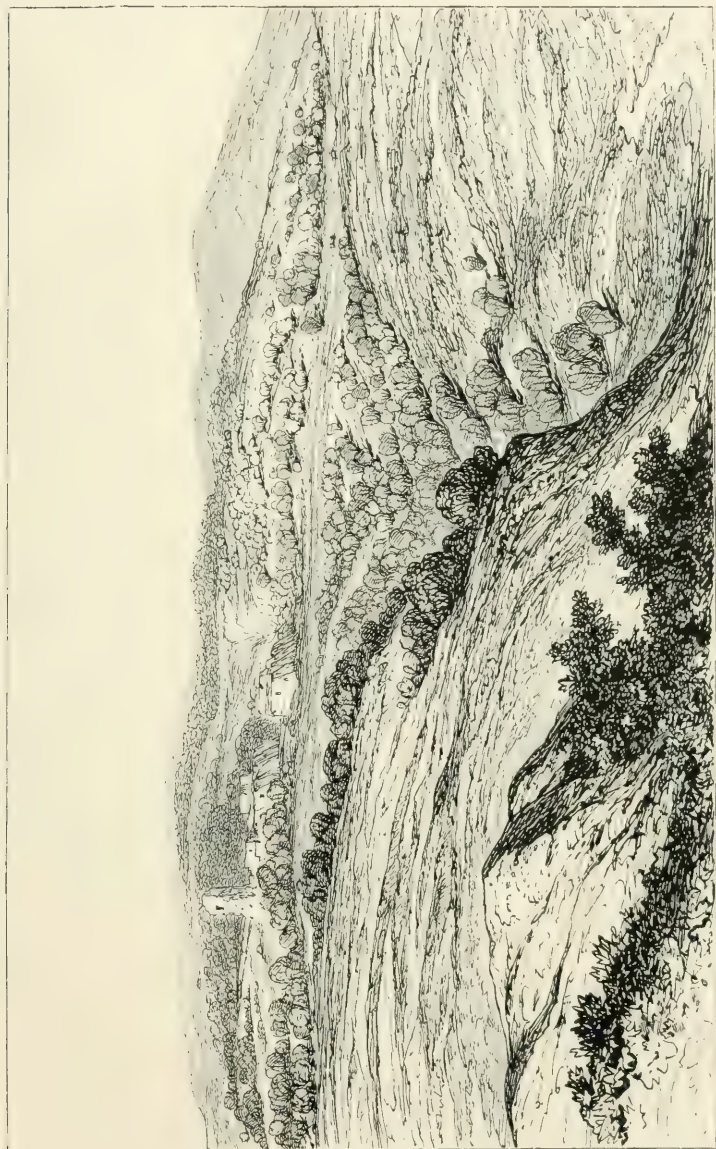
a condition as that, come what may, he must be saved at the last, as others say, ignorantly. . . . But Baptismal Regeneration only means, in S. Peter's own words, 'being begotten again unto a lively hope.' Of what? Of God's promises in Christ, of an everlasting inheritance. . . . S. Paul tells us that God 'saved us,—not by works of righteousness which we—whether adult catechumens or infants—have done, but according to His mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; that being justified by His grace we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.' . . . Clearly then, the child who, at Baptism, is brought from outside into God's family on earth, as to the door of entrance into the family above, of which he then receives a promise and a pledge—is truly said to be 'begotten again,' or regenerated, 'unto a lively hope of a heavenly inheritance'—even though in the end he may come short of it, through his own fault. . . . Baptism is on God's part a token of *grace*—*i.e.*, adoption, forgiveness, and love, the several gifts of the Holy Spirit, beautifully called by S. Ambrose '*stillicidia*'—graces which distil, as it were, drop by drop, into the soul of the baptized child. . . . As Baptism is the child's entrance into the Father's family on earth—the door that opens upon the path, rugged and narrow, may be, yet that leadeth heavenwards—the baptized child is truly said in the Catechism to be thereby called to 'this state of salvation,' in the which, if he continues unto his life's end, he will then be 'saved'—that is, safe in his Father's kingdom."

On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Mr. Malan takes his stand with Jewel, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, and the best old Anglicans, holding free consultation with old Fathers. With reference to the mystery, he says:—"Seeing that the benefit received is the same for all faithful partakers of it alike, whether they be ignorant or learned, intelligent or dull of understanding, we conclude that there is no esoteric or exoteric religion in the Gospel of Christ; but that, whatever men make it, He, at all events, makes it one and the same

for all; not of the intellect so much as of the spirit. . . . Far be it from me to lay rash hands on so sacred a mystery, by attempting to sketch it out, or to 'settle what I believe to have been the mind of the Lord,' as others do. . . . Better far to follow the advice of S. Isaac the Great, Bishop of Nineveh: 'Faith beckons to thee; draw near and eat, in silence; and drink, but ask no questions.'"

Upon the figurative, as opposed to the literal interpretation of "*This is My Body*," he says:—"Christ and His disciples had just partaken of the body of the paschal lamb, which was a type of Himself. He had just said of the loaf which He, as chief of the company, had broken, 'This is the bread of affliction our fathers ate in Egypt'; and of the lamb, 'This is the body of the lamb slain at the Passover.' The shadow was now gone, and the body thereof, which is of Him, was, as it were, thus explained to them:—Ye have just eaten the lamb slain in remembrance of the rescue from Egypt, and as a type of Myself brought to the slaughter for you. Now, therefore, is the lamb no longer to be slain as a figure of Me; but bread, of which I have often spoken to you, and this loaf in particular, which I have just blessed, is to be to you, instead of it, a figure or symbol, of how ye live in Me as members of My Body, and by Me, in Whom is life, the 'true bread come down from heaven' to give life unto the world. . . . And, as if to show that His words were then to be taken figuratively, when the men of Capernaum took offence at His speaking of eating His flesh and drinking His blood, He then said to them: 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'"

Arguing from the figurative interpretation of the similar expressions, "I am the vine, ye are the branches;" "I am the door of the sheep;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life"—he says:—"The loaf, or bread, was His body, as the lamb just eaten was the one eaten in Egypt—so described by the head of every Jewish family when celebrating the Passover."



BETHANY, AND PROBABLE SITE OF THE ASCENSION

See p. 87.]

[To face p. 110.]

On the words, "*Do this in remembrance of Me*," Mr. Malan has some forty pages of profound and scholarly comment. Arguing that the words mean "act as I have acted," and not "prepare or offer in sacrifice," he points out that *ποιεῖν θυσίαν* doubtless means, "to offer a sacrifice," but always implies a sacrifice wrought with the hand, which consists, as regards victims, in slaying, skinning, cleaning, burning, etc.; and as regards flour, wine, barley-wine, bread, etc., in mixing, kneading, baking, etc. This idea being wholly alien to the subject, *ποιεῖν θυσίαν*, said in the LXX of legal offerings, does not once occur in the New Testament, in which mention is made of *πνευματικαὶ θυσίαι*, "spiritual sacrifices" only, to be offered by the holy priesthood, which, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house. These sacrifices are, of faith, of praise, of well-doing, of charitable deeds, of our bodies. *Τοῦτο ποιεῖτε* could not have been used by our Saviour in a sacrificial sense, for had He so used the words of the sacrifice of His body wrought at that moment in the Eucharist, then it was either a sacrifice propitiatory, or it was not; if it was not then, it is not now, and then the dream of the mass is vanished; "if," says Jeremy Taylor, "it was propitiatory at the Last Supper, then God was reconciled to all the world, and mankind was redeemed before the passion of our Blessed Saviour; which, therefore, would have been needless and ineffective, so fearful are the consequences of this strange doctrine."

"Our Saviour did not use *τοῦτο ποιεῖτε* in any other sense than 'Do this,' because, according to grammar, *τοῦτο* could only apply to that which He held in His hand at that moment, and to nothing else. According to the proposed meaning, the disciples must have offered, at that moment, that which our Saviour handed to them, and nothing else ever after.

"And, if by straining the plain rendering of *τοῦτο* to mean 'this kind of bread,'—then of what shape, substance, taste, colour, size, and thickness was it?—for no other kind of bread, or size and shape of loaf, ought ever to have been used afterwards at the Holy Eucharist. But is that the case?

To speak of Rome only, I have some hundred and more patterns of the ‘Agnus Dei,’ or ‘Host,’ used by that Church; to say nothing of the several Eastern Churches, which all differ in this respect.”

As regards “The Real Presence,” he says:—“Setting aside the Lutheran and Romish doctrines of con- and tran-substantiation, we come to those (1) of the Objective Presence, or Spiritual Presence of Christ, in the symbols of the Eucharist absolutely; and (2) of the Subjective Presence, or Spiritual Presence of Christ in the heart of the faithful communicant alone—about which the English Church is now unhappily divided.

“As to the Objective Presence of Christ in the bread and wine, after the consecration, not only is it, as Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, ‘an undiscernible secret, not fit to be inquired into,’ one, therefore, which none of those who hold it can either prove or demonstrate; but it is a belief which, like the Lutheran and Romish doctrines, rests more or less on conclusions drawn from men’s opinions and commandments, about which it is far easier to strive than to agree; seeing that in this strife neither side can possibly understand, and therefore explain, the subject in dispute. Yet those who hold the Objective Presence absolutely are, of course, obliged to admit that it is of no avail, unless it be met by faith in the heart of the communicant; without whose faith there can be no communion with Christ, and therefore no sacrament.

“At the same time, it is difficult to see the great use of the Eucharist, for those who hold the Subjective Presence only; and who, therefore, granting little or no efficacy to the words of consecration, think far more meanly than they ought to think, of the symbols of Christ’s body and blood. . . .

“The truth, then, assuredly, seems to be in the mean; at the point common to both these opposite extremes, namely—in Christ’s presence in the heart of the faithful communicant—as the only presence in the sacrament so far capable of proof as to satisfy the mind; and therefore, also, to claim the character of being *real* as regards ourselves.”

Mr. Malan was strongly opposed to tampering with the Athanasian Creed, and expressed his views in a brochure, "Bishop Ellicott's New Translation of the Athanasian Creed" (D. Nutt, 1872).

Such were his matured opinions, respecting which it is surmised that an element of strong and sound Churchmanship was the heritage of that year's ministrations at Alverstoke. The period of apprenticeship was brief, but its influence was permanent.

In September, 1844, the perpetual curacy of Crowcombe, Somerset, was offered to Mr. Malan by Bishop Denison, and the offer was accepted. The living had been sequestered, and the parish had lapsed into a somewhat disorganised state. Poaching was rife, and publicans kept open house during the hours of Divine service. But the comfort of an excellent house and spacious garden, and the picturesque beauty of the village and surrounding country, lent an attractive element to the arduous duties of parochial administration; and during his brief tenure of office Mr. Malan did much towards effecting improvement in the morality of the village. While at Crowcombe he published a volume of Family Prayers, 1844.

In September, 1845, the valuable living of Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, became vacant, and Bishop Denison presented it to Mr. Malan.

The appointment to the living of Broadwindsor marked a crisis in Mr. Malan's life. Hitherto his course had been like that of a river which, rising in a rugged mountain, then breaks forth to run wild and free through varied regions, with comparative liberty and continual change of scene. *Now* the waters were to emerge for him into the still level of a lake. The exhilaration of variety and movement must give way to more monotonous repose. How was he prepared for the change? How would he conform to the new order?

Previous circumstances had not presented to him the usual routine associated with the life of a married clergy-

man. Circumstances which might be expected to bring a man to anchor had not in his case involved the settling down to a fixed abode and permanent work. The experience of the past was hardly calculated, humanly-speaking, to prove the best preparation for the future. A spirit of unrest had been fostered in him by the comparative liberty and frequent changes of former years.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the two and a half years spent in foreign travel, with the world before him, had been a period of entire satisfaction and content. His was not a temperament capable of finding satisfaction and contentment in any condition. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. His was a restless impatience, ever yearning for ideals never destined to be realised—ever conscious of possibilities unattained and appetites unappeased. At the time of his second marriage, he declared himself weary of an unsettled life, tired of foreign travel. He longed to settle down, and sighed for a *pied à terre* in some bracing country place, where, with flowers and trees and birds around him, he might devote his leisure hours to study.

But such day-dreams were not to find a ready fulfilment. The stagnation and isolation of a quiet country living were not to prove the antidote of dissatisfied yearnings and the realisation of contentment.

It was inherent in the nature of things that the demands of a rising family should weld links to shackle his freedom; that the duties of a large parish should necessitate his striking root; and his restless spirit could not easily accommodate itself to the change of condition and the responsibility thus entailed.

In the volume of his Armenian sketches there is a panoramic view of the range of Mount Taurus, bounding the horizon of a vast plain—a sketch which called forth commendations of highest praise from Mr. Leader, A.R.A. The snow-laid summits rise up *alone* above the lower heights; and in them may be traced a symbol of the man



COLOSSÆ AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

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who, in his closing years, often said : " I have been alone all my life, and I shall be alone to the end."

Reverence for truth was the predominant chord in the symphony of his character. It was the main-spring of movement in the exercise of all his conspicuous endowments. It was the primal force which lifted him to the heights in all that he undertook. It urged him forward in the spirit of his great eponym. Before his mind was always the remembrance of those words : " I loved wisdom and sought her from my youth. . . . Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away ; she is found of such as seek her. She is a treasure unto men that never faileth ; which they that use become the friends of God, being commended for the gifts that come from learning." Truly it may be said of him :—" Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught him ; giving him an understanding spirit, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, loving the thing that is good, quick, steadfast, sure."

His insatiable thirst for knowledge of every kind was grafted upon a nature manifesting the strongest individuality, and gifted with an almost unbounded capacity for adorning itself with accomplishments. The circumstances of his historical antecedents, and the early training of his home life, contributed in their proportionate degree to the moulding of a character charged with incisive originality, force of will, energy, and perseverance in conquering difficulties.

Consciousness of innate power developed in him a self-reliance, rendering him independent of external sympathy ; while any disadvantages and obstructions which threatened to thwart his purposes, tempered his spirit with the hardness of steel. " Hewn out of the rock " was the verdict of one who gauged his character from an outside point of view ; and an expert, who instructed him in Syriac, was so astounded at the facility with which he acquired that language, that he remarked : " God must have made his brain of a brick from the Tower of Babel."

A man of such intellectual gifts and versatile genius could

not be otherwise than isolated from his fellow-men. His aptitude for doing anything that he set his hand to, made him impatient of failure in others, intolerant of weakness. Words spoken of General Gordon were singularly applicable to Mr. Malan. "No one can experience isolation without detriment. It is the stumbling-block of genius. His eager restlessness unfitted him for ordinary grooves of the world's work. India, China, or Japan—ah, that was life indeed—but etiquette, with its conventions, was the mark of the chain on the mastiff's neck. Uncompromising and resistless, he, when he smote, at once struck his hardest."

Occupying heights approached by few, since he was confessedly the greatest Oriental scholar of the age, he desired to work only on untrodden ground, scorning "second-hand scholarship," defiant of the chill conviction that his labour would meet with little sympathy. His soul was taken captive by reverence for Oriental antiquity. He would toil night and day at his work, not anticipating any return, but simply swallowed up by his absorbing passion.

Stubborn constancy of purpose, and determination to carry it out despite every discouragement, led him to sympathise with all whom he felt to be actuated by similar principles. Unbending towards every phase of prevarication, and stern towards every deviation from rectitude, he was nevertheless eminently benevolent and compassionate to suffering, from whatever cause it might spring; generous and unostentatious in relieving distress; supremely courteous in society, brilliant in conversation.

When conscious of limitation he ignored the subject. He never cultivated a taste for mathematics, and his aptitude in that direction seemed undeveloped. One of his sons once tried to make him reason out the problem, "if a goose weigh 7 lbs. and half its own weight, how much does it weigh?" He became interested, but after the matter had been threshed out on paper for half-an-hour, he still insisted that the weight of the goose was $10\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. He never showed much interest in astronomy, and for history



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ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE, NIMROUD.

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generally he professed contempt, declaring it to be based on "lies."

Complete reliance on self, made him defiant of all opposition. He could not bear even the rebuff of a contrary opinion. He never would admit the possibility of two sides to a question. Those who ventured to disagree with him placed themselves beyond the pale of reason. Argument, as a rule, he disdained and eschewed. To him his conclusions were self-evident and unquestionable. Therefore, in a discussion he failed to command an equable spirit of consideration for his adversary. If he could not batter down the enemy's position at the first assault, he retired from the fray, sheltering himself behind barriers which to him were impregnable. If an opponent was silenced, it might not always be that he was convinced by argument, so much as quelled by the vehemence of *Ipse dixi*. He might retire from the combat with a smile or shrug of *noblesse oblige*.

It was impossible that such self-centralisation should not, in some measure, control the circumference of his life.

His tastes were princely, and he gratified them with lavish hand. Did he need a seal?—18-carat gold mounted on ivory must furnish the material. Did he wish to frame a water-colour drawing?—solid ebony, four inches wide, must be the chosen wood. The impulse of the moment was sometimes the motive which prompted action. He persuaded himself of the necessity, and approached it by the shortest cut. Did he wish to visit Nineveh?—to Nineveh he must go. He packed his bag, never taking more luggage than he could carry in his hand, shouldered his umbrella, and marched off. Such was the style—defiant of criticism—characteristic of the man.

CHAPTER VII.

BROADWINDSOR (GENERAL REVIEW), 1845—1885.

The Parish—Crowe's "Lewesdon Hill"—Inhabitants—The Vicarage—The "George"—Historical Associations—First Visit—Local Scenery—Lewesdon Hill—"Eye-bright"—Communing with Nature—Dogs—Rural Nomenclature—The Prospect—Parochial Administration—Schools—Intimacy with Poor—Village Worthies—Medical Practice—The Church—Musical Arrangements—Club-day—Haymaking—Drawing Class—Brass Band—"The British Lion"—Incident at Tenby—Curates—Recreations—Fishing—Letters from Rev. P. Compton—Aviary—Music—Brass Quartette—Salisbury—Bemerton—Bishop Hamilton—Games—Carpentry—Aversion to Tobacco—Reminiscences by F.—Three Elder Sons.

THE parish, to which Mr. Malan now removed, had been, some two centuries before, the "profitable place" of "Good old Fuller the Worthy," "that stout Church-and-King man," as Coleridge calls him; who, on one occasion left the print of his ten commandments on a Roundhead's face.

Two prominent hills, Lewesdon (960 feet) and Pillesdon (940 feet) partly indicate the boundaries of the parish. Of these two hills, Lewesdon is the more beautiful, being richly wooded with beech and fir, whilst Pillesdon, more bare and rugged, may claim to be the more romantic, as it boasts very definite evidence of a Roman encampment. From either hill the view is a magnificent panorama. Could it have been that Fuller while enjoying a walk on Lewesdon, imagined himself "standing where Moses stood," when, "the Lord showed him all the land?" It is more than probable that this scene suggested the title of his famous book, "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine," which he was composing during his residence at Broadwindsor.

The poet Crowe has well described the view :—

“ . . . Variegated scene, of hills
And woods and fruitful vales, and villages
Half-hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.
From this proud eminence on all sides round
Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view,
On all sides large ; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen :
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival height south-west,
Which like a rampart bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak ; there goodly fields
Of corn and verdant pasture, whence the kine,
Returning with their milky treasure home,
Store the rich dairy : such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood. . . .”

Ecclesiastical affairs must have been in a very disturbed condition at that time. Thomas Fuller was appointed Vicar of Broadwindsor in 1635, and held his vicariate till 1660 ; but in 1646 Leonard Price was ordered to officiate till further notice by the Dorset Committee of Religion ; and in 1649 John Pinney was presented to the living at the request of the parishioners. Thus at one time there were three recognised vicars of the parish.

Broadwindsor, including the village and outlying hamlets of Drimpton, Little Windsor, and Blackdown, also the tithings of Childhay and Dibberford—contains about 1,500 inhabitants, within a circumference roughly-speaking of twenty-one miles. It is situated on the western borders of the county, about three miles north-west of Beaminster, and extends over 6,200 acres. Its name is said to be derived from the *winding* border of hills (sor, sort, stor, stort, start ; cf. dorsum, red-start, Start Point), which, like a broad backbone, separates Dorsetshire from Somersetshire.

The population, during the period now under consideration, comprised the families of a few well-to-do farmers, and those employed by them in agricultural labour—stiff sons of toil, of a simple wit that seldom rose above the level of sheep,

turnips, and sour cider; speaking the broad dialect of Dorset, in utterance loamy, like the soil which raised their goodly crops of hay and corn and maintained their notable flocks of Southdowns and herds of prime cattle.

There was likewise a considerable industry in the weaving of sail-cloth. Many of the cottages were furnished with antiquated hand-loom; and it was seldom possible to walk down the village street without hearing the busy click of the weavers' shuttle.

The manners and aspirations of the village were simple and primitive. Lying off the line of stage-coaches, with no railway station nearer than Taunton, twenty-four miles away; hemmed in by hills, over which climbed roads of the roughest description, seldom traversed except by carts and lumbering waggons or toiling pedestrians—the village of Broadwindsor was well-nigh shut off from communication with the outside world. A visit to Bridport or Chard was a thing to be talked about; a journey to Yeovil or Salisbury was a topic for a life-time. Men lived in the cottages of their forefathers, talked their talk, and followed their traditions with scarce an additional increment of originality, never getting outside the ruts worn by those lying low in the churchyard. Fashion and habit, therefore, knew little change as years went on, and progress only resembled the revolutions of a squirrel in a wheel. Food was cheap—mutton, fourpence a pound; pork, twopence-halfpenny; fowls, half-a-crown a couple.

The Vicarage-house was in every respect a most desirable residence. Built of stone quarried from the neighbouring Waddon Hill, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, with gables and chimneys and mullioned windows of the famous Ham Hill stone, it presented an appearance, solid, dignified, and picturesque. The gardens and glebe meadows were diversified by well-grown trees, specially an ash-tree on the right of the main approach.

Taking the Vicarage as a starting point, and proceeding through the grounds westward, the wayfarer comes to the village schools and school-house, which latter also provided

accommodation for the curate of the parish. Past these, on the right, is seen the most imposing house of the village, then occupied by a Mr. Studley, owner of the chief sail-cloth factory. Facing this house is the Church, well situated on a gentle eminence above the cottages clustered around. Below the Church is the village square, with the principal shop, post-office, and two of the principal inns, the "George" and the "Red Lion." The "George" Inn prides itself on historical associations of distinct interest. There is an old manor-house at Pillesdon, formerly belonging to "those staunch Royalists the Wyndhams," which once had the honour of sheltering Charles II. The royal fugitive, after an ineffectual attempt to escape to France from Charmouth by the assistance of Colonel Wyndham, rode on to Bridport, where, trusting to his disguise, he boldly bearded some Round-head troopers in the inn-yard.

Harrison Ainsworth, in "*Boscobel*"—a work of fiction based on a considerable amount of historical truth—makes the royal party travel from Trent to Charmouth along the valley of the Yeo, whence, heading more to the south, they approached Pillesdon and Lewesdon Hills.

On leaving Bridport, Charles II. and his attendants rode to Broadwindsor. The royal party dismounted at the "George" (then called the "Castle"), the only inn in the place, kept by one Rice Jones, a man well known to Colonel Wyndham. A lodging was procured for the party in the upper story for the sake of greater caution. "I have in my possession," says Mr. J. S. Udall (in Vol. III. of "*Proceedings of the Dorset Nat. Hist. and Antiq. Field Club*"), "a seventeenth century farthing token of Broadwindsor, dated 1667, belonging to one Alice Jones. Could she have been the wife of the loyal host of the 'George'? This is, I believe, the only token of Broadwindsor known to exist."

The King was in great jeopardy that night, as forty parliamentary soldiers, on their way to Jersey, came into the inn to find a billet. But his presence was not discovered.

“The ‘George’ Inn at Broadwindsor,” says Mr. Hughes, writing in 1830, “was pulled down and rebuilt about ten years ago.” Mr. Dowland (Vicar of Broadwindsor) probably acquainted him with the village traditions. “The Inn,” he says, “after the Restoration changed its name from the ‘Castle’ to the ‘George.’” The present landlord of the “George” told Mr. Udall that he remembered many years ago a painted signboard of St. George and the Dragon.

It is reported that in the old inn a hiding-place in the roof was shown, entered through a sliding panel, in which King Charles was concealed. Mr. Dowland speaks of a piece of a bedstead, reported to have been presented by the King to Jones after the Restoration—“of extremely massive oak, having the insignia of royalty beautifully carved, fluted, and gilded.”

It cannot be said that the village presents much claim to admiration from an artistic point of view. The cottages, thatched or slated, are of plain appearance; some washed white, others yellow, and others displaying the native limestone ungarnished. Most of them abut on the road-side, with never a garden, or shrub, or flower, in front; and they make no pretence to please the eye.

When Mr. and Mrs. Malan set out on a visit of inspection before deciding to accept the living, they were accompanied by the Rev. W. F. Chilcott, Vicar of Monksilver, and Rural Dean. The party drove to Ilminster, and thence, with a change of horses, to Broadwindsor. The first impression as they passed up the village street was one of dismay at the general aspect of the place, so different from Crowcombe; but the Rural Dean encouraged them with the remark, “You will have to spend your lives here, so you had better make the best of it.”

However, the prospect was more hopeful when they reached the Vicarage. The visitors were well pleased with all they saw there. The caretaker, Sarah Dally, showed them over the house, and Mr. Malan at once decided which room should be his workshop. Here, at any rate, was an

improvement upon Crowcombe, where he had to content himself with a workshop extemporised in a garden-shed. Sarah Dally was divided in mind, whether to continue in the service of the Archdeacon, or remain at Broadwindsor; but her husband was not of a roving turn, and when Sarah went back to the kitchen and reported of her visitors, "Dally says to me, he says, 'never you mind Denison—you stick to Malan.' . . . And so I have," she added, when telling the incident forty years afterwards, "and I ain't sorry."

But if the village itself was not fair to view, the country round was rich in scenery well calculated to charm the artistic soul of the new Vicar. True, the trees did not exult in that generous luxuriance of foliage so characteristic of Devon and Somerset; the lanes and hedgerows by comparison showed but a niggardly garniture of ferns; yet foxgloves, honeysuckles, and a host of other sweet familiar flowers, in which Mr. Malan always found deep delight, were there, ready to cheer him at every turn; and he had not taken many walks abroad before he gladly acknowledged that it was a beautiful country. The air was crisp and far more bracing than that of the soft dreamy western land which he had lately left. There was indeed a disappointing lack of river and stream—the Axe lying far away and not in the direction of the pleasantest walks.

But Lewesdon Hill, the highest hill in Dorsetshire, was within a short distance from the Vicarage, rising to an altitude of nearly 1,000 feet, covered with beech and pine, heather and gorse.

The view from the summit of Lewesdon Hill is at all times full of varied beauty. In every direction there lies outspread a panoramic expanse of undulating hills and vales richly wooded. There are corn-lands where Ceres might take luxuriant delight, and meadow-lands where cattle can grow sleek, and sheep find abundant pasture. There are towns and villages and scattered homesteads, either clearly seen or suggested by the vaporous veil that crowns some eminence

intercepting them from sight, or by blue smoke rising above the trees.

Beautiful at all times are those wooded regions, whether in the virgin green of spring, or the full foliage of summer, or the golden glories of autumn, or the bleak desolation of winter. Mr. Malan soon knew that view under all its conditions.

But most beautiful of all is Lewesdon Hill in the full blaze of a cloudless summer day ; when beneath heaven's blue dome the landscape is palpitating in a hazy mirage ; when every outline is softened by the amethystine radiance of the atmosphere, and nature reposes in silent submission to the lord of light. Then, on the top of Lewesdon Hill, the supremacy of summer heat is not felt ; for the south wind wafts thither its refreshing breeze, laden with gracious vigour from the broad blue sea. Yonder lies Bridport, famed far and wide for its fishing-nets ; there is Eype Church high on the hill, and Charmouth, and Lyme Regis behind the headland ; Pillesdon and Lambert's Castle stand up like giant fortresses guarding the pleasant Vale of Marshwood ; Blackdown points towards the blue Devonian hills ; Greenham and Wayford and Drimpton lead the eye round to Broadwindsor. And so on, round the great circle bounded by crumpled hills of cobweb tint in the far, far horizon, where a streak of silver marks the other Channel with the Steep and Flat Holms ; Glastonbury Tor, Alfred's Tower, Waddon Hill, Beaminster, Stoke Abbott, Melplish, Egerdon Hill, and Admiral Hardy's monument crowning the heights above Weymouth.

Such are the principal features of interest that meet the eye while traversing the panoramic view from Lewesdon Hill—of special interest by their intimate association with the home-life of Mr. Malan during a period of forty years. For that hill formed a prominent feature in the landscape when he took his daily walks about the parish. On such occasions, in company with his dogs, he found inexhaustible delight in communing with nature. He knew the healing virtues of many herbs and plants. Where the hedges on

Lewesdon were carpeted with *Dicranum Starkii*, he would find the flowers of the eye-bright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), and gather them for some village mother, giving her at the same time instructions how to make a decoction for her child's weak eyes.

He specially loved to study trees, both in winter and summer. He knew their distinctive peculiarities, the anatomy of trunk and limb and leaf—the setting and spreading of their branches, the disposition of their foliage in detail and mass. His drawing of trees in pencil displayed the consummation of his artistic genius.

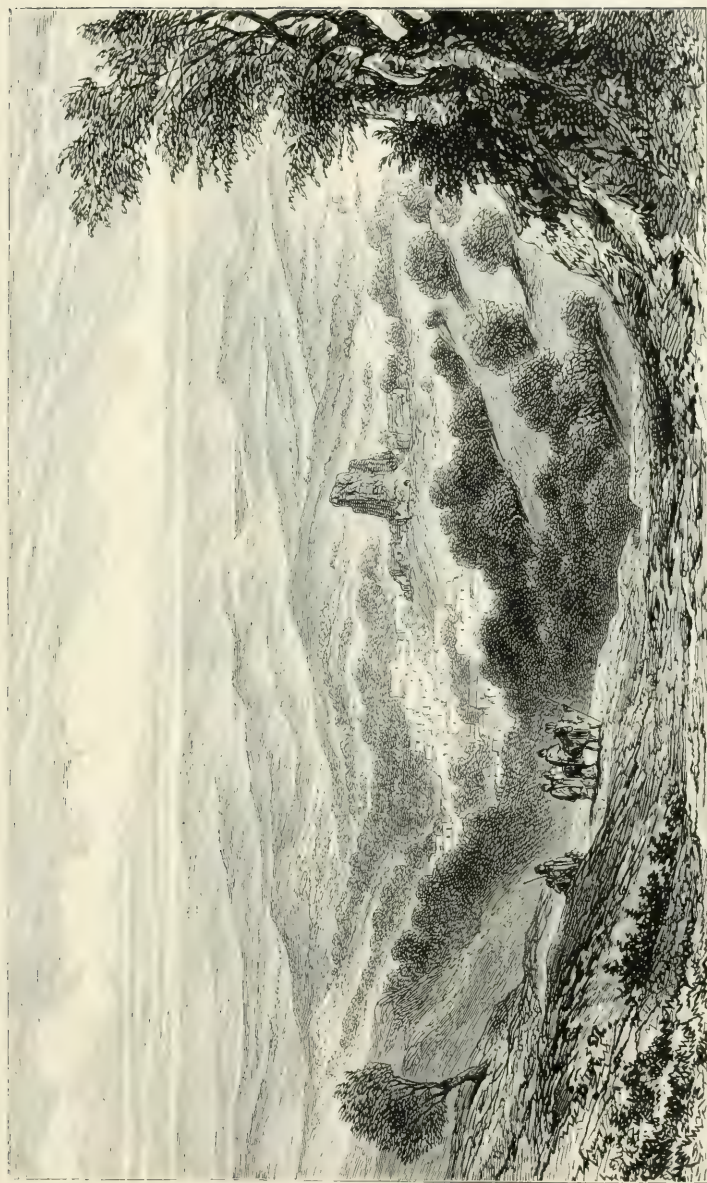
In the early years of his Broadwindsor experience, while the three sons of his first family were at school at Ilminster, Mr. Malan traversed the country alone. In after days, when the children of the second family were old enough to accompany him, their earliest memories were centred in such walks. He had two Newfoundland dogs, trained to fetch and carry. He would hide his walking-stick in some hedge, and when the party had proceeded a mile or more, he would say to one or other of the dogs, "Seek lost," and the noble animal, with an answering bark, would rush off, and never fail to find and bring back the stick before the next mile was completed.

Among the curious and picturesque names of familiar localities may be mentioned Monkey's Jump, a solitary ivy-clad cottage at a fork of the ways, conjectured to be a corruption of *Monachorum Juncetum*, the Monks' Rush-bed, a rush-grown swamp being immediately below it—though no trace of any ancient monastery has been discovered; Badger's Glory; Heifer Mill; Honeycomb Farm; Wantsley Farm ("Want" a synonym for a Mole); Owl Lane; Common Water; Frogpool; Fox Hole; Horn Park; The Four Ashes; Twelve Apostles' Hill. This last is a continuation of the ridge of Clan Hill, over which the main road between Broadwindsor and Beaminster climbs its steep ascent. The road and the ridge are in full view eastwards from the glebe meadows of Broadwindsor Vicarage. There were twelve trees, wych

elms, wind-swept, venerable and grey. To the right, nearest the road, some way apart from the rest, stood "Judas;" then (regardless of Biblical authority) came "The Four Evangelists;" while the other seven followed in due order. These interesting trees have gradually succumbed to the ravages of wind and storm; and even where nature seemed disposed to spare, the farmer's axe stepped in; until to-day their place knows them no more.

A favourite walk in the summer evenings was over Waddon Hill down to the village of Stoke Abbott, where there was a large mill-pond, in which Mr. Malan would bathe the dogs—throwing his stick far into the pond, to the delight of the children, who loved to see the dogs plunge into the water. Mr. Malan used to say that the village of Stoke Abbott, seen from the top of Waddon Hill, nestling among the trees in the deep valley, reminded him of the view of Bethany from the Mount of Olives.

Such were the surroundings among which Mr. Malan had now settled for the chief period of his life-work. The prospect before him, gradually unfolding itself under the tests of experience, brought to light much that seemed likely to prove congenial to his nature, and not a little calculated to try his mettle and endurance. The rural society could not furnish many opportunities for exchanging ideas with men of intellect. The neighbouring clergy were occupied more or less with their own parochial affairs. The social interchanges of hospitality with families of education and position in the neighbourhood might yield pleasant relaxation at the time; but it was evident that, for the most part, he must be thrown in upon himself and his own resources. What sympathetic intercourse could he expect among the sturdy Dorset farmers, who grew their turnips, fattened their sheep, sold their bullocks at Bridport market, and had shown more or less proficiency in the three R's during their school-days? Their inertness frequently suggested to him a comparison with the ἀναισθησία which Demosthenes ascribed to the Bæotians, or Juvenal's *vervecum in patria*. With the humbler class of



BETHANY AND MOUNTAINS OF MOAB.

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his parishioners, he at once ingratiated himself by kindness. The large-hearted sympathy of his nature was so essentially irresistible, that the poor recognised in him at once their true friend and pastor. His poor, from first to last, monopolised the warmest corner of his heart; but whilst he made their wants, sorrows, and sufferings his own, with deep and tender devotion, such intercourse could not be expected to satisfy the intellectual side of his nature, as insatiate in its demands as the daughters of the horse-leech. It was the exigence of isolation which compelled him to organise his own methods of supplying the deficiencies of his environment; leading him to devote his leisure time to a course of unwearying and stupendous study; drawing forth from his pen that voluminous list of writings which bear his name of authorship; and superadding to the bill of intellectual fare the lighter *hors d'œuvres* of music, drawing, botany, ornithology, mechanical handicraft, etc.

The nature of his requisite parochial administrations was such as admitted elasticity in arrangement rather than a dull monotony of routine. Frequent church services were not the order of the day in the rural parishes of Dorsetshire at that time. The Bishop of the Diocese was content that there should be two services on Sundays in the Parish Church, and one in the chapel-of-ease at Blackdown. Since the wide extent of the parish demanded the help of a curate, the division of these services did not involve a very severe tax on the energies of two clergymen. For the rest Mr. Malan was free to administer the parish according to his discretion—an arrangement which proved of unquestionable benefit to its inhabitants. Probably few parishes have been more devotedly served than was Broadwindsor during the pastorate of the learned Vicar.

The village schools he took under his special care, superintending and taking part in the instruction of the children. He supplemented the Sunday services by cottage lectures in the outlying hamlets, and periodical lectures in the school-rooms. His travels in the Holy Land supplied him with a

constant store of personal experience in bringing home the Gospel narrative to the understanding of his hearers. To illustrate his lectures he prepared models of Eastern houses, with dolls dressed in native costume. He drew patterns of pitchers, lamps, and other vessels used in the East, which were turned in clay on the potter's wheel at Beaminster



CANDLESTICK USED IN THE EAST.

under his supervision. He frequently delighted the village children with exhibitions of the magic lantern.

But above everything else the zeal of his devotion as a parish priest was most abundantly shown in the close intimacy of personal acquaintance which he made with every inhabitant of his parish. From first to last the poor always spoke of him as "Master." They recognised in him one who had thorough sympathy with their needs and necessities, turning naturally to him in all their joys and sorrows, venerating him with the simplicity of patriarchal

times uncontaminated by modern development of socialistic ideas.

It is interesting to call back some of those old village worthies, with their Scriptural names bespeaking the survival of Puritan notions—Jonas Smith, shoemaker and clerk; Isaac Whitmore, farmer; Mark Sibley, turnpike-man; Job Hallson, hedger and ditcher; Elias Slade, carpenter; Joseph Symes, stonemason; Philip Shinar, wheelwright; Amos Shutler, butcher; Jemima Perry, landlady of the “Cross Keys;” Keziah Caddy, Hannah Akerman, Esther Rowe, Priscilla Meech, Martha White, Dorcas Coombes.

Among these and many others, as sheikh and pastor, Mr. Malan continually moved. Specially during the long winter evenings, lantern in hand and his faithful dog at heel,—it was always his custom to pay house-to-house visitations, seldom leaving a cottage door without bequeathing some practical benison, either in money or an order for meat, or bidding to call at the Vicarage next day for wine or other creature comfort. No wonder that the poor, the aged, and the sick, loved him.

Such personal and intimate acquaintance with the circumstances and conditions of every villager in the parish soon convinced him that a wide field was open for an unprofessional exercise of medical aid. He had always been a staunch advocate of homœopathy, and now set himself to a close and thorough study of its principles and theories. The parish doctor, residing at Beaminster, might pay his periodical visits, and dole out his pills and draughts to such applicants as cared to trudge the three miles of hilly road, and Mr. Malan was careful not to infringe the rules of professional etiquette. But there was abundant room for amateur practice, and Mr. Malan had no cause to think that the new treatment was not appreciated. The cottagers soon found “which way the bread was buttered.” It mattered not whether they put much faith in globules and teaspoonfuls of water; at any rate, they were not slow to recognise the benefit of the good diet prescribed by the kind physician, and the generosity

which enabled them to enjoy it. Mr. Malan loved nothing better than to discourse upon the “marvellous cures” which rewarded his efforts on every side. Many a patient, given up by the local faculty as a hopeless incurable, blessed the good Vicar for restoration to health; and the good Vicar, who pinned his faith upon the efficacy of his globules, scorned the notion that blankets and port wine had anything to do with the happy result.

Most eloquent of all the records of his ministry, is an old weather-stained book in which he made notes of the various cases under his treatment during the years 1882—1885.

It would be difficult to estimate the blessings of his goodness represented in that record, and the comfort that flowed through it to the poor of Broadwindsor.

Once, at any rate, before coming to Broadwindsor, he had “practised” under very different conditions. During his tour in Palestine he came to the village of Er-rumāsh. “As this retired hamlet,” he says, “does not lie on the road generally taken by travellers, my arrival caused a sensation—first among the dogs of the place, which set up a loud and determined yell, and even showed their teeth—and then among the villagers themselves, who anxiously rushed out of their houses, fearing nothing less than a dread incursion of Arabs, who are the terror of the peaceful labourers of these valleys. The sheikh of the village, however, came to meet me, not like his dogs, but with ‘Marhabā, welcome!’ and I was now safe under his care.” After due interchange of hospitality—Mr. Malan treating his guests to a pipe of tobacco all round, and a cup of coffee—the pilgrim enjoyed a night’s rest in his tent; and on the following morning the sheikh begged him to come and cure his daughter. “I am no physician, my good friend,” he said, but he went, and found the young girl, pale and almost lifeless from fever, and he administered to her quinine—the only medicine he had, and he thought of Jairus’s daughter. Then he was beset with patients of all sorts—among them a man born blind, and a paralytic. In vain he tried to persuade them that he could

do nothing for them—they were not to be convinced, and he had to prescribe accordingly.

Many touches of pathos and humour are hidden amid the pages of that weather-stained record of his medical practice. One entry may be quoted:—"Jonas Smith, æt. 75. Lumbago. Brush. Brandy rubbed in small of back. Cured in three hours."

The Vicar was considerably amused at the success of this treatment, and often delighted in telling the story. One who heard it from his lips gives the following account:—

"Jonas Smith was the village cobbler and the parish clerk. I remember his fingers to this day. He wore brass spectacles. Horny-handed, fingers all over cobbler's-wax, sturdy and thick-set—a leathery man. One day Mr. Malan went to see the cobbler's wife, Jane Smith, and she at once broke out with: 'Oh, sir, do ye come and see Jonas; he be turble!' Mr. Malan went upstairs and found his clerk rolling about on the bed, groaning, and in great pain. 'What's the matter, Jonas?' asked the Vicar. 'Oh, sir, it do catch I across the lines (loins) turble!' Mr. Malan told Jane to go for some brandy and rub her husband's back with it, and then apply a brush, after which instructions the Vicar left the house. Mrs. Smith procured the brandy, and also an old hard boot-brush, which (like its owner) from years of toil, had become bald. She rubbed in the brandy, and she rubbed in the brush. Three or four hours afterwards the Vicar, standing by his garden gate, saw his clerk coming down the road. 'Why, Jonas,' he said, with unfeigned surprise, 'that's never you!' 'Oho, sir, you have punished I turble!' 'Are you all right again? Where are you going?' 'I be g'wan to Beaminster, sir. I bain't so bad as I thought I was.' . . . But after the six-mile walk the worthy man was laid up for three weeks."

He would sometimes amuse the home-circle by narrating an incident from his experiences. On one occasion, after ministering to a sick man, he sat talking to the wife on some interesting topic of village news. The husband,

catching a word here and there, turned himself about and feebly tried to sit up that he might hear more. But the wife sharply rebuked him with the words: "What be 'bout, Will'm? What's it got to do with you? Get on with your dying!" That incident was never forgotten. Once, during his last illness, he interrupted the lively whisperings of his nurses, and reprimanded them for want of attention, applying the same words to his own case.

As an instance of the rough-and-ready method of surgical operation in those primitive times the following story is not wanting in humour. A certain villager, while returning from Maiden Newton Fair, had the misfortune to be thrown out of a dog-cart, with the result that his thigh was dislocated. Let his good wife tell the tale in her native "Dorset:"—

"Ah, sir, poor Chawles, he was bad, he was! Come home groanin', he did. Law, there! 'twas turble. We sent for doctor, and he come along with his 'sistant, and he sez, 'Why, Chawles, my man,' he sez, 'I've never seed the likes of this here—your leg out of joint?' And Chawles, he sez, 'Yes, doctor.' So they pulled at un; but there, 'twarn't no good, Chawles was always strong on his legs. So the doctor he put up a pulley to the ceiling, and tied a rope round Chawles' ankle, and sez, 'Here, Jane,' he sez, 'you hold on to Chawles' shoulders while I pull.' Oh, sir, you never seed the like! They histed Chawles up to the ceiling, and then let him fall down—ye never! 'It's murder, doctor!' I sez, 'it's murder!' But he only said, 'Be quiet, Jane, be quiet! Now, 'sistant!' And up they pulls Chawles to the ceiling again, and down he comes again, with only his night-shirt on. 'Now, doctor,' I sez, 'you shall kill me before I see that again!' 'Be quiet, Jane,' he sez. 'Now, 'sistant, be ready!' And up Chawles goes again, and there they kept him this time. Oh, there, I screamed, I did, and Chawles he screamed too, and he sez, quite solemn, 'Doctor, you can pull the other leg out if you like, but I won't have that no more!' And doctor he sez, 'Why, Chawles, my man, you never bain't afeared, be you? We haven't half done

yet.' But Chawles he said, 'No more of that, I tell ye, doctor!' They got it back, sir, somehow; but the leg was never the same as the other; and Chawles, he got disheartened-like, and took to drink."

The Parish Church, before its restoration, was thoroughly old fashioned in its arrangement. Both nave and chancel were filled with square and oblong pews of various sizes. These had been assigned from time immemorial to the more influential families, and some of them were lined, cushioned, carpeted, according to the rank and taste of the pew-holders. The Vicarage pew was lined with green baize, and had a door of communication with the pulpit. Two galleries surmounted the west end of the church—the lower one being used by such males as could not claim pew accommodation; the upper being appropriated for the singers and musicians. These latter were a motley crew—any villager who possessed any musical instrument and ability to use it, being pressed into service. The instruments consisted chiefly of fiddles, flutes, and an old violoncello. This last was played by a man, called Clift, and was the property of the parish. It was a powerful instrument of fine tone. The Vicar once said to the proud performer, "Mr. Clift, when you bring out the lower notes, the pillars tremble!"

As years went by, the march of intellect, quickened by the example of neighbouring parishes, called for reformation in the matter of church music. The variety of instruments was pronounced antiquated, and a subscription list was opened to provide funds for purchasing a harmonium. The schoolmaster, who was deputed to play, had a wooden leg, which prevented his using the bellows in the ordinary way; but the village carpenter was equal to the emergency, and arranged a pump handle in the instrument's rear, which he volunteered to ply during the service. Many a laugh did the Vicar indulge in privately, over this innovation; the chief ingredient being the schoolmaster's method of playing a consecutive run of eight notes. Beginning with the thumb of the right hand he would use the four fingers in succession,

and then, turning his hand over, he completed the run with the back of third, second, and first fingers.

When the harmonium was introduced, the parish presented the violoncello to the Vicar, who found it very much the worse for age and decay—the neck being so perforated with wormholes, that, when the instrument was strung, the scroll actually bent forward. It was the Vicar's boast that he entirely cured this infirmity. He drove a long steel screw half-way up the neck, and plugged each worm-hole with a peg of hard wood, using over 200 pegs in the process. The instrument is as good as ever to this day.

"Club-day" was a very important anniversary in the parish. The procession formed at ten a.m. in the village square. Headed by the Beaminster or Bridport band, with banners proudly displayed, the company marched to the Vicarage. After mutual felicitations had passed, the procession re-formed, and accompanied by the Vicar and his Curate, they paraded the village to the strains of enlivening music. A short service and sermon followed in the parish church; after which, dinner was served in a tent on Court Down. Between three and four p.m. the company again repaired to the Vicarage grounds to partake of wine and cakes dispensed by the ladies. A second village-parade followed, and the day's festivities ended with dancing in the tent on Court Down.

Hay-making in the glebe meadows was always a happy time; and there may be some remaining who can remember the genial hospitality of the merry supper in front of the Vicarage porch which celebrated the carrying of the last load.

Among the channels of intellectual culture designed and executed by Mr. Malan, was the drawing class, opened in the schoolroom for all who wished to attend, on payment of a small fee to defray the cost of materials. He also started a brass band, which was immensely popular. He presented the instruments, arranged and wrote the parts of the musical score, and instructed every member of the band on his particular instrument. From first to last unaided,

he equipped and trained a brass band capable of such creditable performance as to find engagements far and wide in neighbouring villages for popular entertainments.

Mr. Malan's keen appreciation of humour and fun stood him in good stead on many occasions. He was specially happy in making a speech at club dinners and similar functions. In the *Globe*, of Saturday evening, June 14th, 1884, appeared the following notice:—

“THE MODERN BRITISH LION.

“The Rev. Dr. Malan, the venerable Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorset, in responding to the toast of his health at the annual dinner of the Broadwindsor and Burstock Friendly Society this week, drew the following portrait of the British Lion. He said, ‘I have seen during my time a great many changes, not only in this parish, but in the country. My recollection carries me farther back than that of most of you—to sixty years ago. Sometimes I hardly think I am living in the same country. I am speaking the same language, but in many respects I am not living among the same people. In those days the British lion was a real lion, and no mistake about it (laughter). He was a noble beast; he was proud of being a lion, and whether he was sleeping or awake, standing or walking, everybody took him for a lion, and everybody respected him and was afraid of him. That was a very good thing, for he kept the small fry in good order, and they did not like to interfere with him. That was as it should be (hear, hear). His being a lion was enough for him, and he was satisfied. But what have I seen? I saw him then a noble beast of flesh and bones, complete in all his parts. In course of time his brains were scooped out; his eyes were put out and glass ones substituted for them (laughter); his teeth were extracted, and a row of false ones put in (laughter); then he was disembowelled, his heart was removed, and he was stuffed with sawdust (laughter); and instead of sinews they put in wires, which

some of the people pulled every now and then. A red French cap was put on his head, and he was made to bow to France. Then they cut off his tail, and tied a handkerchief on him, and made him bow to Russia (laughter). Now nobody knows him (applause). He is taken about by the head showman, and one man beats the big drum, another plays the bag-pipes, another the whistle, and they are accompanied by a mob of small boys which constitutes the majority in the House of Commons (laughter). I don't wish to go into politics; but that is what the Government and the head showman have done with the British lion (laughter). Instead of being feared, admired, and respected; instead of his keeping the small fry—the bears, and the cocks, the horses, and the asses—in proper order (laughter), now the head showman leads him about, and makes him bow the head to the foxes, the bears, and the cocks, and say, 'Well, I was once a lion, but now I am of sawdust, and you may do what you like with me.' So one gives him a kick, another pulls his tail, another takes him by the mane, and they do as they please. I hope the day will come when some one will put heart into him, give him some good teeth and eyes, supply him with brains and a tail, and a good mane, and make him a British lion again (laughter and cheers)."

It would be unnecessary to speak of Mr. Malan's political inclinations in face of the above extract. But it was characteristic of the man, that, during the period of (what he considered) the British lion's degradation, he persistently omitted to read the prayer for the session of Parliament in the course of the church services. When notice of the omission was taken by a member of the congregation, who, divining the Vicar's reason, suggested that the greater the delinquencies of the British Government, the more need had they of the prayers of the Church—Mr. Malan silenced his interlocutor with a curt remark of withering sarcasm.

By the irony of coincidence, many persons thought that Mr. Malan bore a striking resemblance in countenance to

Mr. Gladstone. There must have been good grounds for the fancy, since on several occasions he was accosted by strangers who evidently coveted the honour of conversing with the famous statesman. In the course of a summer holiday at Tenby, Mr. and Mrs. Malan were taking an evening walk upon the promenade, when Mrs. Malan became aware that they were the cynosure of all eyes. Presently a gentleman came up, and with deferential gestures, taking off his hat, he said:—"Pardon me for the liberty, sir, but we are anxious to know if we have the honour to be in the presence of Mr. Gladstone?" "No—thank God!" was the prompt reply. "I beg your pardon, sir." "So you ought to!"

During "the forty years in the wilderness" (as he was wont to speak of his Broadwindsor experience), he had fourteen curates. Of these, the one who remained longest and with whom he worked most genially, not only professed opposite views on politics, but had the courage of his opinions, and often broke an amicable lance with his Vicar on some burning question of the day. Another of the curates, who came fresh from Oxford, fell foul of his Vicar on the evening of his arrival, by breaking a pane of glass in shutting a window. When this was followed by the question:—"Where can I get my razors stropped?"—the doom of his incompetency was sealed in the Vicar's estimation.

His readiness for a smart answer, terse and abrupt—one fruit no doubt of his communings with the children of the East—is exemplified in the following anecdote. A dishonest gardener had received notice of discharge, and after an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character by plausible platitudes, the gardener remarked, "Ah, you'll miss me before I be gone half an hour!" "H'm," replied the Vicar, "I sha'n't mind that, if I don't miss anything else."

He was ever keen to pick up practical hints on questions of rural economy from the farmers and others of his parishioners. The following note has been preserved, written in the fine foreign hand he adopted on first coming to England:—"When to make hay—not only

‘when the sun shines,’ if you can, but also, as Mr. Radcliffe says truly, in the spring, that is before the middle of June, ere the grass runs into seed, and while the sap or proof is in it. Summer hay is generally worth very little.”

On the same half-sheet of paper is another note, testifying that this proclivity of his mind reconciled him to regard doctrine which seems to savour rather of the fanciful than of practical utility :—“Put down the weather the first twelve days in January, and you will have the weather of the whole twelvemonth. A day for a month. Thus, if January 5th is cold and dry in the morning and wet in the afternoon, May will be cold and dry at the beginning and showery towards the end. Likewise if January 6th is wet and dry alternately, or showery, we shall have ‘catching weather’ for our hay, and must therefore cut accordingly—rather cut a week sooner than one later.—S. C. MALAN.”

He set great store by this method of weather forecast, being always particular about his observations in January, and regulating his operations in the hay-field accordingly. It is to be regretted that he kept no record of any actual coincidence proving the supposed sympathy. But certainly the hay crops in the Vicarage meadows were proverbially esteemed among the villagers, and farmers not once nor twice drew envious comparisons. *Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris.*

The recreation in which Mr. Malan took keenest delight was fly-fishing. The Axe at Seaborough, Clapton, and Forde Abbey; and the Frome at Hook and Toller Porcorum, were his favourite waters, and pre-eminent among these localities were the meadows at Toller.

On a warm April morning, when the west wind blew gently with the breath of spring, he loved to drive off alone in his pony-carriage, with rod and creel, to Toller. There, where the larks were singing and the ploughs were busy, on the sloping field of Chilfrome Down, he found such delight in the sights and sounds of nature, that in after years memories of these home expeditions were pleasanter to him

than all the experiences of his foreign travels. He generally fished the stream as far as the turn where it passes under the Great Western Railway—nor would he ever proceed further. Occasionally he tried the upper waters, to Lower and Higher Kingcombe, under Rampisham Down. He never would carry a landing-net—declaring that the chief pleasure of the sport was the skill required in playing the fish without the “night-cap,” as he contemptuously called the landing-net. He would boast that he seldom lost a fish—the average weight being from half to three-quarters of a pound. Many a good basket of fish did he bring away, and enjoyed leaving a brace at a friend’s house on his way home. It was his boast that he never broke the top-joint of his rod, “because he loved it.” He alluded to the fact a few days before his death, and in a paper of instructions he bequeathed his rod “to the one of my grandsons who will fish, as I did, without a landing-net.”

On one occasion he sprained his right wrist, and the doctor advised that he should wear his arm in a sling. But the weather was favourable, and, with his characteristic independence, he proceeded to fish with his left hand, and triumphed in securing a good basket of trout. He had great contempt for those who used worm or minnow. His favourite flies were the March Brown and Red Palmer. He could sympathise with the poet in the following lines:—

“ . . . Should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Longtime he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o’er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern’d bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,

That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize."

Thomson's Seasons—"Spring."

Chief among his companions on fishing excursions in the earlier years of the Broadwindsor life was the Rev. Paulet Compton, Rector of Mapperton, who has supplied the following reminiscences :—

" MAPPERTON HOUSE, BEAMINSTER, DORSET,
" *December 4th, 1896.*

" . . . From 1848, for at least ten years, when he was very fond of riding and fishing, I was constantly in his company, and a most delightful companion he was. Many times I went with him to clerical meetings—to the Axe at Forde Abbey, where our mutual friend George Miles was living ;—to Hook, and to the stream at Toller. He had then a little thoro'bred hack, and he used to go bounding over the awful ruts on the moor with wonderful nerve. I think, from his short-sightedness, he was unconscious of any danger. I well remember on one occasion riding back with him from a clerical meeting at Archdeacon Sanctuary's, at Powerstock, in the dark, when I followed trembling over the dreadful roads, full of boulder stones—till he rode full against an open gate. I was not a little thankful to get back safely.

" As to his fishing, he was, of course, handicapped by his shortsightedness, as he did not see his flies in the water. But he made up for it by his extreme delicacy of hand. He could feel the slightest touch of a trout, and he threw the fly beautifully ; so that he generally made a good basket. He was very fond of the little stream at Kingcombe, with its quaint red thatched cottages, where he had many friends. We used to lunch with some of them, and he would doctor them all round with his homœopathic globules. This brings to my mind the pleasure he always took in helping young people on in their work. He coached for some months the

son of a neighbouring clergyman, Mr. Henry Butts, in Hindostani and Sanscrit, before he went out to India. He gave lessons in drawing, in music, in carpentering and joinery—all as a labour of love. There is a carpenter here now, who looks back with the utmost thankfulness to the help he received from him. And so it was with all the other young people. As you know, I am not able to appreciate the really important parts of his work.

“In so many-sided a man—in subjects he excelled in, it requires many minds to appreciate him. As a clergyman, as a scholar, an Orientalist, a musician, a draughtsman, a naturalist (he had one of the finest collections of eggs of British birds), no one ordinary mind could estimate his talents. But, as a friend, I had the privilege of enjoying the result; and as host and guest and companion and warm-hearted friend, I look back at many hours I spent in his company, at Broadwindsor and by the stream, as among the happiest and most improving times of my life.”

It afforded him much amusement to recount how he had to teach the village artisans their various trades. The blacksmith had to be shown how to shoe horses so as to avoid hurting the frog of the foot—the Vicar’s method being observed to this day. The carpenter had to be shown how to use the plane so as to save the tracing. On one occasion, when the clock in the Vicarage-hall had to be re-adjusted, it was with keen delight that he stood on the staircase, with his eyeglass up, and told the man that the clock-bracket was crooked. The man said he had plumbed it and found it correct. “Then all I can say is that your plumb can’t be true.” Such was his power of detecting anything crooked. It was proved that the groove of the plumb-line was not at right angles to the base.

His aviary was a constant source of interest. A south wall, adjoining the house, some thirty yards in length, had been built by Mr. Denison with the intention of making a vinery. This wall was utilised by his successor as a

background for a series of large cages, fronted by iron network and provided with serviceable doors. In the various compartments Mr. Malan kept squirrels, small birds, and larger birds. The central compartment was devoted to the small birds. These comprised chaffinches, greenfinches, goldfinches, bullfinches, linnets, hedge-sparrows, tomtits, larks, yellow-hammers, and bramblings. The combined voices and flutterings of these birds kept up an interminable confusion of warbling and feathered sounds—certainly not musical, but a *concordia discors* eminently suggestive of bird-life. Mr. Malan constructed trap-cages for catching birds, and the supply was constantly increased by local fowlers, notable among whom was worthy John Harrison, who caught birds at night with clap-net and lantern and received twopence a head.

In another compartment were owls, jays, magpies, and a silver pheasant presented by Sir James Shed. This somewhat incongruous assemblage was eventually dissolved under tragic circumstances. One night Mr. Malan's rest was disturbed by a great commotion—loud flutterings, screams from the jays, chattering from the magpies, and the irritable scolding of the silver pheasant. Next morning, when he visited the aviary, there sat one of the owls on its perch, blinking and looking reproachfully at the other with unmoistened eyes—"like Pallas Athene herself!" as he said—"as if the sacred bird seemed to think that its classic antecedents deserved better fare than the tough bones of a Dorset magpie!" The silver pheasant was the sole survivor of that midnight onslaught of the owls.

There succeeded a new colony of peaceful doves, which, originating from a single pair and having free ingress and egress, built their nests in the cedar in the sunk garden, and multiplied to twenty—never exceeding that number owing to the depredations of hawks and cats. Their melodious cooings ever reminded him of Virgil and Theocritus.

The kitchen cat used to lie in wait on the eaves of the aviary, in full view from Mr. Malan's study window. At first

he tried a pea-shooter, but afterwards substituted a catapult, with which he would fire charges of small shot, and rejoice in putting the foe to flight.

Pre-eminent among his indoor sources of relaxation was music. As a performer he never attempted to achieve any great excellence; seeking rather the personal gratification of overcoming the difficulties presented, by his own unaided exertion, than to attain the proficiency of an artist on any instrument. The only lessons he ever took were at Bournemouth, from a lady professor of the violoncello, concerning which he used to say, "the pupil is eighty-one years old, the teacher eighteen." But by the light of nature he mastered the elementary principles of various instruments—piano-forte, violoncello, viola, cornet, French horn, clarionet, flute, and flageolet. He delighted in musical compositions displaying sweetness of melody rather than complexity of execution—his favourite composers being Mozart and Weber. He composed several marches, waltzes, and an anthem, "Unto Him that Loved Us."

His various instruments had their various days. During the "brazen age," when the cornet and French-horn were chiefly in vogue, he resolved to teach his three youngest sons the saxhorn (alto, tenor, bass), that he might enjoy a brass quartette upon the premises. He arranged a selection of marches, waltzes, and popular melodies, copied the scores, bound them in volumes, and trained the embryo musicians. The result was fairly successful—good enough to engage the warm commendation of Bishop Hamilton. On a certain Confirmation visit to Broadwindsor, the Bishop was so pleased with the performance, that he invited Mr. Malan to bring his sons to the Palace, Salisbury. The band had the honour of performing before the Bishop's household, and on the next day the musicians were conveyed to the Rectory at Bemerton (the home of George Herbert), where they played on the lawn, during the festivities of a school-treat.

A passage from one of Mr. Malan's books may here be introduced, indicative of the deep admiration he always felt for the

good Bishop: "But the name of one who was faithful unto death has already been confessed by Christ in Heaven; and the angels know him. He—my dear, and, for more than thirty years, kind and attached friend, the late Bishop of this Diocese—did love his Master. . . . He obeyed God rather than men; for he was far too honest a man to be swayed by worldly motives of any kind. 'I am no courtier,' said he to me one day. Not he; he was no time-server, but rose above that servile office, which he left to meaner men. His thoughts dwelt on higher aims, and thus was he heard repeatedly to say, that if the Athanasian Creed were touched, he would resign his bishopric. . . . During one of his frequent visits to my house, whither he was wont to come, when he could find a day or two, to rest and breathe the fine fresh air of these hills, the conversation happened to turn on matters connected with his Diocese, and, among others, on the marks of favour he longed to give to very many of his clergy. 'I have on my list,' said he, 'more than fifty men in my Diocese whom I should wish to honour if I could, but I can do little or nothing for them.' 'My dear lord,' replied I, 'there is one preferment best worth having, for you, for them, and for me.' 'What is that?' asked the Bishop. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' He then raised his eyes upwards, with an expression I shall never forget, heaved a deep sigh, and said 'Amen.'"

In the ordinary games and recreations of young men, Mr. Malan, owing to the circumstances of his early life, never took part. He never played in a game of cricket or football, nor had any turn for promoting such games in his parish. Nevertheless, he encouraged the school-boys to play marbles, and taught them how to hold the marble so as to deliver it with telling aim. He often joined them in a game, and distributed the "alley-taws" in great quantities at Christmas.

He was also very fond of archery, and acquired considerable skill in accurate shooting. The perfect finish of the arrows

specially pleased him. Often, when fitting an arrow to the string, he would look fondly upon it, while a smile played over his face, and he would exclaim, "Beautiful artillery!" When croquet came into fashion, he found much amusement in the game.

He never went to a theatre in his life, nor to a ball. He never read a novel, nor cared for any book of common light literature. Magazines and reviews for the most part he eschewed, denominating them "trash,"—though he would occasionally peruse an article on some subject in which he was interested. He scanned the *Times* daily, and followed the summaries of parliamentary debate sufficiently to master the general drift of political questions. He read the "Saturday Review" for some years, until he took offence at a certain article, after which he never looked at the paper again. He enjoyed the cartoons in "Judy," caricaturing the Liberal Government. He enjoyed a good ghost story, and professed to regard black cats as uncanny. On one occasion, being anxious to rid himself of a black cat which haunted the Vicarage, he packed the animal in a hamper, securely fastening the lid, and conveyed it in his carriage to a village seven miles away, intending to present the animal to some inhabitant. On arriving at his destination he found the hamper still fastened, but the cat had disappeared.

His workshop was an unfailing source of recreation so long as his sight allowed—the particular line in which he found chief delight being elegant articles of cabinet-work, music stands, and work-boxes inlaid with choice and rare woods. His tools were of the best manufacture, many of them mounted in rosewood handles. These, when he had no further use for them, were presented to one of the village carpenters, Daniel Rowe. The recipient, showing them to a friend, said: "Never seed such tools in all my life! Where ever did master get 'em? There, he never had nothing that didn't cost as much as you could give for it." These tools were finally destroyed when the carpenter's house and shop were burnt down.

Mr. Malan always felt unmitigated disgust for tobacco, despite the fact that his father indulged freely in the use of it. The sons of his second family, when at Oxford, did not share in the same antipathy to the fragrant weed, but in vacation time the taste must needs be indulged with caution, for fear of outraging the paternal aversion. The discovery that his sons smoked was made by the father in the following way. Some ladies were visiting at the Vicarage one afternoon, and expressed a desire to see the work-boxes which had won the admiration of the neighbourhood. Mr. Malan took up a specimen from the table, and opened it to display the lining of pale blue satin. To his inexpressible disgust he found in it a meerschaum pipe, which had hastily been hidden therein and forgotten. The box smelt abominably of stale tobacco-smoke,—and a veil may be drawn over the subsequent issues of the episode. Once, when visiting a farmer, whom he found consoling himself by the fireside with a “churchwarden,” Mr. Malan expressed his objection: the rejoinder was:—“Ah, sir, ’tis a pity when a gentleman comes to your time of life, and hasn’t learnt to smoke.”

Boswell lets us know how Dr. Johnson looked,—what dress he wore, but he apologises for informing his readers that the doctor carried a large oaken stick. For many years Mr. Malan never wore any other headgear than a tall “beaver” hat, set well back at an angle on his head,—except on Sundays, when he marched to church conspicuous in college cap and M.A. gown of black silk. When the tall hat was in vogue, a frock-coat of black cloth invariably accompanied it on his country walks. Not till his sons introduced other fashions of style from Oxford, did he modify the correct rigour of his dress, by adopting a broad “wide-awake” and coats of shorter cut for every-day use. But, however he might be dressed, with his erect hair, massive brow, firm mouth, strong decisive energy of step, the marked individuality of the man was eminently apparent. He had a peculiar way of putting his eye-glass to his eye, and looking intently for a few moments at an object, and then

pronouncing a verdict comprehensive and final, from which he would never swerve.

During the years 1850—1859, Mr. Malan formed a very intimate friendship with the curate in charge of the neighbouring parish of Stoke Abbott, about two miles from Broadwindsor. Mr. F. has supplied some interesting notes of the time.

" . . . In the retirement of a quiet old-fashioned rectory, some question speculative or scientific would occasionally arise, when the first impulse would be to ride over and ask S.C.M. He was always found ready with a solution.

" As a preacher, S.C.M. was always interesting, although F. had not much opportunity of hearing him, having his own duties contemporaneous. But S.C.M., in his kindness, frequently walked over to Stoke, to assist F., who had three full Sunday services. On one occasion—Easter Day—S.C.M. took the sermon, and chose his text, '*Abide with us, for it is toward evening.*' That sermon was long remembered—it dwells in the mind after forty years' lapse—illustrated from his fertile mind, full of Oriental reminiscences, and sympathetic touch with nature, and calm eventide in Palestine.

" As a parish priest, S.C.M. was kind and gentle. As an instance of his tact in dealing with those in sickness or doubt, the following may be taken amongst many other such cases. A leading parishioner, a man of some wealth and local importance, but without much culture, was seriously ill, so much so that his life was in danger. Our good parish priest called upon him—good pastor as he surely was—and at first found him somewhat intractable. But after a little conversation his manner became softened, and then our good parish priest found his opportunity to introduce words of serious import. 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. S., the time must come for us to leave earthly things and those which we value most. We must leave our idols, whether they be *books*, or what not—whatever comes between us and the good God.' '*Books!*' the sick man replied, most contemptuously, as though any one would repine at leaving *books!* I wish I

could convey, by any musical intonation, the consummate contempt expressed in the word '*Books!*' Now if our good pastor had spoken of *money*, or the things which money commands, the sick man would probably have resented this as an impertinence and intrusion. But as our good friend's love of books was well known, he disarmed his parishioner by abasing himself instead of the other. Had he spoken of *Mammon*, he would have roused a spirit which would have rendered the other little susceptible of spiritual influences. But by his prudently debasing himself—thus removing any appearance of Pharisaical taint,—he quelled the antagonistic spirit and won his brother, who happily recovered good dispositions as well as health of body.

" . . . On the occasion of the marriage of one of Bishop Wilberforce's daughters, S.C.M. showed to F. a most beautiful workbox, inlaid with various coloured woods, and beautifully finished inside with satin lining, intended as a gift to the bride.

" . . . It is remembered how, one Whitsuntide Eve, he came down to Stoke to practise a new cornet. He soon attracted towards the garden 'a crowd of gazing rustics ranged around.' His friend F., in his capacity of village pastor, was somewhat disconcerted as the audience increased, their ranks augmented by recruits from the public-house. A spirit of ribald merriment began to show itself, by no means suitable to the eve of a solemn festival, and F. was constrained to put the closure upon the performance.

" . . . With his various gifts and endowments of mind it is somewhat notable that he should add to them a taste for English field sports. He was a good horseman, and, what is still more unusual, he was an expert fly-fisher. This elegant pastime is rarely taken up in middle life. But on an occasion of F. riding up to Broadwindsor equipped for the sport with rod and landing net, S.C.M. said, 'I should like to go with you.' Accordingly a start was made to the Axe at Forde Abbey. S.C.M. was so struck with what he called 'the elegance of the pastime,' that he forthwith wrote

to London for a set of the best tackle—he could scarcely put up with anything except of the best—and he took to the sport, as he did to everything, *con amore*. Notwithstanding his blindness of one eye, and imperfect sight of the other—good sight being a most important condition for successful fly-fishing—he became a most accomplished angler, *Tydides melior patre*, superior to his instructor.

“ . . . At this period our friend S.C.M. gave one of his most interesting and graphic lectures on his Eastern travels—specially Mosul and Nineveh—delivered entirely extempore, if we except a few notes, and illustrated with designs and cartoons executed with his elegant artistic skill.

“ . . . He was such an ardent admirer of England and her institutions, that he had really brought himself to believe that he was an Englishman himself. On one occasion, a curate, who had recently come into the neighbourhood, asked him if he had been long in England? The look of *pity* which S.C.M. gave the querist, was comical in the extreme.

“ Once at a picnic, when he was walking with F. in front of the party, he overheard a lady behind speaking about him, and pronouncing his name in French fashion. Turning to F. with a frown of annoyance he imitated the lady’s expression, and said, ‘*Malan ! Malan !* why on earth can’t she say MALAN !’

“ He had such powers of realism, that imagination on occasions became to him reality. One morning F. was calling upon him in the lovely spring time, when S.C.M. said, ‘I can hear the trout rising at Forde Abbey.’

“ ‘Money ! money !’ I have heard him say in contemptuous terms, ‘money !—dross—filth !’ Yet no one was more alive to the elegancies of life, and these can wealth alone command.”

Meantime the two families of children were growing up side by side. In 1850 the three brothers, William, Charles and Basil were at Ilminster School, under the tutelage of the Rev. John Allen. William, who had always been delicate

from infancy, had grown very tall, was fond of mechanics and architectural drawing, clever at constructing ingenious toys, without much application or taste for ordinary school work. Charles was sturdy and strong, handsome, generous, open-hearted, an ideal boy, of reckless courage and impetuosity. Basil was slight and delicate. Their scholastic career was not without a large measure of anxiety to their father. On leaving Ilminster, William went to St. Peter's College, Radley; where, on one occasion, having sat through a chapel service in wet clothes, he caught a chill, which rapidly developed consumption. He left Radley and went to Helston, Cornwall, where he died in 1853, at the house of the Rev. E. Boger, formerly a master at Ilminster School.

Charles Hamilton Malan, on leaving Ilminster, entered the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. After a successful career there as "B. 60," he was gazetted an ensign in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, and went with his regiment to the Crimea. He was present at the unsuccessful assault of the Redan, June 18th, 1855. His own account ("A Soldier's Experience of God's Love") may well be quoted.

"It was midnight, 17th June, 1855, before Sebastopol. The regiments for the assault were paraded noiselessly in their camps. The writer marched with his to its appointed place in the trenches. The signal was given for attack, and with his regiment he advanced. . . . When the assault was over, a boy, asleep on a camp bed, his body pierced with five bullet holes, and not a bone broken, spoke very plainly of God's great mercy that day to him.

"It was an awful morning! A dreadful scene! One over which devils must have rejoiced, while angels wept. . . . I had regained the trenches, when I met Lord Raglan. I was leaning on the arm of a sergeant of my regiment. He noticed my wounds, spoke very kindly, and asked me how they were getting on at the front. I told him in schoolboy language, 'thrashed!' I did not know at the time who he was, but I was much struck by his kind face, his calm manner, and his empty sleeve. He left the trenches, stood

out in the open for a moment or two, and then spoke somewhat thus to one of his aides-de-camp, 'It's no use; no troops could live under such a fire as this! I never saw anything like it in the Peninsula.' . . . The French assault had failed before ours began, for the French did not wait for the signal. Ours was made, and failed. The attack was meant to be a surprise, and this not having succeeded, further assault was at that stage of the siege useless. . . . No one who has been obliged to lie down on a field of battle, and see what goes on, can doubt that there *is* a devil. Soon after I left the trenches my legs were paralysed for a few moments by a bullet striking my right hip. As I lay on the ground I watched the scene. It was too awful to describe. Human life has sensation enough in it; there is no need of sensational novels or stories.

"But why was it that that assault on Sebastopol failed? Humanly speaking, it was because there were two Russian frigates burning in the harbour all night, which lighted up the whole of the ground in front of their batteries, and enabled them to see our position as clearly as if it were day. They must have seen our columns marching down at midnight to get into position for the attack, and when it was made, they were ready."

Basil Henry Malan, the third of the first family, on leaving Ilminster School went to Harrow, and afterwards to a tutor, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Vicar of Cannington, where he died in 1859.

Once, in after years, when Dr. Malan was reviewing the anxieties connected with the bringing up of six sons, he was vastly amused by a remark of the youngest, who said, "Never mind, father, you weren't as badly off as Ahab, who had seventy sons in Samaria!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BROADWINDSOR, 1845—1855.

Spain—Birds'-eggs—Travels in Italy, Sicily, Malta, Greece—"Seven Churches of Asia"—Mesopotamia—Ur of the Chaldees—Haran—Down the Tigris—Nineveh—Armenia—"Who is God in China?"—Letters from Dr. Legge, Dr. Medhurst, and Mr. Milne—Letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury—Tae-ping-wang's Rebellion—Letter from Mr. Rule—"San-Tsze-King."

MR. MALAN had not long been settled at Broadwindsor, before he began to devote his leisure time to a course of literary labours assuredly unparalleled in the annals of country clergymen. The safety valve, which alone could relieve the unremitting high pressure of nerve tension, was an annual leave of absence. This was never neglected. In the months of August and September he would settle his plans overnight, and start forth next day alone, with bag and umbrella—slipping the chain with quickened impulse, like one of his Newfoundland dogs let loose for a run.

In 1846 he was appointed Rural Dean and Diocesan Inspector of Schools—which appointment he held until 1853. In August he took a holiday in Scotland.

In 1847 he published "A Plain Exposition of the Apostles' Creed" (Hamilton and Adams)—the substance of a course of instruction given to older children and adults; deeming that "among the many publications of the kind, there are some, which, although full of merit, must appear too long or too deep for uncultivated minds; while others, of smaller compass, are, either not explicit enough, or written in a style not always adapted to the understanding of those for whom they were intended."

In the autumn of 1847 he spent ten weeks in Spain, bringing back many beautiful sketches of Vittoria, Madrid, Toledo,

Grenada, Cadiz, Cordova, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona—churches, the Alhambra, mountain passes, etc. On his way home through France he visited M  rindol, and made many studies of the ancestral locality.

In 1848 he published “A Systematic Catalogue of the Eggs of British Birds” (Van Voorst); followed by “A List of British Birds” (Van Voorst), 1849. These, with “Aphorisms on Drawing” (1856) represented the extent of his secular publications. For the rest, the whole scope of his studies was directed entirely towards the cause of the Bible and the Christian Church.

His love of birds led him to make an exceptionally good collection of the eggs of British birds, which he presented to the Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter. Mr. Dallas, curator of the museum, gives the following information about the collection :—

“EXETER, 4th December, 1896.

“The late Dr. Malan’s collection of British birds’ eggs consists of 1,130 specimens of 290 distinct species, including in each case one plaster cast. There are, therefore, comparatively few British species unrepresented. Roughly, to follow Dr. Malan’s now obsolete classification, the collection is composed thus: Rapaces, 45; Insectivor  , 51; Granivor  , 43; Gallin  , Columb  , etc., 24; Grallatores, 27; Pinna-tipedes, etc., 21; Palmipedes, 79.

“ . . . There would appear to be 400 birds, more or less, justly called British, while only about 190 have been known to breed in Britain—hence about 100 of Dr. Malan’s specimens must have been obtained abroad.”

The collection contains two eggs of the golden eagle—one of which he obtained in Scotland. The other egg was laid by a bird in captivity at Geneva.

During the years 1845—1849, four children of the second family were born :—Edith Selina, at Bath, January 30th, 1845; Arthur Noel, at Broadwindsor, June 9th, 1846;

Edward Charles, at Bath, October 16th, 1848; Agnes Emelia, at Bath, November 15th, 1849.

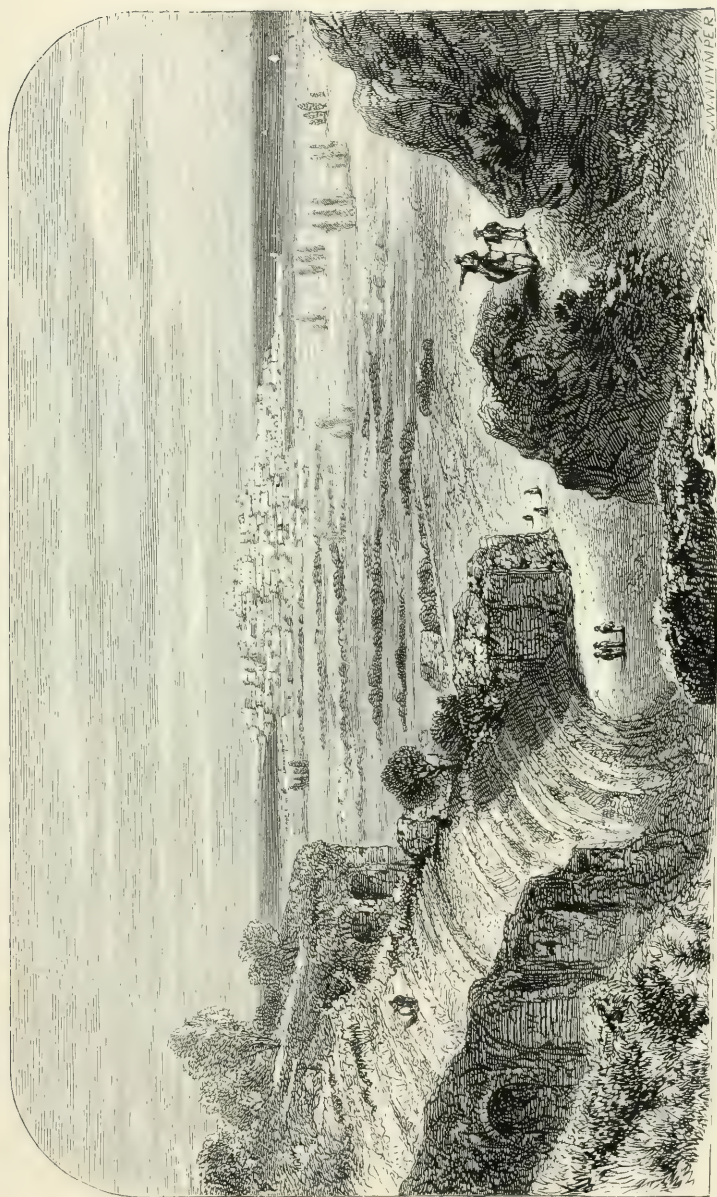
The spirit of unrest, nurtured by constant change of scene and circumstance during the past, was not laid by the tranquil seclusion of a country parson's life. An eagle, caged behind iron bars, may consume the days in unappeased desire to spread his wings in freedom; and analogous sensations incited Mr. Malan, after a few years of comparative repose at Broadwindsor, to obtain from the Bishop a long leave of absence for foreign travel. In July, 1849, impatient of all retarding influence, confiding the parish to the care of two curates, he proceeded to Vichy. A period was devoted to drinking the waters, after which he went on to Italy.

On November 14th he was at Pisa; at Florence on 15th. At Volterræ, Chiuзи (22nd), Siena, Tivoli (18th), he filled many pages of his sketch-book with views of cathedrals, Etruscan tombs, temples, statues and antiquities in the museums. December was spent at Rome, where pencil and brush revelled among the treasures of the Vatican and the historical buildings—the Colosseum, Forum, Arches of Titus and Constantine, temples, etc.

At the beginning of January, 1850, he went on to Naples, and added many beautiful drawings to his collection at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Thence he crossed over to Sicily. Two of his sketches—Palermo, from Mount Pellegrino, and the Grotto of Santa Rosalia—were afterwards reproduced in the *Illustrated London News* for December 1st, 1860.

He visited in turn Marsala, Girghenti, Syracuse—where the famous quarries beguiled his pencil and brush many times—Catania, and Messina. His tour in Sicily ended January 15th, on which day he sailed for Malta, transferring to paper, as a last memento of Sicily, “Mount Etna, 20 miles out.”

The greater part of March was spent in Malta, where he enjoyed the society of Admiral Sir James Stirling and family; and also that of the Adjutant of the R.A., Colonel Forbes, who comments in a letter on Mr. Malan's ability for interpreting character from handwriting.



SYRACUSE.

[To face p. 154.]

A sketch of Cape Matapan from the sea, dated March 27th, 1850, notifies the time of his leaving Malta *en route* for Greece. On the 29th he made a series of rapid outlines of Cerigo, Cape Saint Angelo (Malea), and the coast. He visited Athens and Corinth, and sketched many of the temples, etc. But he did not delay long on those classic shores. It was his desire to visit the Seven Churches of Asia, and his sketches testify to its fulfilment. He landed at Smyrna, and on April 12th he was at Ephesus, on 16th at Laodicea, on 19th at Sardis. At Hierapolis he sketched the



CENCHREA—ISTHMUS OF CORINTH.

theatre under conditions of difficult curvilinear perspective. Once, in after years, when pointing to that sketch he said, with a peculiar sparkle in his eye, "Ah! there is satisfaction in those curves—they are true. I looked hard at the place all the time I was drawing, and let the pencil take care of itself." Colossæ produced the accompanying sketch. May opened with progress further eastwards—Assyria and Armenia, with Nineveh for a goal, being the object of the traveller's ambition. His route is clearly defined by dated sketches. By sea to the Bay of Iskenderoon, catching a distant glimpse of Tarsus on April 28th and 29th, he reached Antioch on May 1st, Aleppo on 4th, thence to Aintab (9th—13th); on 13th, "First View of Mesopotamia;" Bir on the Euphrates 14th, and Oorfa (Ur of the Chaldees)

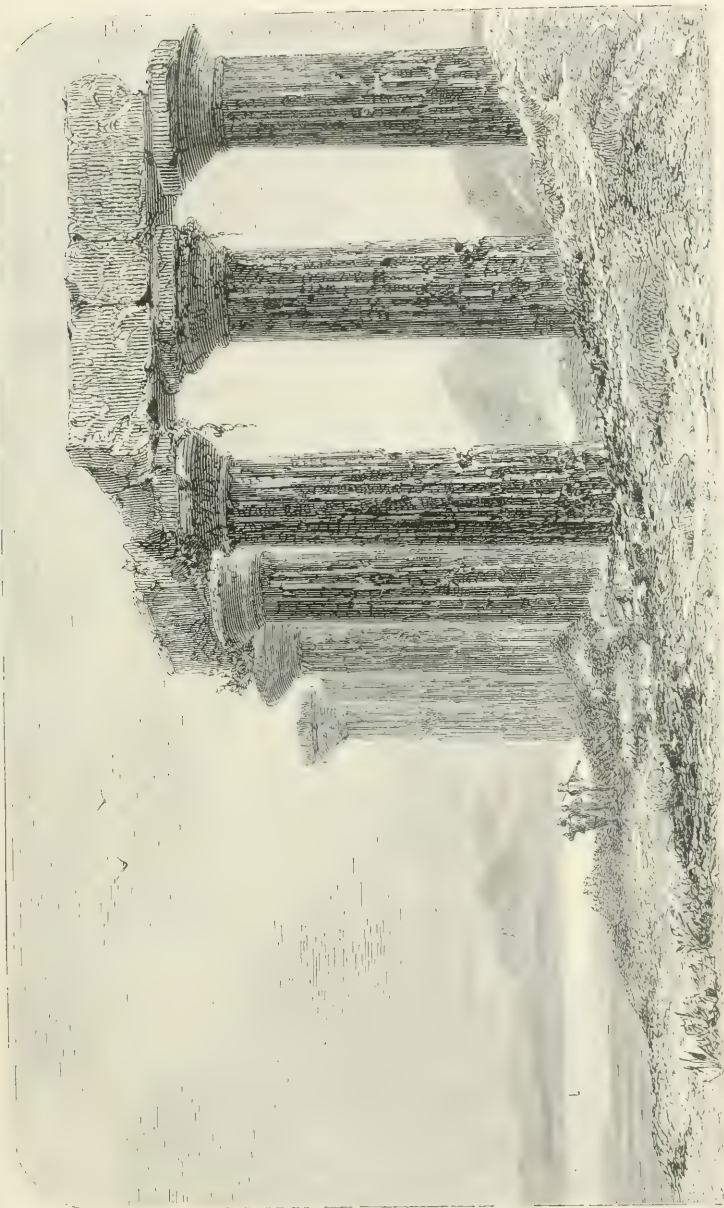
15th. The birth-place of Abraham, tombs, and cave were duly sketched, and on 18th he visited Haran, where pencil and brush were plied with evident enthusiasm. Rebecca's well is portrayed many times from different points of view—groups of women drawing water, flocks of sheep and goats, camels, sheikhs, merchants, Bedouins, women making bread. But over and above the sketches he has left written reminiscences of that interesting locality.



SARDIS.

There is a freshness of originality in his descriptions of the land traversed by Abraham. Concerning Oorfa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees, he says:—

“After a dreary journey of several hours over a barren table-land—the luxuriant foliage of the walnut trees, and the dark green cypresses, which, rising above the city walls, stand like gaunt sentinels around the sacred tank and by the Mosque of Abraham, on the foreground—the city itself as it were embraced by rugged rocks and steep hills on the right and on the left, with its churches, its white minarets, and



CORINTH RUINED TEMPLE.

numerous cupolas, detached from the green plains of Mesopotamia that stretch beyond unto the foot of the blue hills of Mardin—forms a picture only second to the view of Damascus coming from Dara at the foot of Anti-Lebanon. . . . I have visited many places of renown, even the most holy; yet the plains and the hills of the land of the Patriarchs seemed to be of other hues than the rest; the air they breathe is fresher from the East, and they seem to tell in plainer language the truth of their ancient history. But once inside the walls of the town and past the sacred spring, all illusion ceases. I tarried not, therefore, until I reached a high spot within the upper walls, whence I could see, far to the southward, the mound and ruined tower of Haran as a distant landmark on the boundless plain of Padan-Aram. As in travelling in the East I put faith only in the unchanging and unchanged features of the landscape and of the scenery around the sacred spots I visited, and dwelt on that chiefly, I confess that the sight of those plains from the hills of Ur interested me much more than the grated hole in which I was told Abraham was born. I would rather feast my eyes and refresh my mind by studying the peculiar expression and language of the hills and of the plains which I knew Terah and Abraham and Nahor must have trodden, and on which they must have wandered with their flocks, certain as I felt that I then beheld some of the landscape they must have seen; and that it could not be very different from what it was in their time. This, indeed, is the real charm of Eastern travel; for as to the stories you hear, they are a waste of time and a burden to the memory.

“The fish in the tank, however, a pretty kind of cyprinus, with bright orange fins, whether sacred to the memory of Abraham, as Hyde tells us from an Arabic author, or rather, as it appears to me, a remnant of the same heathen worship as that of the fish at Hierapolis, sacred to Atergatis,—were, I found, very much like other fish. Some days a shoal of them would follow me round the tank even if I threw them nothing to eat. . . . At other times I could not evoke them

from their depths with handfuls of peas sold for the purpose. My philosophy availed me nothing; but I found that whether at Ur of the Chaldees or elsewhere, fish will not rise when you like, and that, do what you will, you must abide their pleasure.

“The objects at Oorfa, which I found of far greater interest than either the fish, the Mosque, or Abraham’s Cradle, were ancient sepulchral caves hewn out of the live rock at the back of the hill on which the city is partly built. . . . On one of these I found traces of colour laid on the mortar, with which it was coated after the manner of Etruscan tombs in the neighbourhood of Clusium, or of Greek tombs near Delphi. This may have been Terah’s place of burial; this hollow cave may have re-echoed the rolling of the stone at the entrance, as Terah’s last farewell to the son he buried ere he left this city for the plains of Haran.

“Hence from the hill in which these ancient dwellings of the dead were made, and looking towards Haran, we may follow the course Terah, Abraham, and Nahor took on leaving Ur, and fancy them, their families, and their flocks, wending their way across the plain to the southward, towards the low mound then called, as now, Haran.”

In “Hours with the Bible” (vol. i., p. 316) Dr. Cunningham Geikie says:—“The fullest description of this temporary home of Abraham, which became the permanent centre of the Eastern branch of his race, is given by Mr. Malan” (“Philosophy or Truth?” p. 93). The Rev. W. Deane, in “Abraham: His Life and Times,” also quotes from the same paragraphs. Mr. Malan says:—

“At every step from Oorfa, on the way to Haran, which now lies, as it did of old, at about six hours’ march from Ur, the hills on the right and on the left of the plain recede farther and farther, until you find yourself fairly launched on the desert ocean—a boundless plain, strewed at times with patches of the brightest flowers, at other times with rich and green pastures covered with flocks of sheep and goats



HARAN.

140 feet p. 158.

feeding together, here and there a few camels, and the son or daughter of their owner tending them. One can quite understand how the sons of this open country, '*el-badu*'—the Bedaweens—love it, and cannot leave it; no other soil would suit them. The air is so fresh, the horizon is so far, and man feels so free, that it seems made for those whose life is to roam at pleasure, and who own allegiance to none but to themselves. But by far the chief interest for any one who visits such a land for what the land has to give, is—not to look for Roman spear-heads lost by Crassus, nor yet for the ruined tower of a Christian church, neither for the shrines of Besin, of Bel-Shemein, of Barnemre Tarhato, and other gods of which Jac. Sarugensis speaks, and which are said to exist in the neighbourhood as remnants of 'the gods of Haran;' but the chief interest lies in the association of patriarchal life, among which he finds himself at once.

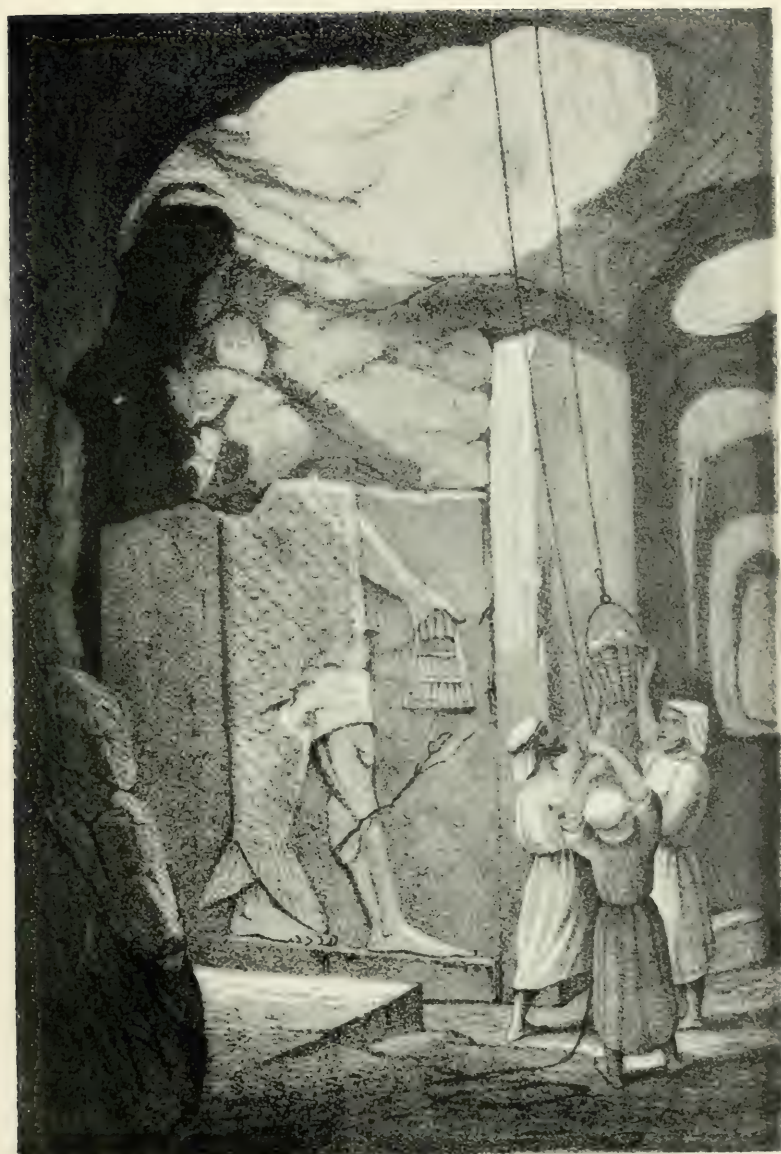
"The village of Haran itself consists of a few conical houses, in shape like beehives, built of stones laid in courses one over the other, without either mud or mortar; these houses let in the light at the top, and are clustered together at the foot of the ruined castle built on the mound, that makes Haran a landmark plainly visible from the whole plain around. The principal inhabitants of the place are the Bedaween tribes, which haunt the neighbourhood in search of pasture. One of their tribes, the Anazeez, had spread their tents of black goats' hair at the foot of the mound, between that and Rebekah's well; and I pitched my tent among them.

"That same day I walked, at even, to the well I had passed in the afternoon coming from Oorfa; the well of this the city of Nahor, 'at the time of the evening, the time that women go out to draw water.' There was a group of them, filling no longer their 'pitchers,'—since the steps down which Rebekah went to fetch water are now blocked up—but filling their water-skins by drawing water at the well's mouth. Everything around that well bears signs of age and of the wear of time; for as it is the only

well of drinkable water there, it is much resorted to. Other wells are only for watering the flocks. There we find the troughs of various height, for camels, for sheep and for goats, for kids and for lambs; there the women wear nose-rings, and bracelets on their arms, some of gold or of silver, and others of brass or even of glass. One of these was seen in the distance bringing to water her flock of fine patriarchal sheep; ere she reached the well, shepherds, more civil than their brethren of Horeb, had filled the troughs with water for her sheep. She was the sheikh's daughter, the 'beautiful and well favoured' Ladheefeh. . . . I went back to my tent; it was beset with visitors, who, with genuine Eastern hospitality, bade me welcome among them, and we soon became friends. I spent several days with them and in the neighbourhood, but chiefly by the well of this 'city of Nahor,' to which Eliezer came for Rebekah and Jacob for Rachel. Among my hosts I noticed especially, one called El-Khalil, a venerable old man, whose likeness I drew several times; for it could only be that of Abraham."

On May 24th he drew the panoramic view of Mount Taurus from beyond the Euphrates, which specially excited Mr. Leader's admiration; and on the 30th he had left the neighbourhood of Oorfa, and had reached Severak. At Dierbekir (June 3rd) he embarked on a voyage down the Tigris, passing Keifa (7th), Jezirah, and reaching Mosul June 9th.

Taking headquarters in the city on the west bank he made daily expeditions (10th—20th) across the river, ferried over by the boatman Abdalla to the site of ancient Nineveh. Mr. Layard was busy at the time superintending the excavations, and he soon found in Mr. Malan a friend whose interest in the operations was profound. Page after page of the sketch book was daily filled. There are the winged lions and bulls as they lay *in situ* or partially excavated, the fish-god and manifold sculptured antiquities at Kooyoonjik and Nimroud, and an excellent portrait of Mr. Layard. A large



THE FISHGOD, KOYOONJIK.

[To face p. 160.]

panoramic view from the walls of Mosul enables the spectator to take in at a glance the full extent of the mounds and ruined relics of ancient Nineveh—from Kooyoonjik, the Mespila of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, on the west, to Nimroud on the east, sixteen miles distant. Mr. Layard conjectures that the "great Nineveh," whose circuit was sixty miles (480 stadia, Diod. Sic.; "a three days' journey," Jonah iii. 3—4), was the quadrangle comprising the ruins on the east bank of the Tigris—the four corners being Nimroud, Kooyoonjik, Khorsabad, and Karamlas, each of these quarters being "Palace Temples" built at different periods—that at Nimroud being the oldest—each surrounded by gardens and parks, each enclosed by fortified walls, and all forming together "the great city, Nineveh."

On June 22nd, Mr. Malan left Mosul, journeying northwards to Zachu, Sert (24th), and Bitlis, where he spent some days making splendid pencil studies of woodland scenes. On July 1st he was by the shores of Lake Van, where "Nimrod's Camels petrified" were transferred to paper. From Aklat, on the Western shore, he proceeded to Erzerum (10th and 11th). Two sketches, dated July 5th and 6th, are more fully inscribed than usual:—"Highlands of Armenia, near the site of Eden—climate heavenly,—tints warm and blue,—the ground covered with flowers, 'relics of Paradise'—with tufts of thorns and thistles." "Highlands of Armenia;—from this plateau the Gihon (Araxes) flows to the Caspian Sea, the Phrat and Hiddekel to the Persian Gulf, and the Pison (Phasis) into the Black Sea." (It is not easy to reconcile this note with the record of Genesis, where the *one* river watering the garden, when traced to its upper regions, reveals four feeding tributaries bearing those names.) A view of "the hills of Pontus" (July 19th) marks his progress to Trebizond (August 6th), after which there is no further light thrown upon his movements by the volumes of sketches.

His arrival at the Vicarage, Broadwindsor, was characterised by the same precipitancy of independence as his departure,—the barking of the Newfoundland dog, late at

night, being the first notification of his return from the far East.

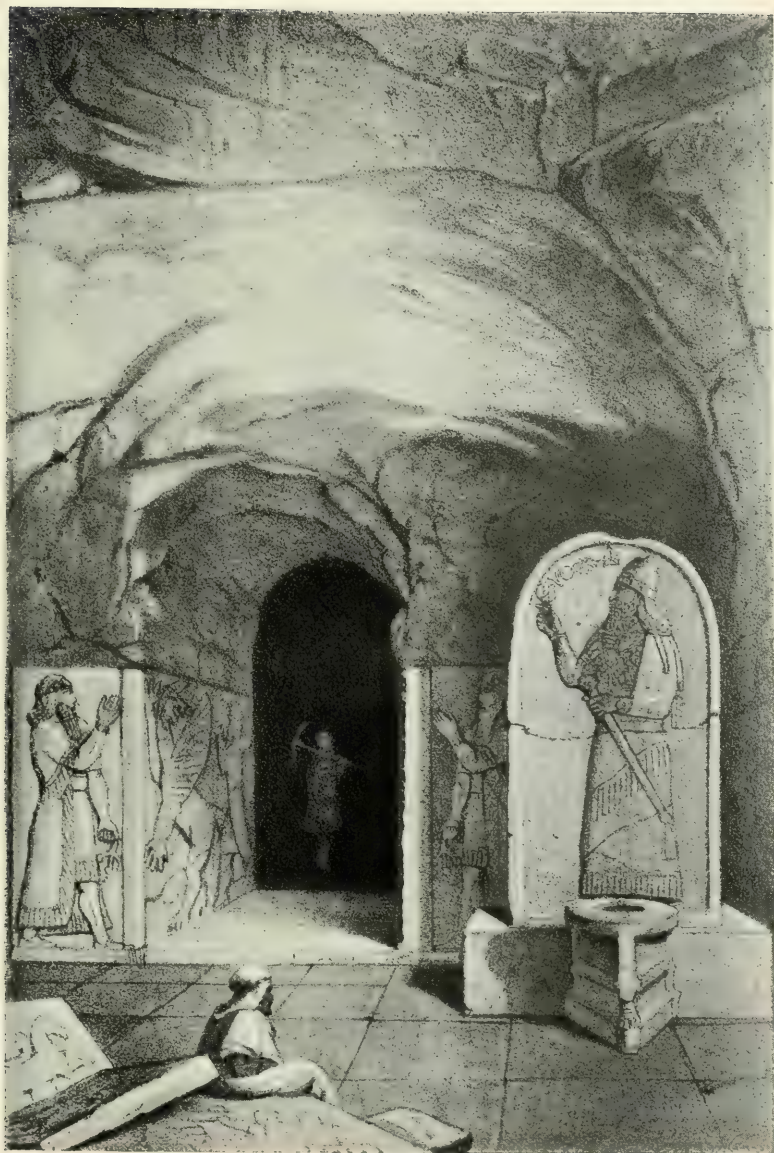
On February 24th, 1851, Mr. Malan started at 2 a.m. and drove from Broadwindsor to Dorchester, the nearest railway station, 24 miles distant, to attend the funeral of his old and valued friend and benefactor, the Rev. the Honorable Gerard Noel, at Romsey. After the funeral he returned to Dorchester on the same day, and reached Broadwindsor at midnight. No wonder that he called his parish "the back of the moon."

In the autumn of that year, the present writer, then a boy of five years, well remembers going into the study for his first Latin lesson. Mr. Malan was an advocate of the "Hamil-tonian system," and the lesson began, "*Deus* God *creavit* created *calum* heaven *et* and *terram* earth *intra* within *sex* six *dies* days." The floor of the room was strewn with half-sheets of extra cream-laid note paper, on which were wonderful specimens of Oriental lettering in black and red. The father was standing at his upright desk penning the mystic characters, the sheets on the floor being those rejected as not up to the standard of his requirements.

He was engaged in preparing a volume, which was afterwards presented to the Bodleian Library, of "Psalms and Prayers," in more than eighty languages and scripts. A more particular notice of it will appear further on. The work was carried on through 1852 into 1853, by which time the pupil had collected a goodly number of the rejected sheets, and had also advanced to an extraordinary sentence in a Greek exercise, which has never been forgotten—" *Peacocks lay windy eggs.*"

This study was the first of three rooms devoted to the purpose at different periods of Mr. Malan's residence at Broadwindsor. It was the central of the three reception rooms on the ground floor, and was afterwards turned into a music room.

No other record breaks the silence of 1852. In 1853 he contented himself with a holiday in the Isle of Wight, making



See p. 160.]

EXCAVATIONS AT KOYOONJIK.

[To face p. 162]

some beautiful sketches of Bonchurch, Quar Abbey, Steephill, Blackgang, Shanklin, etc.

In this year his eldest son, William, died at Helston, Cornwall. A letter to the Rev. J. H. Armstrong is preserved, characteristic of Mr. Malan's irresistible appreciation of fun even in times of sorrow—a taste indulged with this companion of his travels in the Holy Land probably in greater measure than with any other friend.

“ROYAL HOTEL, WEYMOUTH,

“May 5th [1853.]

“MY DEAR ‘WADDY,’

“You certainly did write 5 children; but I thought it was a mistake, and that, having been married ten years in the Emerald Isle, you must have at least 15. I see, however, that you do not find the prospect of such a posterity at all unwelcome; and that you look forward to it with all the joys of a fond parent. That tells well for your paternal disposition. . . . If your ‘heaviest blow,’ my good Paddy, is ‘The Greek Bishops,’ it can’t have hit you very hard at this distance; for they are a long way off. I daresay you were all right. But ‘Quære,’ was it worth losing that delightful top-station in Dublin? You might have kept your own view, stuck by your own principles, and yet kept your place—for after all it did the Greek Bishops no good ‘wot-somnever,’ ‘nor never will.’

“You are clever indeed to have extracted ‘buoyant spirits’ out of my letter! Alas! that ‘baint it ’xactly.’ I am now on my way to the end of Cornwall, where I have a son at the point of death; so that my spirits are rather below their usual pitch, *i.e.*, very, very low. Only hearing from you, it carried me at once to the ‘merry days when we were young,’ and I forgot for a little while my present trouble.

“What makes you think I have run such a smooth course? This side St. George’s Channel, ‘what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison,’ but on the other side, may be, all men have like tastes. I have had, and do now enjoy, many undeserved and great blessings, for which I hope I am

thankful. But, my good friend, I have crosses too, which would not be crosses to others, and which no one knows, or rather appreciates; for the 'heart knoweth its own bitterness,' etc. But, never mind, we are here below only for a very short time: provided we get through it, on our way *straight* home. . . .

"And now, my dear A., farewell. If you write again within a week or so, let it be, pray, to Helston, Cornwall.

"Meanwhile, believe me very sincerely yours,

"S. C. MALAN."

The explanation of the familiar "Waddy" has reference to the former tour in the Holy Land. Mr. Armstrong's knowledge of Arabic was limited, and as the party rode along, he would make frequent use of a question in that language, enquiring the name of the "waddy," or valley, through which they were passing.

The year 1853 supplies one note from Miss Noel's diary. "Solomon Malan came to Crawley September 17th; 23rd, gave Edith lessons in water-colour painting."

In 1855 Mr. Malan published one of his most important works, "WHO IS GOD IN CHINA, SHIN OR SHANG-TE?" (Bagster). (Remarks on the etymology of Elohim and Theos, and on the rendering of those terms into Chinese.) A question not only of profound philological interest, but also of momentous doctrinal importance, had long been under discussion both at home and abroad, relating to the proper word for GOD in Chinese, to be adopted in Bible translations and missionary instruction in that language. Three words were under dispute, *T'hecn*, *Shin*, and *Shang-Te*; and notably the two last. The controversy was waged with a fervour of antagonism worthy of a great cause. On one side the supporters of *Shin* boasted 55 Protestant missionaries in China, while the supporters of *Shang-Te* could only count 19 of that class. The American Bible Society cast in their lot with the advocates of *Shin*. A "Review of the Controversy," by a life member of the Bible Society, appeared,

calling upon all friends of China and the contributors to the beneficent scheme of giving one million New Testaments to China, to bring pressure upon the British and Foreign Bible Society to adopt the title *Shin* for God in their translation.

That “Review” roused Mr. Malan to consider the solemn and difficult subject. He came forward, as it has been said, “in the spirit of Elihu modestly, but with a consciousness, to which he is well entitled, of being able to speak to the purpose, and with the hope of doing something towards allaying this Ephesian hubbub.”

Mr. Malan states how he once bought at the depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a beautifully-printed copy of the first part of the New Testament in Chinese, in which the translators had originally left *blanks* where the words for *Theos* and *Pneuma* had to be rendered. These blanks had been filled in by the Shanghai Corresponding Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. “The words *Theos* and *Pneuma*, *God* and *Spirit*,” he writes, “printed on the face of the book, and at once suggestive of goodness and peace, induced us to hope that, ere this, their influence had allayed the waves of controversy, which had ‘ragged horribly’ for years between the champions of *Shin* and the worshippers of *Shang-Te*. We hailed, therefore, our purchase as a messenger of peace; and we carried it home as a pledge of better days. But the dove, alas! has returned without an olive leaf. And the flag of truce, waved in token of goodwill, has just been fired upon, though happily not hit, by a small battery on land, in the shape of an anonymous pamphlet (‘Review of the Controversy’)—a signal to the knights of *Shin* once more to enter the ring. . . . For as yet there is no peace among the belligerents. The two rival armies are still in battle array against each other.”

Mr. Malan quotes two Arabic proverbs, “‘Two hearts in one might rend a mountain,’ but they still prefer, ‘to be two captains, and to sink their ship!’” As it was in Ceylon some years ago, when the key-note of discord among the Christians in the island was, ‘Are you for *Deviyan* (Eloah)

or for *Deviyanwahansé* (Elohim)? so also at present in China, not only do the preachers of the 'gospel of peace' strive among themselves, but, may be, one of their flock, a good 'Christian' boatman, who plies across the Yang-tsze-keang, or in the harbour of Canton, may think fit, after taking his fare, first to enquire if you be for *Shin* or for *Shang-Te*, ere he consents to spare your life and to land you safe on shore."

Analysing Mr. Malan's treatment of the question, a writer in the "Clerical Journal," July, 1855, succinctly exhibits the course of his argument as follows:—

"The object in translating is to convey as nearly as possible into the new language the exact ideas of the original. This requires, first that the force of the original word should be well ascertained, and then that the most appropriate term for it should be sought for in the language which is to receive the translation. But in the case of the 'heathen who know not God,' there can be no words in their language which themselves convey to their minds an adequate notion of the God of Revelation, or which correspond to the several Divine names in the Bible. We must therefore ascertain how near their own conceptions come to the true idea, and what term they have which is most appropriate for expressing it. This term must then be *raised* by means of teaching above its former acceptations, till it denotes to them the one true God. This was the course pursued by the Apostles. St. Paul, for instance, at Athens, knew indeed that the people were in possession of a word which in itself was adequate, the same, in fact, which had been used in Scripture for the Deity, and which had in most ancient times *been appropriated* to the one true God; but he knew that it conveyed to the Greeks that idea no longer. They spoke of *θεός*, but they knew not what they worshipped; and, taking their knowledge as he finds it, the Apostle avails himself of an altar *ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ* erected to a God whom they worshipped in ignorance, to bring them round, and that by means of their own distinguished writers, to the understand-

ing and worship of Him to whom alone, as ὁ θεὸς ὁ ποιήσας τὸν κόσμον, that worship and that word belonged.

“The case with the Chinese is different only in degree; any term at present used by them to express the Divine names of Scripture must be *inadequate*; but we must seek for that which is most *appropriate*, and on this as a basis establish the true idea of God. It is no objection to such a name that it has been *given to an idol*.

“There is nothing” (says Mr. Malan) “inherent in the words Baal, Jove, Jupiter, Shang-Te, which are all expressions of the highest respect and reverence for the unknown God, ignorantly worshipped, to make it imperative that those names should ‘perish out of the earth.’ Their images, yes! the degrading rites of their impious worship, by which the earth has been defiled, yes! the legends of their fabulous deeds, yes!—let them perish to all eternity, that the name of ‘God who is blessed for ever’ be alone exalted in the earth. But those names are in themselves pure. . . .

“The Apostles might have introduced the foreign word, Jehovah, or borrowed the name, Ζεὺς; but as they wrote not only for Greeks, but for all who used the Greek language, they adopted the word θεός already used in the Septuagint—the God of the Greek-speaking world. In so doing they followed the practice of all the ancient versions—the Targums, Samaritan, the Peshito-Syriac, the Arabic, the Egyptian, the Ethiopic, the Armenian, the Georgian, the Gothic, the Slavonic, all adopted for *God* the term in use at the place and time at which the translation was made.”

The question to be determined then is, what word in Chinese will best express the idea of θεός. Mr. Malan, in a most learned and exhaustive dissertation, examines into the derivation of, and ideas expressed by, θεός; after which he states and amply illustrates the meaning of the three words, *T'heen*, *Shin*, *Shang-Te*, as they are used in Chinese classical writings.

T'heen, the word for Heaven, is used as the *abode* of a supreme and intelligent power; it could only be used as

Christians speak of *Heaven* and *Nature* as meaning *God*. But Confucius and the Chinese agree in regarding it only as the *abode* of their Supreme Deity.

The meaning of *Shin* is copiously illustrated from authentic records, and shown to be a generic word for *spirits* of all sorts—like the Roman *genii* or the Greek *Dæmons*. *Shin* is a collective term, answering to τὸ δαιμόνιον; and it is not scriptural or desirable to express the name of God by any term which confines the thoughts to this idea.

Mr. Malan then proceeds to assert that “the Chinese, like every other nation under heaven, have worshipped one personal God as supreme over all. Already, in the days of Yaou, 2,300 years before Christ, SHANG-TE had long been adored as alone supreme over all things in heaven and earth. His immediate attendants are five heavenly chiefs, who are set over the presidents of heaven, earth, and sea. These latter range in the world of Shin, as spirits of air, souls departed, and spirits of or under the earth. But over all these is SHANG-TE. One *Te*, i.e., ruler, is *Shang*, supreme. He is Shang-Te, ‘the Majesty of the unseen Lord and God of heaven!’”

By copious citations from ancient Chinese authorities, Mr. Malan establishes his conviction that Shang-Te is the most appropriate word to convey to the Chinese the idea of God.

“Whatever may be thought,” says the “Clerical Review,” “respecting Mr. Malan’s arguments . . . we are sure that no one will dispute the soundness of his method of treating the subject, and no one who takes an interest in the subject itself will fail to give to this treatise his serious attention.”

Many other reviews drew attention to the profound learning displayed in the volume. One (“Freemason’s Monthly Magazine”) remarks:—“The astonishing research which the author brings to the support of his position—Syriac, Chinese, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin authors—shows him a perfect ‘helluo librorum,’ buried, like a second Hooker, where all our greatest writers lie unnoticed, yet not inactive, in the wastes of clownish ignorance and the Siberia of rustic seclusion!”

In Mr. Malan's own copy of his book lie treasured several letters from eminent authorities commenting upon his work. As to the serious effects of disagreement upon the success of missionary work in China, Dr. Legge, of Hong Kong (now Professor of Chinese at Oxford) wrote in the "Evangelical Magazine :"—

"Americans, for the most part, are advocates of SHIN for God, while English and German missionaries are all united for SHANG-TE ; but at Amoy, brethren from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from the London Missionary Society, and from the English Presbyterian Church, all have called the people to believe in one SHANG-TE, and to seek the renewing influences of one Holy SHIN. . . . There can be no doubt that the controversy has seriously interfered with success—that the differences continuing do seriously interfere with it. Greatly shall we rejoice if Mr. Malan's book shall prove like the tree which was cast into the waters of Marah and cured them of their bitterness."

Dr. Legge also wrote the following letter to Mr. Malan :—

"HONG KONG, August 9th, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I venture, though a stranger, to address a few lines to you, and thank you for your work, 'Who is God in China, Shin or Shang-Te?' A copy of it was forwarded to me from London by the last mail, and I have read it with much gratification. Four years ago the question engaged much of my attention, and I wrote two small works upon it, and one of larger compass, a copy of which I have requested to be sent to you. May I beg your acceptance of it? The conclusions at which I arrive are the same, for the most part, as your own, and the processes of reasoning frequently agree.

"I would hope that we are moving towards peace and accord, here in China, after all our vehement disagreements. For three years past there has been no fresh publishing on the question. Through the good offices of the Bishop of Victoria, English missionaries, with perhaps one or two

exceptions, are all united for *Shang-Te*. Some Americans have adopted their views, and the numbers in favour of the two terms are equally balanced at least. My opinion is that those in favour of *Shang-Te* preponderate. All English and German missionaries, again, with their American allies, are cordially agreed in the use of *Shin* for *Spirit*, while there is much difference in the American camp as to the character to substitute for this. . . . Your work, I am sure, will do not a little towards effecting a happy union. . . .

“I am, my dear sir, with much esteem,

“Yours sincerely,

“JAMES LEGGE.

“P.S.—You are prepared to find some of your translations from Chinese objected to; but where you have erred the error does not affect the meaning of the important terms, SHIN and SHANG-TE.”

Letter from the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, to whom he had written when feeling his way towards settling the question:—

“SHANGHAI, March 6th, 1855.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Yours of December has been received. I will try and send you a few pamphlets on the *Shin* and *Shang-Te* question, and a portion of a Mandchu manual, by an early opportunity. You are right in your estimate of *Shin*; we have long decided on rejecting it for *God*, and retaining it for *Spirit*. All the English and German missionaries nearly are at one on the subject. The Americans, and not all of them, still hold out for *Shin* as the generic for *God*. In argument I think the latter are fairly beaten, but the obstinacy of the human mind will not allow men to give up a long-cherished opinion, as long as there is the shadow of a reason to hold on by. The English Bible and Missionary Societies have coincided with us in opinion, and the recent resolution to issue a million New Testaments with *Shang-Te* used throughout for *God*, and *Shin* for *Spirit*, will go well-nigh to defeat the object of our opponents to get up a *usus loquendi* in favour

of their terms. For my own part, I am sick and tired of the controversy, and do not think it worth while to enter upon it any more. Much more interesting and important work calls for our attention, in spreading Divine truth through this populous empire by means of books and the living voice.

“Within the last fortnight Shanghai has been retaken by the Imperialists, which, though accompanied by a variety of cruelties and bloodthirsty revenge, has still opened up for us missionaries a wider field for circulating Divine truth. Our two chapels in Shanghai are now daily occupied by ardent preachers addressing listening crowds, who cannot fail to carry away with them some impression of the beauties of the Gospel system and the deformities of idolatry. Applicants are increasing who desire admission into the Christian Church, and the Word of God is having free course and being glorified.

“In addition to this the surrounding country is opened to a wide extent for the diffusion of the Gospel by means of itinerating missionaries. We only wait for and earnestly supplicate the outpouring of God’s Holy Spirit, in order to make the Word effectual. . . .

“Yours truly,

“W. H. MEDHURST.”

Portion of another letter from the same correspondent, dated September 7th, 1855:—

“... Your work, entitled ‘Who is God in China?’ I have not seen. I shall be obliged to you for a copy. I have requested my bookseller, Mr. Snow, Paternoster Row, to procure one for me, if your gift does not come. Dr. Legge speaks very highly of it, which is very much in its favour. He says it will do much to end the controversy which has so long vexed and divided the missionaries. If you were to send a copy to Milne, now in England, to be heard of at Blomfield Street, Finsbury, no doubt he would review it, as he is well acquainted with the controversy.

“I paid the other day a visit to my son, the consul at

Foochow, when he told me he had sent you a small box, containing Chinese paper, pencils, etc. So there will be no necessity for me to do the same.

“I need not send you the insurgents’ New Testament, as it is word for word the same as Gutzlaff’s, which you can obtain from the Chinese Evangelization Society. I have only two of the ‘San-tsze King;’ I send you one. It has the seal of Tae-ping Wang on the first page. He directed it to be printed under his authority.

“Yours very truly,

“W. H. MEDHURST.”

From the Rev. W. C. Milne, of the London Missionary Society:—

“7, ALFRED PLACE, ALEXANDER SQUARE,
“BROMPTON,

“February 18th, 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Forgive me that I have so long delayed replying to your last, but I have been so much occupied that it has been quite out of my power to address you.

“Touching your work on *Shin* or *Shang-Te*, I cannot give due expression to my admiration of the book. What I say, I say without disguise and without flattery.

“It is a masterly production; and cannot but, in my judgment, tend to decide the question on this side of the water. For my part, my dear sir, I thank you with all my heart for this service you have done—not to the cause of the term *Shang-Te* only, but to the cause of God in China.

“Whenever I am aware of missionaries going to China, new and inexperienced, of any and every Society, I will make it a point to urge on them the value and importance of each purchasing a copy of your valuable work. I have already recommended the Secretary of the China Evangelization Society to present every agent with a copy of the work, at least every new agent they may send out. This is my recommendation; and I hope, though their funds be low, they will be able to give this donum to their novice missionaries.

“ I know not how it may meet with your views, but I have one proposal to make to you.

“ Since my return I have been favoured by the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society with a ticket for the year—giving me admission to their fortnightly meetings.

“ At the last two meetings, a long, prosy, and tedious paper has been read (not by the writer himself, who is not a member and has never been at the meetings, but by Prof. Wilson)—professing to give a view of the ‘Theology of the Chinese,’ but aiming at and concluding with, a blow at *Shang-Te*, as used by the majority of Europeans for the term *θεός*.

“ The author of the paper is the Rev. Mr. McLutkin, who, you know, acted with Mr. Tomlin in drawing up the pamphlet on which you have dealt some just and fatal blows. He was, and, I regret to say, still is, an inveterate advocate of the *Shin* side.

“ Of course in such a place as the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, where I was a mere visitor, I had no voice and sought no utterance.

“ But, as the paper is to be published in the transactions of that Society—what say you to your presenting a copy of your work to that Society?

“ Do so, with a note from yourself to the secretary, and, if I may be permitted, (to ascertain which I will in person call on the secretary before their next meeting,) I will write a note also requesting it to be read at that meeting; or obtain permission to make a short speech on the presentation of the book. The next meeting is March 1st.

“ My dear sir, do as you think best in the matter. And, meantime, believe me,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ WILLIAM C. MILNE.”

Portion of a letter from Dr. Legge:—

“ HONG KONG, *February 5th*, 1856.

“ . . . Parties continue in the mission field divided on the question, ‘Who is God in China?’ much as they were.

Several of the Americans, however, are wavering in their adhesion to *Shin*. I read to one in Canton, a few months ago, your remark that you could not conceive how it was possible (with a competent knowledge of the languages concerned) to arrive at their conclusion. He seemed to admit that the best of the argument was with us, but rather pooh-poohed the subject as of small importance. This is the way with a good many of the younger men among them. They *rather guess* that their seniors are wrong, but are not prepared to take an independent course of their own. What you say is too true—that many come into the mission field unfurnished for the work before them, and incapable of that mental application to the study of the language which is absolutely necessary in order to constitute one a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. In the meantime, while the *Shin* men are doing little in preaching, and some of them are fagging away upon a new version of the Scriptures, of which the parts that I have seen are in the style of the ‘old paths’—equally rugged and unintelligible; the New Testament in the Shanghai version is going abroad far and wide through the country, accompanied largely with the preaching of the Gospel. Churches of Chinese are being gathered, many of whose members are characterised by an appreciation of the truth and an energy of character which lead me to hope that, ere the end of the present century, Christianity will have gained a positive footing in this empire.”

In another letter, Dr. Medhurst, while criticising sharply the defects he recognises in Mr. Malan’s book, bestows unqualified approval of its value; as the work of an original thinker, independent and unbiassed; because, “soaring above the regions of controversy,” and absolutely unacquainted with pre-existent published views of the question, he brings to bear upon it the simple results of his own deep research and scholarly labour.

It is interesting to hear such an authority laying stress

upon a point which is characteristic of all Mr. Malan's writings, namely the absolute independence with which he invariably treats his subject, scorning "second-hand" scholarship, following in the wake of no modern authority, basing his treatment on original research and the conviction of his individual judgment.

"SHANGHAI, June 30th, 1856.

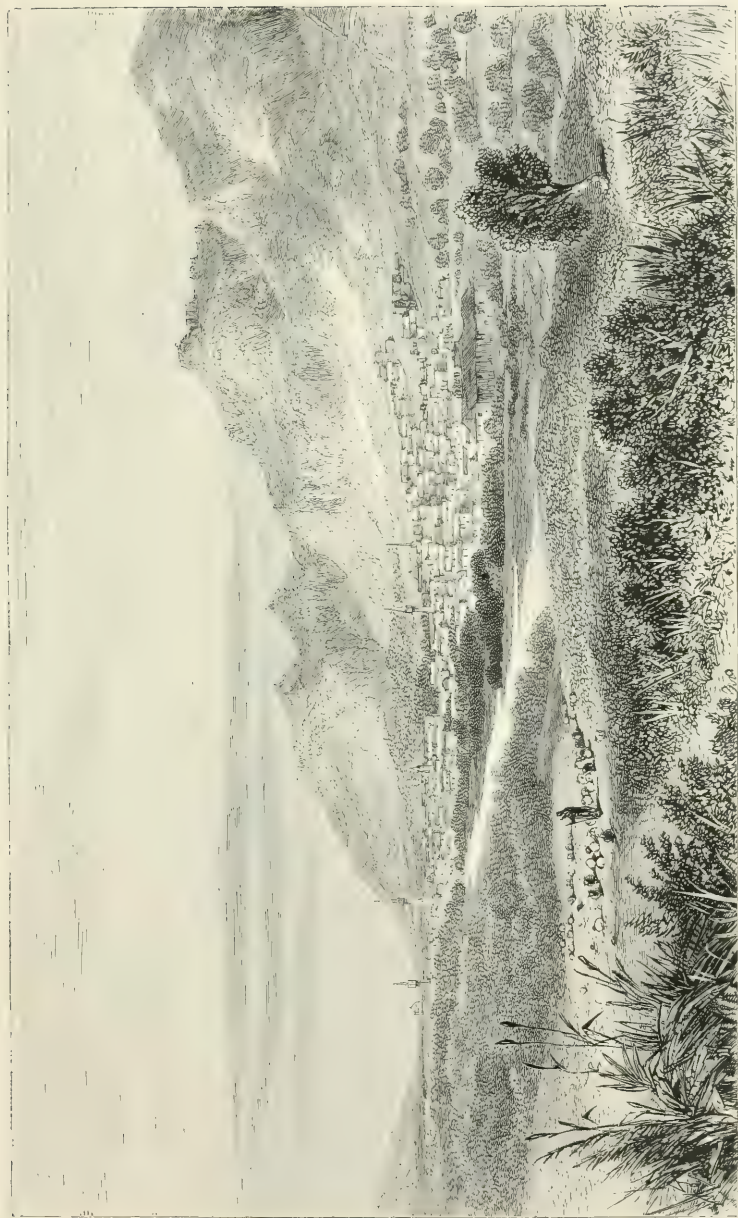
"MY DEAR SIR,

"Only four days ago I obtained a sight of your book, through the kindness of a friend, who lent me his copy. I have read it through.

"You will first allow me to point out a few of the defects which the book contains, and first, its frequent repetitions. . . . Secondly, the reflections cast upon our adversaries. It is true you were provoked by the author of the pamphlet '*Shin v. Shang-Te*' setting up conscience in opposition to scholarship—it is true also that numbers of those who go to swell the majority in favour of *Shin* have no scholarship. . . . Yet it does no good to taunt them with it. . . . Your remarks may be substantially correct, but they are calculated to irritate, and the mind when irritated is insensible to conviction. Thirdly, you are as a controversialist too incautious. You lay yourself open to the animadversions of your adversary too frequently and unnecessarily. Thus you say at p. 129, '*θεὸς* a god became '*Ὁ θεὸς*, emphatically, the ONLY TRUE GOD of the Bible.' Dr. Boone will jump when he reads these words, and say, 'that is just what we want to do in Chinese—to take *Shin*, a god, and make it the only true God of the Bible. In so doing we follow the example of the Apostles, and following such an example we are safe.' I should not wonder if Boone does not rise from the perusal of your pamphlet with a considerable amount of self-satisfaction, exclaiming, 'After all that has been said and written, nothing has confirmed me so much in the use of *Shin* as Mr. Malan's book!' For at pp. 284 and 292 you say that *Shin* means *Deity*. This is just what Boone has been striving to prove. He does not care how

low the term goes, even to the presiding genius of the cloacæ, if you will only grant that it means Deity as well. I suppose you would differ with him as to the meaning of *Deity*. It is true that Johnson and Walker call Deity in the concrete ‘a fabulous god,’ but Webster assigns to it the meaning of ‘God, the Supreme Being.’ In the latter sense, however, it must have the article before it—which the Chinese does not possess. . . . But I have rated you enough. One great value of the opinion you have formed, is, that it seems to have been arrived at without your having seen or read the principal pamphlets on either side of the subject. It is therefore an unbiassed independent opinion, and the argument you have constructed *sui generis*. You do not appear to have read my ‘Theology of the Chinese,’ enquiring into the proper mode of rendering the word ‘*God*,’ ‘Reply to the Plain Questions of a Brother Missionary,’ the ‘True Meaning of the Word *Shin*,’ . . . and ‘Reply to the Essay of Dr. Boone,’ etc. Neither do you seem to have fallen in with Dr. Boone’s essay, nor his defence of said essay; still less with Dr. Legge’s ‘Argument in Favour of *Shang-Te*,’ ‘Letters on the Rendering of the Word *God*,’ nor his ‘Notions of the Chinese regarding God and Spirit.’ I suppose that you had not seen any of these when you issued your book, because you make no allusion to them, and carry on the argument as if entirely ignorant of their existence. On that account I deem your book the more valuable; though, had you seen the pamphlets on both sides, you would not have laid yourself open, as in many places you have done. In fact you seem to soar above the regions of controversy; having so much new and interesting matter on the subject you need not trouble yourself with what others have written, nor your readers be under the apprehension that your book is a mere echo of what others have dealt out on the same topic.

“The suggestion was frequently made at our translating board, ‘how would this sound if rendered back into Greek?’—little dreaming that you would be adopting that very method to show the superiority of our version to that of Morrison.



ANTIOCH ON THE ORONTES.

See p. 155.]

[To face p. 176.

Your attempt is a very successful one, and the re-translating by τὸ λαλεῖν and not by ὁ λόγος is a hit home.

“ . . . Talking of ‘improving the Chinese language,’ you have stood up well, as in p. 271 and elsewhere, for maintaining the Chinese language in its purity. Dr. Boone is always talking of taking *Shin* and establishing a *usus loquendi* for it by our practice:—granting that it does not mean all we wish and want, by perpetually using it in a certain sense we shall, in the course of time, bring them to understand it. Insane attempt! As if we could beat the Chinese out of their *usus loquendi* by our feeble attempts to establish one of our own! It was on this account to him a bitter pill, when the Bible Society passed a resolution to issue a million copies of the New Testament with *Shang-Te*, because that would carry the *usus loquendi* the other way. . . .

“ Yours very truly,

“ W. H. MEDHURST.”

Impressed with the conviction that he had established on solid ground the correct rendering of the word for GOD in Chinese, and acting upon the suggestion of Dr. Milne, Mr. Malan wrote to the British and Foreign Bible Society, offering to supply, at cost price, copies of his book for distribution among their agents and missionaries in China.

The following letter was received in reply from the Rev. W. Mellor, Foreign Editor of the Society:—

“ WOODBRIDGE RECTORY,

“ April 26th, 1856.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have to inform you that the Committee did not feel that they would be justified in purchasing any copies of your publication, as this can hardly be regarded as a defence of any principle adopted by the Bible Society. . . . In the difficult controversy which has for some time engaged the missionaries in China, the Committee of the Bible Society have forbore to pronounce any decision as to the merits of one view or the other, considering that they must

be far less competent to form a judgment than missionaries resident in the country ; and they have therefore aimed at holding the neutral ground of being ready to aid the publication of the Word of God, with either one term or the other, as any adequate number of English missionaries might apply for such aid, supported by the societies with which they are connected."

Mr. Malan was so astonished by this expressed laxity of principle on a vital point of the highest importance, that he addressed a letter on the subject to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The letter began as follows :—

"MY LORD,—I take the liberty of addressing you—the PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY—on a subject of importance connected with that Society, and relating to China. I wish to draw your lordship's attention to a matter of far greater moment than bales of silk, or chests of the fragrant leaf from the Bo-hea hills, though it be about the Middle Kingdom. I come to plead the cause of the CHINESE VERSION OF THE BIBLE."

He proceeds to explain his introduction to "the long and weary fight" over the relative claims of SHIN and SHANG-TE ; the inability of the Bible Society to decide between them ; their referring the question to missionaries in China, and being beset in reply with a conflict of rival claims on either side.

Mr. Malan upbraids the Society for continuing any longer in indecision. He insists that the question is settled in a manner that challenges refutation ; that the Bible Society should decide between giving the Chinese a Personal God or a "collective Deity ;" and not appear ready to uphold either, indifferent whether the Chinese worship the God of Christians, or continue Pantheists or Polytheists. He blames the Society for appearing "willing with the same hand to scatter food or poison indiscriminately ;" publishing

a million copies of the New Testament with SHANG-TE, and portions of it (according to Dr. Morrison's version) which render GOD by SHIN—"a spirit emanating from the sun, and one with their own animal spirits!" For thus they seem "ready to uphold and to distribute two contradictory versions in the same language—one that teaches the truth that 'GOD is Spirit;' and the other, that proclaims the falsehood, that 'Spirit is God.'

"I well remember the late respected Secretary of the Bible Society, the Rev. Mr. Brandram, saying to me, while showing me over the warehouse of the Society: 'We are neither learned nor literary men here; we print books and circulate them;' and I recollect being struck at the time with, to my mind, the strange incongruity between such an admission on his part and the heavy responsibility that rests on the Society as a BIBLE Society; not, indeed, set apart, but self-established for the diffusion of the Word of God; since, unquestionably, the responsibility of the Society, which is none the less for being taken in hand *proprio motu*, lies not in the number of copies, printed, sold, or distributed, but rather in the quality of those copies; in the faithful manner in which the Word of God is transmitted through them."

Mr. Malan, in the course of his letter, presses a similar indictment with reference to the Mongolian translation of the New Testament published by the same Society. Here, again, the choice lay between two terms for rendering the word GOD:—*Tegri* (a word of pure Tatar origin, and in use for *God* previously to the introduction of Buddhism into Mongolia); and *Burchan* (the word used for *Buddha* in classic Mongolian literature). The Society chose the latter word—a course disapproved by Mr. Malan.

"In all versions, except the Mongolian, intended for Buddhist countries, the translators have adopted the least objectionable term for GOD, in order to avoid the chance of connecting in any way the idea of the God of the Bible with 'the God' of the Buddhists—that is Buddha himself.

. . . It is impossible to read a page of a Buddhist book without loathing the very thought that a term used to designate Buddha should be applied to our GOD. Not so, however, with either *Swayambhur-Bhagavan* in archaic Indian lore, or with SHANG-TE in the oldest works in Chinese. The ideas conveyed to Brahmans and to Chinese by their respective terms may well be modified, or otherwise rectified, by Christian teaching to convey an idea of the GOD of the Bible. SHANG-TE, for instance, is one and the same from everlasting; his seat is in heaven, from whence he looks upon the affairs of men. He appoints emperors and deposes them; he rewards and punishes; he commands and enforces obedience; in a word, he does upon the earth what he pleases—always for good. And as regards the self-existent and worshipful being of Brahmanical faith, we read of him repeatedly in Indian classics, as for instance in this passage of the ‘Laws of Manu,’ ch. I., written B.C., cir. 1200.

“‘This universe was as yet in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, indiscernible, as if it were altogether asleep.’

“‘Then He who exists by Himself (*Swayambhur-Bhagavan*) the Most High, who is Himself imperceptible, He made this universe, composed of great elements, perceptible. He, the Almighty, showed Himself and dispelled the gloom.’

“Whereas the Buddhist legends and absurd stories told of Buddha are of a very different nature. And the bare fact of a ‘succession of Buddhas’ is alone sufficient to render such a term as *Burchan*, applied to Buddha only, an unfit equivalent for the GOD we worship.”

About this time Mr. Malan was asked by the British and Foreign Bible Society to carry through the press for them an edition of the New Testament in modern Armenian. In his own words:—“I declined the offer, because I could not conscientiously co-operate with men who avow no fixed principle in their versions of the WORD OF GOD, and who seem to look more to the number than to the truthfulness of the copies published.”

In a communication addressed to the present writer, Professor Legge alludes to Mr. Malan's volume as follows:—

“ . . . Among the Protestant missionaries in China and Hong Kong there grew up a difficult and important controversy on the characters to be employed in the Chinese version of the Scriptures for the words *God* and *Spirit*. I came myself to take a considerable part in it after 1850. Meanwhile Mr. Malan had returned to England in 1840, and become a member of Balliol College, but our controversy was of a nature to attract his attention and engage his sympathies. Though he became Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, in 1845, he watched from there the progress of the controversy, and made himself well acquainted with its varying phases. The chief controversialists for some years were the Rev. Dr. Medhurst, of the London Missionary Society, and Bishop Boone, of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission; the former contending for the use of the Chinese term *Shin* for *Spirit*, and a modification of *Te* for *God*; the latter advocating *Shin* for *God* and *Ling* for *Spirit*.

“ No one of us knew that a great scholar in England was studying profoundly the merits of the question. I remember our astonishment when, in 1855, there came to us from England a good-sized octavo volume, bearing the title of ‘Who is God in China, *Shin* or *Shang-Te*?’ The books fell like bomb-shells into our separate camps. If the author were not equal to several of us in his knowledge of Chinese literature, he showed a fairly good acquaintance with it; and, out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of his learning, from the Greek and Latin classics, from the various Semitic languages, from Sanskrit and other Indian works, he brought an amount of illustration to bear on the discussion, which mightily cheered the advocates of *Shang-Te*, as the name of the Supreme God, and of *Shin* as the representation in Chinese of Spirit. His book, I believe, had more influence on the issue of the controversy, if it can be said even yet to have altogether terminated, than has sometimes been allowed to it.

“After his publication of this volume I began to get letters from him occasionally, and to receive commissions from him to purchase for him Chinese works—always books of the highest character and difficult to construe and understand. I was not aware how he had succeeded in mastering the meaning of these volumes, until I recently examined the immense collection of preparations for what is, perhaps, the greatest work he has left behind him, and which was published in 1889 by Williams and Norgate, with the title of ‘Notes on the Proverbs,’ in three large octavo volumes. . . . It was only about eight or nine years ago that I made the personal acquaintance of Dr. Malan. He was a magnificent figure, tall and of majestic appearance. Such is the impression that he has left in my mind, and it still makes me think of that expression of our authorised version of Genesis vi. 4: ‘There were giants in the earth in those days.’ He sometimes expressed a wish to remain in Oxford and read Chinese with me, but I suppose he was even then conscious of some of the infirmities of age, and to my regret he did not carry his half-formed purpose into execution.

“JAMES LEGGE.

“OXFORD, *December 18th, 1894.*”

For many years political disturbances had agitated various parts of the Chinese dominions. Apparently distinct and unconnected in their claims, objects, and creeds, the agitators of insurrection kept the empire in perpetual terror. There had been seditious risings in seaports on the east coast. A spirit of insubordination, adventure, and knavery had long been smouldering among the fishermen, sailors, smugglers, and pirates. On May 18th, 1853, Amoy fell into the hands of a riotous gang. On September 7th, 1853, a body of insurgents, led by a sugar-broker, seized on Shanghai and terrorised the surrounding districts; nor were they finally dislodged by the Imperial troops until after a siege of eighteen months.

Canton swarmed with idle vagabonds, whose efforts at turbulent risings were for a while kept in check by the city guard. In June, 1854, however, they succeeded in seizing on the town of Fuhshan, twelve miles from Canton.

A more important revolt was headed by a rebel chief, Tae-ping-wang. This—the Kwangsee insurrection—was at first regarded by “The Great Eye” as of trivial moment, to be put down by a puff of the Imperial breath, or extinguished by a stroke of the vermilion pencil. Gradually, however, it assumed more alarming proportions. From the mountain lines of Kwangsee it crept northwards through the heart of the empire. Its leaders proclaimed the foundation of a new dynasty. Passing from city to city, from province to province, they speedily cowed the peaceable natives. Before them the Imperialist soldiery proved little better than the wooden soldiers that amuse children in the nursery. Nanking fell on March 19th, 1853, after a feeble resistance, and other important towns were occupied without difficulty. For two years the rebel army dominated Nanking and the surrounding districts; until the Imperial power gradually reasserted its sway, and the prestige of Tae-ping-wang began to subside.

The character of this remarkable man, the severity of his government and his exorbitant pretensions, were not calculated to win the confidence of the Chinese people. His violent iconoclasm, his prohibition of the opium-traffic, his making tobacco contraband, his severity towards women, and his indifference towards the social happiness of the people, tended to produce aversion among those dominated by his rule. Alike irrational was the wild frenzy with which he aimed at exterminating the Tartar race. His avowed object was to destroy the Manchus root and branch: his savage treatment of them was unbridled. His myrmidons gloried in the excesses of their cruelty. According to their own account, “only 100 escaped out of a population of more than 20,000; the rest, men, women and children, were all put to the sword. We killed them all, to the infant in arms: we

left not a root to sprout from. The bodies were thrown into the Yang-tsze."

The unblushing effrontery of Tae-ping-wang's claims might fain cause amazement. His officers endeavoured to explain to the British Plenipotentiary that "Tae-ping-wang is the true Lord of the whole world, and all people in the whole world must obey and follow him: he is not merely the Lord of China: he is not only our Lord; he is your Lord also."

The religious creed of the insurgents excited from the first the interest of Christendom. They acknowledged their belief in the One Supreme God; they accepted the Old and New Testament; hence the idea prevailed that they might prove the means of diffusing the doctrines of Christianity through the empire. But such religious professions were only a mask for self-aggrandisement and a blind to hoodwink the sympathy of Christendom. Tae-ping-wang declared himself to be the brother of Jesus, the son of Shang-Te; he professed to have been conveyed to heaven, to have been instructed by God for the fulfilment of His mission; and his religious system was nothing less than a tissue of blasphemous presumption clumsily disguised under a garb of professed Christianity. (The above information was derived chiefly from an article in the "Edinburgh Review" which appeared at the time.)

Mr. Malan's attention was specially drawn to the religious pretensions of this rebel chief by a letter from Mr. Rule.

"CITY ROAD, LONDON,

"May 11th, 1855.

"REV. SIR,

"I have just been perusing your very learned book on *Shin* and *Shang-Te*, and I need not say that the perusal interests me very much. I know nothing of Chinese, but feel a deep solicitude for the honour of Christianity in China. A pamphlet, of which I venture to ask your acceptance of a copy, will show that I have dissented, from the first, from the popular notion of a Protestant origin of the monstrous religion of the Chinese rebels. My present object, pre-

suming on your kind indulgence towards a stranger, is to ask whether you have any knowledge of the *treatment* that the reputed Chinese version, said to be circulated by Tae-ping-wang, has undergone. I cannot get over the suspicion that it is a tampered edition, so got up as to serve the purpose of the rebel chiefs, and that it will do harm in China, not good. At any rate, some competent person should collate it—or parts of it—with the Bible itself, and let the public know what it really is. This is not a matter of private interest, but one that concerns all Christendom; and if your eye should be turned to the Bible of Tae-ping-wang, and the Bible Society and British Christians be thereby put on their guard, you will engage the thanks of millions more than,

“Yours most respectfully,

“W. H. RULE.”

The suspicion proved unfounded. Mr. Malan heard from Dr. Medhurst that Tae-ping-wang accepted and circulated Dr. Gutzlaff's version of the Bible among his followers.

The assumption of superhuman power and Divine authority by the rebel chief is most conspicuously put forward in a primer, or catechism, bearing his signature—“The Three-character Classic.”

Mr. Malan, having received a copy of this work from Dr. Medhurst, at once set himself to study it, side by side with the original Chinese primer from which it was prepared. In taking the recognised text-book as his model, the rebel chief followed a course already adopted by the Protestant missionaries in China. They also had issued a primer of instruction for the children in their schools modelled after the pattern of the original Triliteral (or Trimetrical) Classic.

In order to reveal the imposture of Tae-ping-wang's so-called Christianity, Mr. Malan prepared and published in 1856, “The Three-fold ‘SAN-TSZE-KING,’ or the Triliteral Classic of China, as issued (1) by Wang-po-keou, (2) by Protestant Missionaries in that Country, and (3) by the Rebel Chief, Tae-ping-wang.”

“It is of course impossible,” says Mr. Malan, “for one, who, like myself, has not been in China, and who therefore has but dim notions of that extraordinary land and of her people, to form in all respects a correct opinion of the remarkable events that are taking place there at present. . . . Yet, if we may judge from the best available source of information on the subject, which is the internal evidence of documents issued by the rebel chief himself, we can, even at this distance, form a pretty fair estimate of his teaching, and of how far it is likely to help or to hinder those who labour to promote the kingdom of Christ in China. . . .

“I have as yet seen and read only one of the publications of Tae-ping-wang; but that one is, fortunately, I believe, the most important. It is an imitation of the popular school-book written by Wang-po-keou, under the Sung dynasty, and called ‘San-tsze-King,’ or ‘Triliteral Classic;’ a kind of primer in lines of three letters (words, metres, or syllables), which is put in the hands of every child in China on his first going to school. We may safely infer from it, that this Triliteral Classic, intended for the rebel children, sets forth an abstract of the teaching their rebel chief intends for them. For the copy, from which I have made my translation, not only bears the name of Tae-ping-wang on the title-page, but it has also his red official stamp or ‘imprimatur’ on the first leaf of the book.

“This authentic document, however, leads only to the one conclusion, that whatever be the political importance of the ‘patriot’ insurrection, the Christianity of Tae-ping-wang is an imposture. He shows, it is true, a knowledge of Scripture, and even sanctions among his people, as Dr. Medhurst writes to me, the circulation of Dr. Gutzlaff’s edition of the Bible. But Mahomet, among others, did as much.”

Mr. Malan points out how Mahomet recommends the Law of Moses in the Koran, and praises the Gospel, while claiming superior honour for the Koran. So also does Tae-ping-wang issue his own doctrine over and above that of the Gospel. “For, in his book, he gives a history of the

people of God and of the redemption of the world through Christ, only to draw a parallel between that and the history of China, which ends in his own coming down from heaven into this world as God's second son, for the purpose of destroying fiends and impostors in the shape of Mandchu-Tartars. It is also self-evident that if he conscientiously believed the Christian tenets which he professes, he could not couple them even in thought, much less as he does in an official publication, with a blasphemous use of Scriptural expressions and with heathen morals. . . .

"Such being the character of the religion taught by the rebel chief, it is probable that, should it take root in China, it may ultimately prove a greater obstacle in the progress of true Christianity than unmitigated heathenism."

The following are specimens of the translation, the italics indicating words not in the original :—

From the "San-tsze-King" of Wang-po-keou :

"A dog watches *at night*,
A cock crows *at dawn* ;
But if a *child* do not learn
How *can he* become a man ?
The silkworm produces silk,
And the bee yields honey :
But a man *who does* not study
Is not *even* like *those* creatures.
If *when* young *you* learn,
And in manhood also act ;
Above *you*, *you will* have access to the prince,
Below *you*, *you will confer* blessings on *poor* people ;
Moreover *your* name *will be* renowned,
Your father and mother *will be* illustrious ;
You will shed lustre on *your* predecessors,
And raise in honour *your* posterity."

From the "San-tsze-King" by Protestant missionaries :

"Our first parents,
Father *and* mother dead long ago,

Most happy *and* joyful
 Were inside *a* garden.
 SPIRIT (Shin) granted to man
Whatever there was of fruits ;
Of all that was in *the* garden
He might eat without reserve.
 But there was forbidden
 One tree only ;
 He who ate of it
Would lose *the* favour of SPIRIT (Shin).

* * * * *

Every day early
 You ought to pray ;
 Also every evening
You ought not to cease *doing so*.
 First praise SPIRIT (Shin)
 Then confess *your* sins :
 Pray for pity *and* mercy,
And then give thanks for favours *received*.
 Have *an* upright heart,
 Have *a* sincere will :
Be earnest in *your* worship
 Then *your* request *will be* fulfilled.
Let the words in *your* mouth
 Agree with *your* heart's desire ;
 Have *a* constant heart ;
 Always fear SPIRIT (Shin)
 Until your death ; *and ye shall have*
 Happiness *that* ceaseth not."

From the "San-tsze-King," by Tae-ping-wang.

"Sovereign SHANG-TE

Pitying mankind,
 Sent *His* first-born son,
Who came down *into the* round world.
 He is called YAY-SOO (Jesus)
The Saviour Lord of men.

For *to* make atonement for *their* sins
He suffered extreme misery.
Upon the cross-beam
They nailed *His* body ;
And there He shed *His* precious blood
To save all men.

* * * * *

The devil *having* injured men
 In an infinite degree,
 SHANG-TE *was* angry
And sending *His* own son (Tae-ping-wang)
 Commanded *him* to come down to *this* globe,
After he had first read history.
 In the TING-YEW year (1837)
He *was* received up into heaven,
Where the things *and* business of heaven
Were clearly set before *him*.

* * * * *

He commanded *him* together with *his* eldest brother,
Who is YAY-SOO ;
To expel impish devils,
 Assisted by spiritual messengers (angels).

* * * * *

TE has set up *his* son (Tae-ping-wang)
To exist *for* evermore ;
To dispel corrupt counsels,
And to manifest majesty *and* authority ;
To judge *and* to seal the doom of mankind,
By dividing *the* good *from* the bad,
And awarding *to* them the misery of hell
Or joys *in* the courts of heaven."

"Let the rebels get the upper hand" (says Mr. Malan), "and sway the empire from north to south, and it may then be that their doctrine will grow into a sect as much opposed to true religion as the Crescent has ever been to the Cross of Christ."

CHAPTER IX.

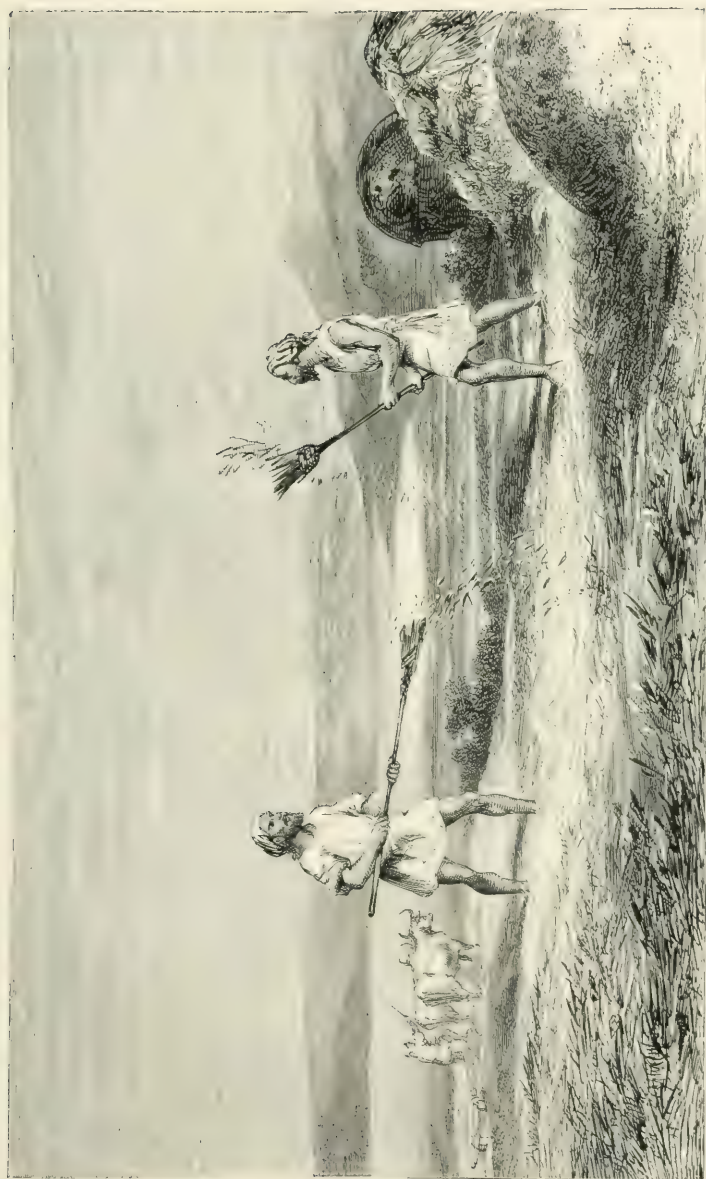
ON DRAWING.

“Aphorisms on Drawing”—Letter from Mr. Hodder—Letters to Miss Kennaway—Burlington House—Miss Saunders—Letters to Mrs. Austen—Illustration of New Testament and Layard's Nineveh—Letter from Mr. Harding—Style and Sketches—Interview with Mr. Leader—Letter from Mr. Leader.

IN 1856 Mr. Malan published a small volume of “Aphorisms on Drawing” (Longmans), dedicated to J. D. Harding, in grateful acknowledgment of his kind advice, and in admiration for his talent. He claims that they are the result of observation and self-taught experience only, therefore whatever value they may possess flows from an original source. He looked on drawing as an accomplishment—human art in imitation of nature. “The model is perfect, God's own workmanship; we cannot exceed, nay, we never can even reach it.”

He always derived the keenest pleasure from studying the effects of light and shade; and while he showed consummate skill in producing such effects on paper, yet he was never satisfied with the result. “In proportion as our feeling of the beauties of nature is greater, are we less satisfied with our own drawing in imitation of them.”

He showed his power in grasping the outlines of objects and drawing them with a firm hand—no line ever being gone over twice. Whether the subject was the architecture of Egyptian temples, with their stern severity of straight lines, or the curves of an oak branch boldly flung into space, or its articulation with the trunk, never was there a faltering line or evidence of after-thought. It was the intensity with which he realised what he saw, that helped him to render it with such vigour.



"WHOSE FAN IS IN HIS HAND."

"In nature," he said, "everything has a meaning. In a tree, for instance, there is not a branch, not a twig, not a leaf out of place: for they are, every one of them, where they should be, for some wise purpose."

Learning from nature how intimately beauty depends on harmony of outline and purpose, he contrasts the grace and elegance of Etruscan pottery with much of the work of modern art; in which, "provided the flowers painted on the outside be sufficiently gaudy to attract notice, it little matters about the rest."

He had no sympathy with Mediæval and Pre-Raphaelite art. "They did, and do, draw, regardless of TRUTH, after a fashion of their own, and not after nature. Their wry-headed figures in buckram, their glaring colours, their utter carelessness about light and shade, their trees like brooms or cabbage tops, their hills like sugar loaves, their flowers stuck here and there in the ground, and their houses out of perspective, may possibly, in their opinion, suit the kind of illustration to which they are often consecrated, but that is not DRAWING." As to teaching drawing, "since it requires a correct eye, a cultivated mind, and a clever and steady hand, it is of no great use to teach children to draw before the age of fifteen or sixteen. After that age, a talented person will make more progress in six months, than before it in, perhaps, as many years. At the age of twelve or thirteen, however, if the child shews decided aptitude for drawing, he might, with advantage, learn to draw large heads in chalk. That is the only style of drawing that will give a firm touch and form a flexible hand."

In his hints about looking and reasoning on what one sees, he gives an insight into the manner of his own communings with nature whenever he walked abroad. His walks were a perpetual adoration of the glory of God displayed in His works. "Study the endless grace of outline in the tree that waves in the morning breeze, and fans you at noon; follow the mazes of its foliage, and breathe the light air that bears its elegant masses, and plays among

them. Mark the stem ; how the light and chequered shade of the foliage falls upon it, and gives it life ; see also the branches, what vigour in their joints, what life, what expression in their sinuous forms ; and the gnarled roots of the tree, with what power they grasp the soil and enter into the very heart of the earth. When you see all that, and *feel* it, you have only to take pencil and paper, and you must draw.

“ Or else, follow that bright gleam of light that pours down from the hill, over the meadow grass, and which, after sparkling in the ripple of the stream, falls upon the smoking chimney of the woodman’s hut, sheltered under the dark foliage of the pine-wood beyond. When you see and *feel* those things, you have only to take colours and paper, and you must paint. . . . For it is only in proportion as we converse with God’s works in nature, that we grow to understand them, to enter into their pure and perfect beauty, and thereby learn to paint or to draw. The more we look into them, the more also we see to admire. For we see God in them.”

When bidding his pupils to guard against mannerism and fashion, and admiring anything only because others admire it, Mr. Malan tells two anecdotes :—“ I recollect being one day at Citta di Pieve, where, as a matter of course, I was taken from one end of the town to the other, in order to see some of Perugino’s pictures. I got weary of his figures, awry and dressed in buckram, and of his buildings out of perspective, and I was reluctantly passing through the sacristy of a church, to be shown some more of them, when I beheld, nailed against the wall but without a frame, a beautiful oil-painting of OUR SAVIOUR giving the keys to St. Peter. It was a relief, at last to dwell on those fine figures, dressed in good drapery, and I asked my guide if he could tell me the author of that picture. He shrugged his shoulders and said, he ‘ did not know ; it was nobody’s ; for it had no frame ! ’ ”

“ On another occasion I was asked to accompany a few

friends to see some of Raphael's pictures, in one of the palaces at Rome. While my companions, Murray in hand, were inspecting the works of the great master, I strolled into a room adjoining, in which, among other pictures, I noticed a very beautiful Virgin and Child; author unknown. I went to call my friends, and begged they would come and admire the face and the expression of the female figure. ‘What, that!’ said one of them; ‘Let us see; oh, it is not in Murray!’ and so saying, he left the room.”

Among his aphorisms are: “Let every stroke tell; Be rich in light—spare in lights; Beware of *two* suns; Let shadows be broad, transparent, and always agree with the sky.” His hints for drawing trees are eminently valuable: “Study the skeleton of trees in winter. One look will teach you that the oak and the ash, for instance, are not shaped alike. . . . Notice the articulation of the branches with the trunk. They are neither mortised into the tree nor nailed to it; they live and grow out of the stem. . . . Branches do not come one out of the other, like pegs; they *live* one from the other, and every one of their joints and of their bends shows that life. . . . Study the leaf—the shape, and the way in which it hangs on the stalk. . . . Study the foliage. . . . Masses are, of course, made up of leaves, and they borrow their character from them. . . . Mind the perspective, linear of the branches—aerial of the foliage.”

The last aphorism (lxii.) is: “The end of drawing is to praise Him, in our work, Who has given us eyes to see, and a soul to feel the beauties of His own perfect works.”

“Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.”

—KEBLE.

It was always a pleasure to him to help all who showed any aptitude and fondness for drawing. He encouraged talent in the parish and neighbourhood by drawing-classes held in the Broadwindsor Schools and at Beaminster.

One of his most gifted pupils, Mr. Albert Hodder, forwarded these reminiscences :—

“ WORCESTER SCHOOL OF ART,
“ PIERPOINT STREET, WORCESTER,
“ *July 17th, 1896.*

“ . . . When I was a boy I always wished to be an artist, but in those days there was no chance of any tuition. I don't think there was an artist or art school in the whole of Dorset. I did the best I could by myself, and as a result commenced painting pictures before I could draw. My father was very proud of my pictures, and one day when your father was at our carriage works at Bridport (I think it was in November, 1864), he asked him to look at my attempts at art. He at once saw how crude they were, but I suppose he saw some merit in them, for he at once kindly offered to teach me drawing if I would come over to Broadwindsor. I was delighted, and did not think anything of the walk there and back (fourteen miles) in all weathers.

“ I distinctly remember the first lesson he gave me on light and shade—although it is thirty-two years ago. Your father's noble features, lit up with enthusiasm of his subject, made a deep impression on me. His thorough grasp of all he taught, and his deep love of art, soon gave me quite different ideas of what was right and beautiful in art; and my weekly lesson from your father was one of my greatest pleasures. His kindly sympathetic interest in my progress I shall never forget.

“ His love of nature was profound, and he never gave me a lesson without pointing out to me how difficult it was to even approach a semblance of the beauty of nature in our work.

“ Your father's sketches were full of atmospheric effect, marvellous in drawing, and light and shade—the work of a man who saw and felt the beauties of nature.

“ It is some years ago that I saw your father, but he was always pleased to see me; and was very much delighted when I told him that some of my pictures had been hung, exceed-

ingly well, at the Royal Academy. What I felt more than anything about Mr. Malan was, his gentle unassuming manner."

The master's appreciation of his gifted pupil is shown in a letter to Miss Agnes Kennaway:—

"BROADWINDSOR,

"December 16th. [?]

"MY DEAR AGNES,

"In reply to your letter—if you wish to draw *really* well, and to form your hand for any kind of drawing—draw large heads in chalk, for two years at least. I never was taught anything else, and that alone taught me all I know of drawing.

"The present master of the Worcester School of Art, Mr. A. Hodder, is a pupil of mine. He is the son of a coach-maker in this neighbourhood, and I taught him from the first, for eighteen months. He has great talent, and when he left me, his heads in crayons were better than those of the master of the School of Art of his own town—Bridport. If you are in *earnest* about drawing, you could not do better than avail yourself of his help.

"But if you draw only to amuse yourself, then it does not matter how you set to work. And yet, what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. So consider.

"I am glad to hear dear mother is well. Give her our kind love. . . . Ever, dear A.,

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. C. MALAN."

"BROADWINDSOR,

"December 26th. [?]

"MY DEAR AGNES,

"First let me wish you, your mother and sister, and brother if he is with you, every blessing of this blessed season of the year.

"Next, let me advise you not to draw heads from casts until you have mastered the theory of light and shade, on flat

and round surfaces, and have acquired mastery over your hand in handling the chalk. Draw from copies.

“Let Mr. Hodder teach you as I taught him; at the very beginning—the theory of the *stroke*, then of light and shade—and practice. The slower you begin, the faster you will run afterwards.

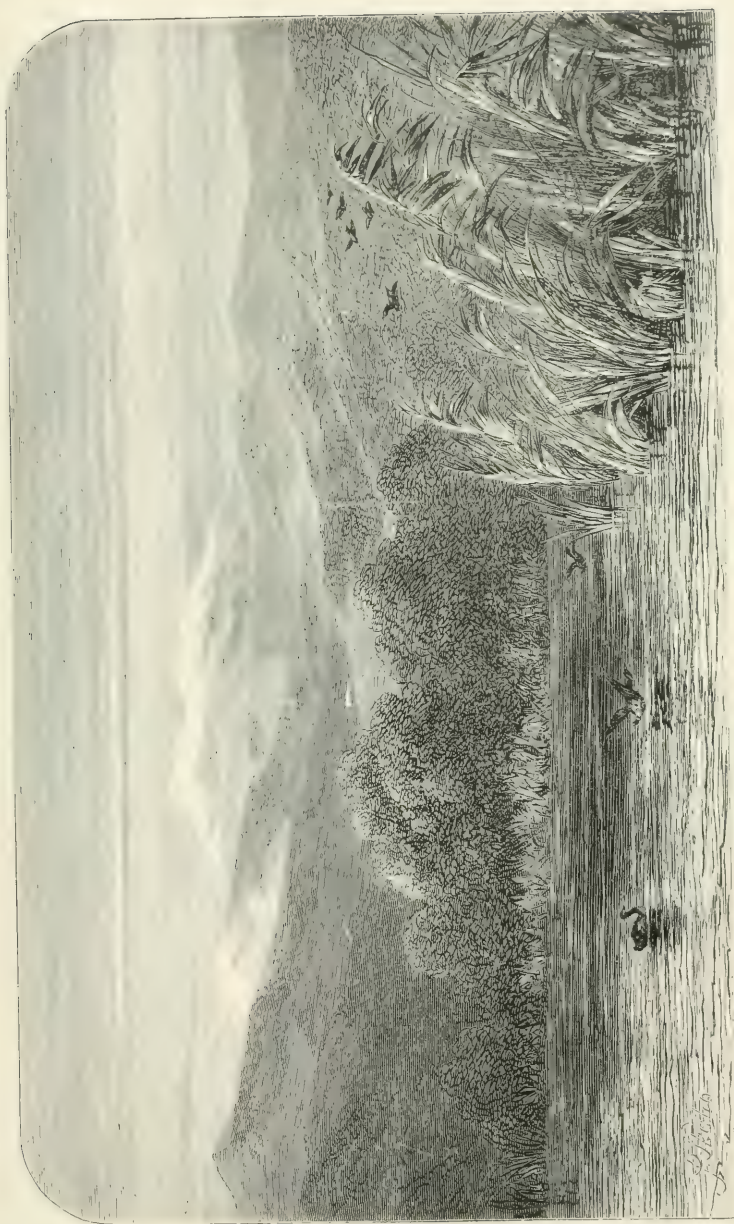
“And when you draw from casts, get them *tinted*; white ones give wrong lights and shadows. The great advantage of drawing heads in chalk is, that it *forms* the hand, for that and every other kind of drawing; while the theory of light and shade is applicable to everything. I have tried in vain to procure a copy of my ‘Aphorisms on Drawing,’ to send you; but the work is no longer to be had.

“I send you, however, a copy of my book, for country children, on the Parables. Though written for children, many old ones have found it useful.

“Believe me, dear A., affectionately yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

Wherever Mr. Malan went, he was sure to make friends through the medium of pencil and brush. Ladies especially were captivated by his genius, and the unfailing readiness with which he communicated instruction. Miss Edith Jacob, daughter of the late Archdeacon Jacob, and sister of the present Bishop of Newcastle, has some beautiful water-colours painted by his hand, mementoes of early days when Mr. Malan made a home at the Rectory, Crawley. One in particular, “Mount Hermon and the sources of the Jordan,” was painted for her mother in the course of a long summer day. “As children,” she said, “we sisters all worshipped him. We used to climb up behind him when he was drawing, and pat down his hair—so springy—like a Turk’s head—oak-brown. He would look up with some wise remark. One day, while he was giving me a lesson, he seemed tired, and suddenly said, ‘Now, let us leave all this; come and amuse me. Let us go out and hear the birds sing.’ We went out, and after we had gone a long way, he stopped



MOUNT HERMON DESERT OF DECAPOLIS.

[To face p. 196.]

and said, 'Edith, we never dried that brush, we must go back.' "

At Parnham, Beaminstor, the residence of Sir Henry and Lady Oglander, Mr. Malan was a constant visitor. Under his instruction Lady Oglander became a talented artist, her style closely resembling that of her instructor.

In 1855 Mr. Malan was asked to send some water-colour drawings to the exhibition at Burlington House, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. To this request he assented, and during the months of April and May he worked assiduously at painting large studies of Egyptian ruins, etc., from some of his sketches. Correspondence with one of the organising secretaries, Miss Saunders, led to an acquaintance with that lady, which proved the foundation of an intimate friendship with her parents. For some years afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Malan paid periodical visits at the residence of Mr. Saunders, Westbourne Lodge, Harrow Road, London, and enjoyed an introduction to much pleasant London society. At one house, in particular, Mr. Malan was specially welcomed—that of Benjamin Austen, Esq. Mr. Malan had previously been acquainted with Mrs. Austen, aunt of Sir A. Henry Layard. The house, No. 6, Montague Place, was a repository of the fine arts, a resort of musicians, artists, and men of letters. Mrs. Austen entertained a deep admiration for Mr. Malan's artistic ability, and a correspondence ensued, whereof some of Mr. Malan's letters give an insight into matters of personal interest.

"BROADWINDSOR,

"May 30th, 1855.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTEN,

"I write by this post to my publishers to send you a copy of a little book of mine just out, on a subject of public interest, 'The Vindication of the Authorised Version of the English Bible from Recent Attacks.' It was impossible not to introduce some of the unknown tongues in it, but yet there is a great deal in it which may probably interest you.

"You will see advertised in it another little book of mine,

‘Aphorisms on Drawing.’ It is now printing; when out, you shall have a copy. . . . We went to stay at The Priory with Lord and Lady Somers. I certainly think he is one of the best, if not *the* best, amateur landscape artists I have seen. As usual, I had to take up brush and paint, and show him ‘the way I do it,’ as people are pleased to call it. . . .”

“BROADWINDSOR,

“December 28th, 1855.

“MY DEAR MRS. AUSTEN,

“The New Year must not begin without a line from me, to wish you every blessing. May it begin and end prosperously and happily for you and for Mr. Austen, even though there may be some trial mingled with the cup of blessing. . . . I am truly glad my drawings please you. I wish I had known while I was doing them, that you would purchase them. I should have taken greater interest in them. I shall long to see them installed in your repository of art—for your house is nothing else.

“Miss Saunders paid us a short visit last week. We liked her very much. She entertained us with much Burlington House gossip, quite amusing for poor benighted country folks like us. She said that the great difficulty in London is to find a room for exhibiting pictures. But for that they might possibly have another, smaller, and more select exhibition next year, to try and recover the £1,200 lost in Sir J. D. Paul’s bank. They have still on hand about 300 pictures—some regular trash, she says, which the committee will probably make over to the Cambridge Patriotic Exhibition (that is to be).

“This week is always one of much fatigue for me. On Christmas Day I give a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding to all the old people in the parish. They sit down about 40 to dinner. Then comes the tea, cake and magic lantern to the school children, about 120 of them. All this makes Christmas week rather a toil—though a great pleasure too, of course—for all that requires a good deal of thought and preparation. But they are *so poor* here! You can have no

idea of it. What the poor suffer is truly extraordinary. It makes one thankful for the least mercies, when one sees so much self-denial and want of the common necessities of life.

“Mr. Murray wrote to me that Layard is returned with a quantity of frescoes and discoveries; that work is far more healthy for him than Parliament and politics. He ought to go and explore the ‘Bim-Tefe,’ or 1,000 mounds near Sardis, where Alyattes & Co. lie buried. What is there inside those mounds? I wish I could go with him, that’s all! I should find it healthy and interesting.

“Pray remember me very kindly to him, and with our united kindest and affectionate remembrances to Mr. Austen and yourself,

“I remain, my dear Mrs. Austen,

“Yours ever most truly,

“S. C. MALAN.”

The sale of Mr. Malan’s drawings at the exhibition realised over £200. Among the purchasers were the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and Mr. John Murray. In 1890 General Clive, Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, discovered two of the pictures painted at the time, but not exhibited, in the collection of a picture dealer in Wardour Street. They were a pair of sea-studies, “The Evening Before,” a wild sunset over a turbulent sea, with ship-wrecked mariners on a raft: “The Morning After,”—the same raft under calmer conditions of sea and sky, with a ship coming to the rescue. Both pictures were executed with the power of effect and breadth of treatment which characterised all Mr. Malan’s matured work, and both had been “touched up” by some profane and unsympathetic hand, which thought to improve matters by putting additional colour into the breaking waves, absolutely ruining their transparency. This pair of pictures had been painted specially for Miss Saunders. On the breaking up of the home at Westbourne Lodge, after her death and that of her parents, the pictures had come under the auctioneer’s hammer. Mr. Malan also painted for

the same friend a very beautiful study of "Sunset on the Sea of Galilee." Mr. Parker, of Hesse House, Ewell, Surrey, has one of Mr. Malan's Burlington House exhibits, "The Temple of Karnac."

"BROADWINDSOR,

"January 9th, 1856.

"MY DEAR MRS. AUSTEN,

"This time I come to ask a favour. It is not much my way, but still I must have recourse to your good offices.

"I send you by this post a number of the 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' in which you will find a bit of 'Three Months in the Holy Land.' This and the preceding numbers have been read by very many people, who unanimously liked them, and many of whom have requested me to reprint the whole in one volume when it is finished.

"If I do eventually reprint it, it would be with illustrations, drawn by myself on wood. I also enclose a specimen (in the book) of what they would be. Mr. Whymper calls it 'fac-simile engraving,' but it is a good deal like 'forgery' in my humble opinion. It pleases me, however, better than if my sketches were *copied* even by a more talented draughtsman than myself.

"Now, as I place the highest value on your judgment—remembering too your severe criticisms on Mr. Walpole—I wish to ask you to act the part of a *true friend*, and to tell me whether you think that it would about *do*. Of course, it would be much amended. But still I must have you tell me what you do not like in my style. Is it heavy, dull, stupid? Of course, it is not imaginative—I have no imagination; and as to 'travellers' tales,' I can't invent them. I tell the story as I saw and found it—with my own feelings on the matter. But until I have your honest opinion, I very much count all I have heard on the subject as 'requiring confirmation.'

"It is the 'Journal' which Mr. Murray did not like. Will that prejudice you against it? . . ."

" BROADWINDSOR," *January 15th, 1856.*

" . . . I send you a copy of a work, 'Who is God in China?' which gave me more trouble to *print* than to *write*. I do not suppose that it would interest you, although it has settled a question of much importance in China. But you have a prescriptive right to anything I do, and so, dear friend, accept it as a trifling token of intense regard for you. If 'Three Months' comes out, you shall have a copy. I will also send you a copy of a translation from the Chinese ['The San-tse King'], which is now printing. And now, after this selfish talk, allow me to wish you and dear Mr. Austen every blessing. More I cannot do. May you both be refreshed and comforted by Him Whose hand makes whole when He sees fit to wound. With our united warmest sympathy,

" I am, yours sincerely,

" S. C. MALAN."

" BROADWINDSOR,

" *February 17th 1856.*

" . . . You may have received ere this, a little yellow book (Imperial colour in China) with three extremely queer-looking characters upon the face of it. It was sent you at my desire as a small remembrance of me. It is about the religion of the insurgents, which I believe to be a complete imposture. I have endeavoured to preserve the Chinese idiom in my translation, in order to give English readers some idea of the *queer* way Chinese people put their words together. It is Saturday evening, and very late too—so farewell. . . ."

" BROADWINDSOR,

" *July 30th [1856.]*

" . . . My first thought on reading your letter was to be sorry; my second thought was to feel sure that you were better and safer in God's hands than anywhere else; my third thought was to try and devise something by which I might contribute in any way, however small, to your pleasure or comfort. So I determined to embrace the

earliest opportunity and to try and fulfil my promise. And I send you, at last, the result of this morning's work amid many interruptions.

"I know full well what it is to send *you* a drawing; you who have collected together the gems of all the living artists. But there! Take me as I am. I am no *artist* (and would not be one for the world); I am a poor, sorry Tinto, who never has either studied or cultivated the art, and never will! So do not be too critical. . . . One is *El-Barrath*, a glen beyond Jordan, where I spent a whole day, with my Arabs, under that tree. The other is *Bürgenstock*, on the Lake of Lucerne; both from my sketches done on the spot. I have not mounted the sketches, that they should travel more conveniently. If you have them mounted, desire the person who does it not to cut the upper edge of the tree sketch—it would spoil the tree to have its crown cropped off. . . . I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Austen soon; for I purpose (D.V.) spending a fortnight or three weeks in town next month, or in September, for the purpose of copying a Japanese MS., very kindly placed at my disposal by the Bible Society. It is a boon I could lose on no account. . . ."

"HIGHAM HOUSE, BRIGHTON,

"August 29th, 1856.

". . . I am glad you like the 'Aphorisms.' I only hope others may like them as well as yourself, although I have nothing to do with the sale of the book, which is Mr. Longman's property.

"You are most kind and flattering about my writing. But the truth is that I lose too much by that occupation. The publishers tell me that whatever requires *thought*, *does not sell*; and as I should not like to write merely to pander to public taste, and not according to my own taste—I fear my works will be few. The *truth* is that the deeply-rooted prejudice which in England exists against a "foreigner" who settles in the country and becomes part and parcel of its people follows him everywhere and to the end. I have felt it in

numberless instances; I am exposed to it at present; and I shall not outlive it.

"If you had been in town I would have asked you to have driven to Mr. Vokens', frame-maker, 5, John Street, Oxford Street, who will have to-morrow four Egyptian drawings of mine to frame for the exhibition at the Crystal Palace. I have been begged and persuaded, though against my own inclination, to push myself forward in this way. I went the other day to the Crystal Palace to see the Picture Gallery; there are *some* good things there, and plenty of bad ones. I shall not be *first*; but certainly not the last. In water-colours, however, I think my drawings will not appear to disadvantage among their neighbours. Where is mind, talent, genius, among artists?—little enough of it. But I should like to have had your opinion on those drawings. If, however, you can't see them, Mr. Austen might, and as man and wife are one, it would answer the same purpose. They are daubs—the four were done in one week. But, nevertheless, they might possibly be to your taste. They are intended as illustrations of the principles I teach in the little book I sent you. I suppose Mr. Harding is out of town, as I have not heard from him. I shall be pleased if he feels gratified at the attention. I do feel so grateful for his kind advice, and I admire no less his splendid talent. . . ."

"ASHLEY, CHIPPENHAM,

"October 4th, 1856.

"... I trust you have good accounts of our dear traveller Layard. Has he dug up any Etruscan being, yet? I trust he will not fail to visit Chiusi, the ancient Elusium, and look about there. That and the neighbourhood of Viterbo are the two most interesting spots of the kind I have seen in Italy. But I saw but little of them, owing to my being hampered with disagreeable travelling companions, for that week only.

"Mr. Murray, I am happy to say, agreed with me that one more book on the Holy Land would be one too many. He

wants my drawings, however, and critical notes relating to them. If I could meet with a good curate to take the work and trouble off my hands, I should then have leisure for a work which to me would be full of interest. If my sketches find their way to town they will find it to No. 6, Montague Place, before they go anywhere else ; you may rest assured of that.

“As usual, that unfortunate *drawing* is the plague of my life. At Ryde I was beset by total strangers to come and see my sketches. Among them an oddity, an elderly gentleman, who in his innocence flatters himself that he and most other people ‘can do anything in the way of drawing if they chose to apply to it!’ A strange doctrine assuredly, which he tried to prove by taking me to his house to show me the water-colour drawing he had exhibited at the ‘Amateur’—and which had been ‘praised,’ he said, by one of the leading men there! Unfortunately, too, he asked me what I thought of it! Alas! what a torture for an honest man, who thinks that abominable drawing is only one step removed from an atrocity. I did my best most kindly to suggest that a little more light here, a darker shadow there, might improve his performance. He did not seem to take it in at all, and politely expatiated on ‘different styles,’ as if there could be more than *one*, and that is *truth*! I replied that I knew nothing about the art, and had no style ; that I only tried to put in light and shade in the right place, and left the rest to take care of itself. But all in vain. So I was driven to sit down and show him practically, and with paint and paper, what I meant. But still the good man kept to his style—and assuredly he may do so, and welcome. Is it not marvellous to see the incredible amount of ignorance, impudence, and want of honesty, perhaps, that can pass current in the world ; that such a concern *could* be sent by its author to a public exhibition, and that it could find any one to praise it! Living, as I do, out of the world, it passes my comprehension. Were I to leave the wilds of Dorset for the civilized Metropolis, would I ever get reconciled to such a state of things? . . .”



PARALYTIC LET DOWN THROUGH THE ROOF

Mr. Malan set great store by his sketches. He kept them under lock and key, and never allowed visitors to examine them without his personal supervision. Ladies were requested to remove their gloves before handling a volume; tea-cups were tabooed on the table, and never a finger was allowed to be laid on any drawing. Mr. Murray paid him 300 guineas for liberty to make use of the same number of the original sketches for Biblical illustration, having offered him 800 guineas for the whole collection, which offer was declined. In 1869 Mr. Murray published "The New Testament, with a Commentary by Archdeacons Churton and Basil Jones," in which the sketches illustrating the present volume appeared. Some of these serve to vindicate him from the self-pronounced verdict that he had "no imagination" in drawing—"I can only put down what I see." Though the imaginative faculty may appear dwarfed by comparison with his command of form and breadth of effect, yet many of his compositions show imagination, *e.g.*, "The paralytic let down through the roof" and, "Whose fan is in His hand." Many of Mr. Malan's sketches were reproduced in Sir Austen Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon."

For "oils" he never cultivated any inclination—the reason whereof is not far to seek. He once watched an artist at work with palette-knife, and declared that oil-painting was like "spreading butter." His opinion was formed "in a crack"—he would never surrender the freedom of water for the bondage of a less fluent vehicle.

He maintained that character is displayed by *drawing* as by *handwriting*. (Readers interested in divining character from autograph may form their conclusions from the specimen given.) "In one artist the touch is stiff, small, hesitating, painfully studied, and utterly wanting in truth and effect. In another we find it on the contrary; free, bold, often unaccountable, and yet full of spirit, of life, and of truth. What, then, makes the difference? The pencil, the paper, the model are the same for both. Even so; but the souls of both artists are not alike. One is a slave, the

other rules; one never rises above mediocrity, the other never sinks so low; one only copies, the other both copies and creates at the same time. One drawing, in short, is not real, it is only conventional, and purely artistic; the other breathes the life of the original, whatever that be. That one follows rigidly the rules of art; this, on the other hand, is more independent; it asserts a certain mastery even over art itself, which it follows only in so far as art helps to represent nature with feeling and with truth. The slave of art aims at drawing objects as he fancies they are; the born draughtsman is satisfied with doing all he can do, that is, giving the embodied soul and spirit of what he *sees*, and no more. . . . It is impossible for a person, whose mind is always occupied with details rather than with the aim, point, or general bearing of things, to seize, for instance, the principal and most marked features of a landscape, whether in outline or in light and shade, wherein lie the expression and the meaning of that scene, and make that the chief object in drawing; regardless of minor details that would disturb the harmony and the relative features of the whole. Likewise, a person of a close and avaricious disposition, with little or no generosity of heart, and who, of course, shows it in a small, angular, close handwriting, will never acquire a bold and dashing style of drawing. The mind is engrossed with secondary objects, and the hand is encumbered by them; and then, of course, the touch is small, harsh, stiff, and wanting in natural grace, and the colouring is lifeless. . . . Not so, however, where the disposition is different. A person who naturally dislikes details, and aims only at truth and effect, will show it in his style of drawing. This may possibly be less accurate in all respects than a more studied and more particular style, but it is far more effective. It may bear a less minute investigation, but it possesses more truth, and pleases better than a more cramped or formal touch; the colouring, too, will be rich and glowing, the lights bright, and the shadows aerial and transparent."

I will bring with
me the exact
measurement
of shelves required
for my books; &
you & I will then
settle the place you
assign to them.

Believe me

Yrs sincerely

L. Orman

Mr. Malan always sketched with a rapidity calculated to astonish the spectator. If the medium was pencil, he would take one look at the subject—touch in half-a-dozen light dots on the paper—send the pencil with lightning speed in connecting lines, and complete the sketch in the same style. If he worked with water-colours, three sets of colour applied sufficed him—main tints washed in and blended; scheme of shadows executed throughout; details few and sharp. When the amateur artist in “Punch” showed his work to a friend, and boastfully asserted that it was “dashed off in ten minutes,” the friend naively remarked, “That’s no excuse!” Though, in the present case, the draughtsman frequently took as little time about a sketch, his friends had no right to make the same remark. Once when a competent critic said:—“Yes, they are magnificent, but what a pity it is you don’t take more trouble!” Mr. Malan replied, “Oh, I can’t be bothered—I haven’t got the time.”

Harding said, on one occasion, throwing up his hands in admiration:—“There are faults, of course—but you do put such devil into your work—you’d better go your own way!”

He had an abhorrence of employing Chinese white to enhance effects of light, and would never descend to the use of “body-colour.” There is only one among his numerous sketches which shows a departure from this rule—a Spanish scene, wherein the clouds, snow-mountains, and leaves of an aloe in the foreground are intensified by the objectionable medium. In a perfectly finished water-colour drawing of plums and cherries, with a butterfly resting on a plum-leaf, he would point out that two microscopic specks of light on the butterfly’s antennæ were the honest white paper left untouched.

Mr. Harding presented Mr. Malan with copies of all his published works, including the imposing edition of “Picturesque Selections.” The following letter was much valued by the recipient:—

"3, ABERCORN PLACE,

"February 10th, 1881.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Before you will quite comprehend what I mean by the table of colours I enclose, I fear I must trouble you with a few remarks.

"The arrangements you will there see are based on the absolute necessity for preserving intact the transparency of water-colours, and their purity. The first is effected by having the benefit in full of the white paper; the second would be most perfect if the colours could be used without mixing by every combination; and combination of only two colours is unavoidable, and both of necessity lose their purity—say blue and yellow to produce green—the blue is destroyed by the yellow, and the yellow by the blue. If colours in a binary so greatly injure each other, they utterly destroy each other in a triple combination, except in very skilful hands. It is better therefore to set out with binary combinations, but as these would of necessity lead to mannerism, triple should, when the mind is assured, be aimed at and indulged in, for the sake of that variety necessary to an imitation of nature, but guided by the following considerations.

"It must be remembered that in nature there are only three colours, blue, red, and yellow; and whatever colours we may possess, which do not come under these names, are a combination naturally of two or all three of these. Take sepia for instance—it is obvious that, but for the presence of a blue which makes it dark, it would be orange; but for the presence of yellow, it would be purple; and, but for the presence of red, it would be green. There, then, are the three primitive colours in combination; so that, if we add blue to sepia (say French blue), we only add to the blue already there, and also with red or yellow. Sepia being a colder colour than burnt umber, means that it has more blue in it; since, if we put yellow with sepia (say Indian yellow), it produces a green. Not so with umber, because

we only augment the already abundant yellow in the colour—and make it a warmer brown—thus we add to the yellow already present in it by nature: but if we add to the blue—naturally present—the result is green, because there is not sufficient naturally to overcome the red and, by combination with the yellow, to produce green. Hence in tertiary combinations on this principle, we follow the laws of nature.

French blue combined with	{	Yell. ochre	makes	<i>grey</i> green
		Ven. red	,,	red <i>grey</i>
		Bt. sienna	,,	warm <i>grey</i>
		Bt. umber	,,	do. cooler
		Van. brown	,,	do. yet cooler
		Sepia	,,	very pure
		Lamp black	,,	quite cold
Indigo combined with	{	Bn. madder	,,	purple <i>grey</i>
		Yell. ochre	makes	green
		Ven. red	,,	dull green
		Bt. sienna	,,	warm green
		Bt. umber	,,	do. cooler
		Van. brown	,,	do. yet cooler
		Sepia	,,	<i>dark</i> cold green
		Lamp black	,,	do.
		Bn. madder	,,	purple <i>grey</i> dark

Cadmium yellow, used with white.

Rose madder—with blue for delicate purples.

Vermilion—with blues for red greys.

“ Besides the above, gamboge or Indian yellow may be combined with any one colour in the list to make them warmer than they are naturally. Thus, all the brightest and warmest colours are produced. By French blue as shewn, any greys or aerial colours are gained, and by indigo all such as are dark and cold.

“ A little study of these principles and the above table will show that the whole range of the power of colour is grasped.

“ I fear I may have explained myself but feebly: if, however, you should find any difficulty, I shall have very

great pleasure in replying to any query you may desire to put for elucidation.

“I have the pleasure to be, dear sir,

“Very truly yours,

“J. D. HARDING.”

The style of his drawing was a faithful index of his character. It struck the keynote and awoke responsive chords in the symphony of his nature—whether in relation to questions of domestic economy, or weightier matters of literary pursuits. He detested what he called “caddle,” and liked to settle his arrangements with a wave of the hand, regardless of intermediate means to the end. The almost infinite scope of his linguistic ability could not be cramped by too much attention to detail in any one tongue—life was too short. Had he selected a few languages, and confined his studies within set limits, he could beyond question have become an expert in any given tongue. But such was not his way. He aimed at an empire in the kingdom of knowledge wide as that promised by Jupiter to the Romans—

“His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono :
Imperium sine fine dedi.”

His thirst for knowledge was insatiable : from every spring he must drink, rather than glut his appetite from one.

If intellects of narrower ambition ever pronounced him “shallow,” and pretended to sneer at his achievements, consideration might have suggested that the vastness of the horizon embraced by his mind prevented him, simply by limits of time and human endurance, from realising the ideal of an expert in any department. He was the first to admit himself a humble student, not an arrogant professor, in literature and scholarship. He prosecuted his researches like water, with pressure in all directions, greedy of learning for its own sake, continually breaking off from one language that he might take up another ; conscious of rust accumulating in one corner while intent on burnishing the metal

in another. How could it be otherwise? Even in such a comparatively small matter as the laws of Greek accents—the notes in his Thucydides show that, when reading for his degree, he had not found time to perfect himself in the practice—and little wonder, considering that, as he said, he had never read a word of the Greek classics when he matriculated. But when he chose to whet his sword and polish his Greek armour, he must have been a doughty professor who did not wince before his attack.

The only lessons he ever had in drawing were from his father and from the French artist, Calame. The style at first cultivated by the pupil resembled that of his father, fine and delicately finished, like his handwriting in early years. These afterwards expanded with a boldness and freedom presenting a remarkable contrast to his previous manner. A stranger would scarcely credit that the two styles belonged to the same person. He was never satisfied with his own drawing, and insisted that he never drew for pleasure. Consequently during the forty years at Broadwindsor he *never drew at all*, except to make a series of water-colours for exhibition, and to give lessons to his school-children or friends. Yet the desire to have mementoes of the objects and places of interest visited in his travels, prompted him to sketch with indefatigable zeal whenever he was out of England. These sketches, numbering over 1,600, he subsequently collected, and mounted them in ten volumes, severally inscribed as follows:—

	No. of Sketches.
I. INDIA. Sketches from Nature, done in Madras, Calcutta, Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, etc., 1839, 1840.	175
II. EGYPT. Sketches from Nature, made in Arabia, Egypt, and Malta, in 1840 and 1850.	122
III. HOLY LAND: Vol. I. Sketches from Nature, made in the Holy Land, in April and May, 1842.	135

	No. of Sketches.
IV. HOLY LAND: Vol. II. Sketches from Nature, made in the Holy Land, in June, 1842.	280
V. TURKEY. Sketches from Nature, made in Turkey, Asia Minor and Greece, in 1842 and 1850.	102
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	1614

The collection was given by Dr. Malan, when he left Broadwindsor, to his son, the writer, who had hoped to complete his task without having recourse to the first personal pronoun, but, following the ordinary rule of interviewers, he is compelled to make an exception.

I felt a reluctance to venture upon commending these sketches as they deserve, for fear the reader might set excessive praise down to filial extravagance of admiration. Then a desire seized me to show them to some great artist, and disarm criticism by recording the verdict which I felt assured of beforehand. I wrote to Sir John Everett Millais, asking permission to submit them to his inspection. An answer was received from the Secretary of the Royal Academy, saying that Sir John Millais' state of health prevented his acceding to my request. Then I wrote to Mr. B. W. Leader, A.R.A., who kindly invited me to his house at Shere, Guildford. I packed up three volumes,

Egypt, Italy, Armenia and Nineveh, and journeyed to Shere. The great artist received me graciously, and remarked on the number of applications he continually received to inspect paintings and sketches—"generally trash." The expression of his eye seem to denote that he expected nothing better from the parcel which I was unpacking. "Let me see," he said, as I brought forth the volume "Egypt," "I can tell you in a moment what they are worth." He opened the volume and looked for a few moments at the first sketch. "Very artistic—decidedly good." He turned over some pages and grew interested. Then remarks began to flow more freely. "Very clever; they are not like the work of an amateur. I never saw any work by an amateur to equal them; beyond question they are very good; admirable, excellent."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Leader. I was afraid I might be accused of overrating them."

"You needn't be afraid; you cannot say too much; you needn't mind whom you showed them to. Ah, Fred Goodall painted that, and that. He'd like to see them. They are all of equal merit; the Sphinx is very good; Pyramids, very artistic and clever. Few artists would have attempted that view of them—yet how simple—what feeling! Yes, beyond question they are highly artistic, and it is quite a pleasure to look at them. I am agreeably disappointed."

"My father, like yourself, had no mercy on those who asked him to admire 'daubs.'" "I can understand it—drawing as he did." He then looked at the volume, "Italy," and was equally emphatic in expressing his unqualified admiration of the excellence. Of one sketch, the Palace of the Cæsars, he said—"Beautiful; as good as anything in the old school of English water-colour painters." He admired the elegance of design shown in the lamps and candelabra and Etruscan vases in the Vatican, and said, "the drawing is equally excellent."

In Armenia and Nineveh he commended studies of Arabs, saying, "he was equally good at figures." The rough rapid outlines tinted with one wash of colour pleased him much.

With reference to a panoramic view of Mount Taurus, dated May 29th, 1850, he said: "Beautifully drawn—the outline of those hills so true—those tints so delicate—showing the whole character and anatomy—drawn as if he loved them. I should like to paint that line of hills—the study of nature is so engrossing—the more one studies, the greater one loves it." Of some large finished pencil drawings of woodland scenes near Trebizond, concerning which in former days Harding had said, "Your trees are so breezy—how do you show the air between the masses of foliage?" Mr. Leader said, "That distance is like Harding—those trees are better than Harding—he would have rendered them differently—not so vigorous and characteristic." He concluded by pronouncing them a most interesting and valuable collection of sketches, which he would like to study at his leisure.

In the following letter Mr. Leader kindly recorded his verdict:—

"BURROWS CROSS, SHERE, GUILDFORD,

"June 14th, 1896.

"MY DEAR SIR,

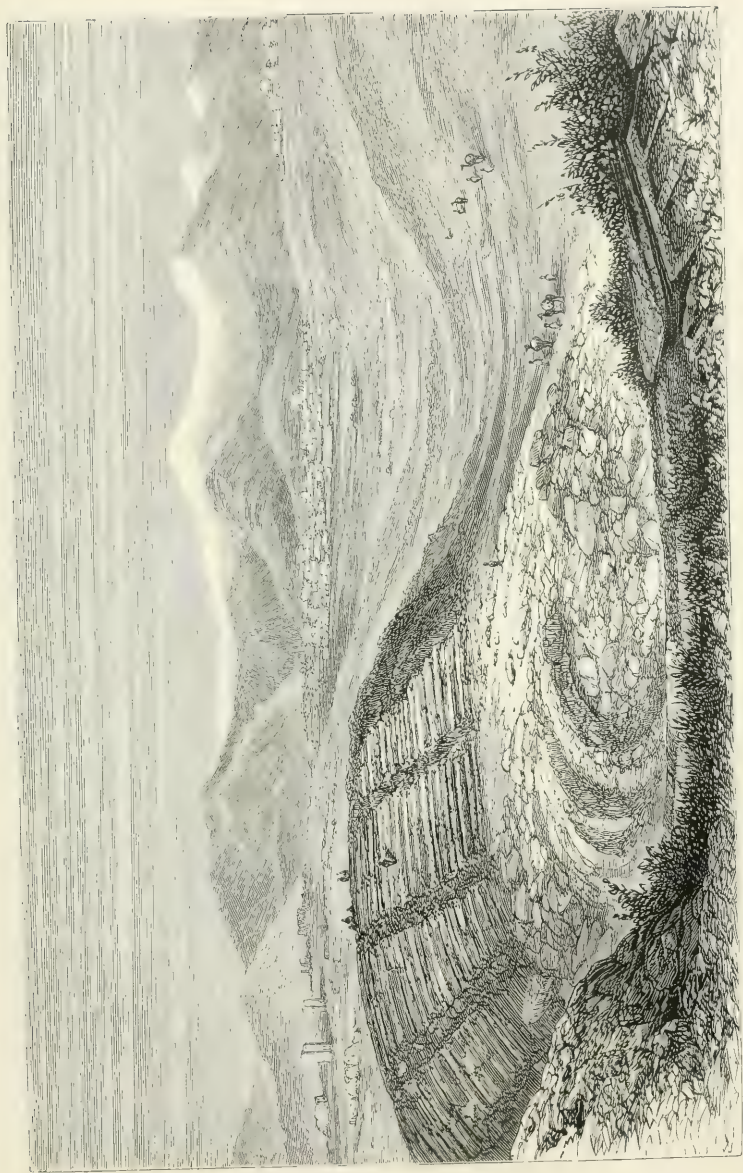
"I have been too busy to answer your letter before.

"The books of your father's sketches gave me great pleasure to look through. I repeat that they are the most clever amateur sketches I have ever seen, and I am surprised that your father, whose time must have been so fully occupied with his Oriental studies, should have been able to attain such excellence in art. It shows what a powerful mind he had, and also what a clever artist he would have made, had he devoted his whole time to art.

"You are quite welcome to use my name to Mr. F. Goodall. I feel sure he would be very pleased to see your father's sketches.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"B. W. LEADER."



LAODICEA.

[To face p. 214.

See p. 155.]

CHAPTER X.

BROADWINDSOR, 1856—1865.

“Vindication of Authorised Version”—“Gospel according to St. John”—Letters from Dr. Pusey and Rev. W. G. Humphry—Devotional Translations—Geneva—“Philosophy, or Truth?”—Letters from Archdeacon Denison and Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite—His Critique and Letters—Letters from Sam. Warren, Q.C., Dr. Payne Smith, and Dr. Wordsworth—Mr. Malan’s Criticisms—Geology—Darwinism.

AFTER dealing with the Chinese questions, Mr. Malan turned his attention more particularly to the subject which was always nearest to his heart, and to which he consecrated the best energy of his life. In 1856 he published “A Vindication of the Authorised Version of the English Bible” (Bell and Daldy). His reverence for the Authorised Version was deep-rooted, based on a foundation proof against every shock, fortified by the vast resources of his scholarship and acquaintance with the versions “of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.”

“Of all the modern versions of the Bible,” he says, “none has received a larger tribute of righteous praise than the authorised English version. It stands unrivalled among all other modern versions, for the devout spirit in which its authors rendered the original texts, for the simple beauty of its style, and for the dignified and easy flow of a language that was in a great degree formed from it, and that singles it out from among other translations of the Bible, even as a mere literary composition.”

He commends it as a work, not of a single individual, but of a goodly company of the most pious and learned men of the time. He admits that it is not absolutely free from human imperfection, any more than is the original text—and, who shall decide what is the original text? Therefore he

would admit a judicious revision in some few cases, perhaps even a sparing correction in others, *e.g.*, certain expressions which are a needlessly strict rendering of the Hebrew words, not adapted to the state of modern society. He would also admit that it may be a matter of taste or of convenience, either to leave it as it is, divided into chapters and verses, or to subdivide it into paragraphs, with the poetical parts in lines of unequal length, or treated like prose.

“But then, the question is, who is to do it; who is to impress upon this new Bible the sacred charm of the old, and impart to it, its deep, hallowed spell? Who will be bold, or I might almost say, hardened enough, if not, perhaps, to pull down, yet even to whitewash the stately edifice of the English Bible, venerable for its own worth, and venerated for centuries past by successive generations, as an integral element in the existence of the nation?”

Mr. Malan reproduces a passage from the Dublin “*Roman Catholic Review*,” as he saw it quoted in the “*Clerical Journal*” for February, 1855—“the unwilling testimony of one who cannot be suspected of any prejudice in favour of the book or of the people.” Was he aware that the exquisite eulogium was from the pen of John Henry Newman?—(it seems to breathe far-off echoes of soul-searching sadness, as the heart-broken sob of one lamenting a lost love)—“Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of the church-bell, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent,

and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy has never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land, there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

Mr. Malan reviews the careful, patient, conscientious spirit in which the divines prepared the Authorised Version. He sees their work stamped with a character for excellence, to which no modern version, and but one or two of the older ones, can lay claim. "As regards the Old Testament, the Authorised Version is, generally speaking, less paraphrastic, and is therefore a more correct rendering of the Hebrew, than the Septuagint and the versions that follow them wholly or in part, such as the Armenian, the Ethiopic, the Coptic, the Vulgate, the Arabic, and even the Syriac. For, unhappily, this bears evident proofs of having fallen from its first integrity, by being tampered with after the Greek Vulgate. And as regards the New Testament, the English Bible agrees best with the old versions, which are of the highest value on account of their faithfulness and accuracy. Thus, taking in general, as a specimen of the whole book, the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, which consists of forty-seven verses, I find that the English Bible agrees entirely, in forty-two verses, with the Syriac Peshito; in thirty-six (out of thirty-seven) with the Gothic of Ulphilas; in thirty-nine with the Sclavonic, and with the Armenian, which is justly termed by the learned La Croze, 'the queen of versions;' in twenty-eight with the Coptic; and in twenty with the Ethiopic. A similar collation of the English Bible with those versions of the Epistle to the Colossians gives the same average results, and shows that it may justly claim almost as close a relationship to the original as they. And if we make allowance for the great discrepancy of MSS., this agreement will appear still more remarkable.

"But if the English Bible have a lawful right to the

sisterhood of those ancient remains of primitive Christianity, it stands pre-eminent when side by side with more modern versions—not only for its devout adherence to the original texts, but also for the beauty of its style. This is, of course, partly owing to the nature of the English language, which is alike firm and flexible, elegant and manly; and so far, infinitely superior to the flippancy of the French, to the ponderousness of the Germans, and to the soft or effeminate character of the Italian, as a channel to convey the sense of the sacred texts.

“. . . As the teacher of the ignorant, the friend of the learned, the solace of the sorrowful, the comfort of the afflicted, and the mainstay of the dying English Christian, the English Bible has entered into the very substance of the nation. It is interwoven with its sinews, and forms more than any other book ever did—an unseen, by many perhaps unacknowledged, or even neglected, but still a living element in the prosperity of the people. For it is the one uniform and indissoluble bond of union between Christian communities, which, in too many respects, widely differ from one another. And it keeps together in one mass, however human and heterogeneous it be, as by an invisible spell, discordant elements of our fallen nature, that otherwise would always try to rend asunder the body of Christ.”

He compares the effect of the vernacular of the English Bible with that of the Armenian, in its influences on the language of the country. “The Krapār, or Bible style, of the Armenian language, has continued for more than twelve hundred years, and is still, the standard of excellence for the written ancient dialect. And in England it is also true, as Bishop Lowth says, that ‘the vulgar translation of the Bible is the best standard of the language,’ easily accounted for by what Bishop Horsley tells us . . . that ‘the translators . . . avoided all words of Latin original when they could find words in their own language, even with the aid of adverbs and prepositions, which would express their meaning.’

“‘Our translators,’ says Dr. Adam Clarke, ‘not only

made a standard translation, but they have made their translation the standard of our language. The English tongue, in their day, was not equal to such a work; but God enabled them to stand as upon Mount Sinai, and *crane* up their country's language to the dignity of the originals, so that, after a lapse of two hundred [and eighty] years, the English Bible is, with very few exceptions, the standard of the purity and excellence of the English tongue.'

"No book," continues Mr. Malan, "ever won from its warmest friends and from its bitterest foes alike, a meed of such unqualified praise. Prelates of the realm and laymen, Anglicans and Nonconformists, even Papists, are obliged to confess that the English Bible stands pre-eminent for its incomparable truth of language and beauty of expression. One would, therefore, naturally think that a book, upon which rests such an extraordinary weight of testimony to its excellence, would be looked upon with respect by all. . . . But the lot of excellence, of whatever kind, is to create envy. And so, ever since the day when the translators began their work, both the work and the men who did it have been attacked by 'Sciolists,' says the Rev. J. W. Whittaker, 'who have often attempted to raise their own reputation on the ruin of that of others'—felling the sandal-tree that sheds its shade and its fragrance upon their ungrateful deed."

After inveighing against the outcry raised for a new revision, and the disagreement in the ranks of those who raised it—some pitying former generations who only knew Stephen's text; others (the American associations) taking that text alone as the groundwork of their labours—Mr. Malan, as a prelude to his work of vindicating the Authorised Version of the English Bible, singles out "one earnest man" (Dr. Joseph Turnbull), who had spent seven years in translating the Epistles of St. Paul, "who tells us that, 'not being satisfied with any one critical edition as a standard text, he felt obliged to use several editions, and from them to select such readings as vary from the *Textus Receptus*, according to the evidence, as he could collect it, for that

which seemed preferable.' In other words, the translator chooses his own text, which he renders as he thinks fit: so that, in fact, he has it all his own way. This is evidently a rock of offence in the way of a good translation of Scripture. For, let a man be what he will, he has his own way of thinking, and of choosing, and of interpreting . . . hence the utter insufficiency of translations of the Bible by single, unaided individuals. . . .

"Such considerations, however, have no weight whatever with many who are willing to sacrifice much to the love of change; or, at all events, who seem to take pleasure in aiming blows at everything that is not of yesterday."

Proceeding to examine some recent attacks upon the credit of the Authorised Version, he deals first with a paper, "On the Miracle of the Passage of the Red Sea" ("Journal of Sacred Literature," April, 1855), in which the contributor, advocating "rational criticism, not to be confounded with rationalism," contends that *Abib* was not a Hebrew month, but the Egyptian month Epiphi in its Coptic dress *Ebib*; that Moses knew the most advantageous conditions of moon and tide; that a strong *north* wind, acting on the *ebb*, laid bare the *ford*, leaving water behind; that a *south* wind in the morning aided the *flow* to overwhelm the Egyptians; that the wind could not have been *east*, because it would not have answered the purpose. The contributor goes on to praise the Septuagint as a "spirited and intelligent version" because it translates the Hebrew *qadim* (east wind) by *vótos* (south wind)—though why, according to the contributor's notions, "south" should have been chosen and not "north" is not apparent. He condemns the Authorised Version in its "servile following of the Hebrew, as bad, formal, literal and fallacious."

Such statements were well calculated to rouse Mr. Malan's indignant remonstrance. The batteries of his Oriental artillery are brought to bear upon the position. He emphatically denies that the Hebrew *Abib* is equivalent to the (so-called) Coptic *Ebib*. He asserts that *Ebib* is not a

genuine Coptic word, being not found in ancient Coptic MSS. and not once mentioned in the Coptic version of the Pentateuch; that it is the corruption of the Coptic *Epép* (the Hebrew month *Epiphi*) by modern Arabic lips. *Abib*, he says, is a genuine Hebrew word; the assumption that it is identical with *Ebib* had been broached in the last century, but is untenable.

In defence of the accepted meaning of *Abib*, Mr. Malan proves that the radical idea of the Hebrew word is “productive”—tracing its relations in Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, Ethiopic. He contends that *Abib*, the month of “green ears,” cannot possibly be the Egyptian month *Epiphi* (the 11th month, answering to July) when the harvest is long past and the land athirst and waste. *Abib* can only mean “the month of green ears,” and, therefore, is indicative of early spring. Hence “the month of March,” says Buxtorf, in which cereals first appear in the ear.

Passing on to the *wind* (*qadim*), Mr. Malan upbraids the contributor for judging the Hebrew text by the Septuagint—a singular process, to set the translation above the original! He taunts his adversary with trying to prove that the *east* wind must be the *north* wind, because the Septuagint translates it by *south* wind; and he again directs the armament of the Shemitic root of the word to prove that *qadim* is *east* wind. He accuses the Septuagint of taking great liberties with the Hebrew text, because it renders *qadim* in many different ways other than its obvious and uniform sense of east—*e.g.*, burning wind, violent wind, etc., though the translators knew the meaning of the word, since they rendered it forty times by *east* wind.

“There is no argument,” remarks Mr. Malan, “however specious and unsound, which the human mind will not adopt in order to free itself from the trammels of revealed truth and to assert its own independence. For here we have the wind, which is called *east*, first made *south* by means of a translation, and then brought round to *north* by private opinion in order to serve a particular purpose!”

Mr. Malan passes on to consider a “specimen” of a revision of the English Scriptures, prepared by Professor Conant, for the American Bible Union. He takes the first chapter of Job, and finds that “the revision departs from the text of the English Bible upwards of *ninety* times in this short chapter of twenty-two verses.” Of these he pronounces that “*forty-six* are simply alterations without ever being improvements; *thirty-eight* are not requisite, *four or five* only might be advisable, but even among these *not one* is necessary.” He concludes that the reviser has little or no affection for the English Bible; that his only wish is to rear upon it a monument to his own memory. After noticing such alterations as—“one who feared God” for “one that feared God;” “and shunned evil” for “and eschewed evil;” “the sons of the East” for “the men of the East;” “they had let the feast days go round” for “when the days of *their* feasting were gone about,”—Mr. Malan criticises the amendment “before Jehovah” for “before the Lord.”

“The rendering of the word JEHOVAH by ‘LORD,’ in the Authorised Version, comes probably from the word *Kύριος*, by which the Septuagint, and after them all the old versions—except the Targ. Onkelos and the Samaritan—translate it. From the Septuagint *Kύριος* passed into the New Testament. Doubtless the origin of this very general rendering of JEHOVAH by LORD comes from the word *Adonai*, *Lord*, used instead of JEHOVAH by the Jews when they read the Old Testament. . . . They never pronounced the ineffable Name. . . . But, since JEHOVAH is the appellative of One who is the God, not of the Hebrews only, but of the Gentiles also, it is clearly beside the purpose to call Him, among the Gentiles, by the ineffable name He had among the Hebrews. In other words, it does not seem advisable to perpetuate, in translations from the Hebrew, a word or name which has no meaning whatever, for all who are not acquainted with the Hebrew language. But either a substitute should be found from among words of the

language in which the version is made, or JEHOVAH should be translated.

“We find a precedent for a *substitute* among the Jews themselves, who never pronounce JEHOVAH, but read ADONAI in its stead. . . . As to a *translation* of the word JEHOVAH, the only version I know in which it has been attempted with entire success, is the French translation of the Bible. There JEHOVAH is well rendered by L'ÉTERNEL; a word of great beauty and majesty in the sentences in which it occurs. The beauty of the word itself, apart from the idea it conveys, lies in the combination of its *one* vowel with one dental and three liquids, with the latter of which it both begins and ends. This combination would disappear in English; THE ETERNAL ONE would never, in prose, occupy the same place in a sentence with the same beauty of expression in English as L'ÉTERNEL does in the French Bible. That word alone is a golden spot in the French version.”

In Part II. of his “Vindication,” Mr. Malan says that the small encouragement meted out to literature on Biblical criticism prevented him from publishing “the elaborate collation of all the old versions of the Epistles of St. Paul to the Colossians and to the Thessalonians,” which he had prepared. He contents himself with considering the “Epistle to Titus,” as translated by Dr. Joseph Turnbull, Hon. Sec. of the Anglo-Biblical Institute; and the 1st Chapter of the “First Epistle of St. John,” as translated by the American Bible Union.

In the “Epistle to Titus,” Mr. Malan specially condemns the translator’s rendering of ἐκκλησία by *congregation*, ἐπίσκοπος by *overseer*, and διάκονος by *attendant* or *assistant*. A wide range of literature is ransacked to assist in the demolition of such translations.

Mr. Malan contends that the Apostles were divinely guided to choose ἐκκλησία from among a multitude of other terms akin to it, *e.g.*, ὄμιλος, ὁμήγυρις, πανήγυρις, σύναξις, συναγωγή, ἄθροισμός, ἀγορά, συλλογή, etc.—a word of daily occurrence among

Greeks—a word of distinct specific meaning. For ἐκκλησία was an assembly summoned by heralds—of free citizens—profane excluded—place of meeting purified by blood. Hence it was not a general, but a *special* gathering of privileged persons, differing from *general* words signifying a *gathering*. Therefore, he insists that it cannot be translated by a common generic word like *congregation*. “What would be thought of a schoolboy who should translate this line of Æsop’s fable: Ἀηδὼν ἐπὶ δένδρου καθεζομένη, κατὰ τὸ εἰωθὸς ἦδεν, by ‘a fowl sitting upon a vegetable uttered its accustomed sound?’ And yet this is only rendering *specific* by *generic* terms, as those do, who render ἐκκλησία by *congregation*. For the term *congregation*, from its intrinsic meaning, implies the most haphazard, heterogeneous, unconstitutional, ill-defined, irresponsible assemblage possible”—a gathering of small cattle, such as sheep and goats—used of beasts and insects, as well as gods and men.

“The old versions, as a rule, preserved the very word selected by the Apostles: Vulgate, *ecclesia*; Armenian, *egig-hetzi*; Gothic, *aikklesyo*; Coptic, *ditto*; Georgian, *ecclisia*. From whence, then, is the English *church* derived? Its parent, the Anglo-Saxon *cyrc*, *cyric*, or *cyreac*, almost speaks for itself as an abbreviated form of κυριακή (οἰκία), ‘the Lord’s house or household.’ . . . The Greek K pronounced by different people either *k*, *tch*, or *ts*, gave origin to the various derivatives of κυριακή: such as Old German, *kiricha*; Old Saxon, *kirika*; Islandic, *kyrkia*; Old Prussian, *kirkis*; Esthonian, *kirk*; Swedish, *kyrko*, from whence probably comes the Finnish *kirko*, etc. The syllable *kirk* or *kerk* may then be the same as the Slavonic *tserk-vo*; and thus the leading idea of ‘the LORD’s possession’ may run through them all.

“Enough has been said . . . to render it clear to those who had not thought of it before, that to contend for the rendering of ἐκκλησία by *congregation* shows more prejudice, perhaps, than knowledge of either Greek or English; for it is not TRUE. And it only throws additional light upon the



LAODICEA FROM HIERAPOLIS

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learning, the wisdom, and the piety of the venerable translators of the Authorised Version, who in order to render the spiritual *ἐκκλησία*, chose deliberately the only correct English term for it. For no other term could remind the English Christian of the civil rights to a heavenly state, which were purchased for him, a Gentile and a stranger, by the death of CHRIST, Who is the head of His body—the CHURCH."

Such was the force of his first broadside delivered in defence of the English Bible—his first testimony to the fact that intellectual ability and profound learning, when brought to bear upon God's Word, far from tending to endanger the reliability of revealed truth, form the mightiest of forces in defending the citadel against assault. Such was his first beacon-fire, kindled on the mountain-top, to signal to those beneath, that the higher men rise, the firmer is the proof that the truth of the Bible stands like the great mountains, strong as the righteousness of God. Clouds and darkness may encompass the mountain-sides, drifting mists may dim their outlines, onslaughts of the tempest may shriek with the shifting winds of doctrine, the scourging hail of heresy, the tumult of conflicting theories—but it is possible to rise above the turmoil and stand in the clear light, and see that the mountain formed of "the stone cut out without hands" is strong to resist, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

To protesting for the truth he consecrated his power, studying with unwearied diligence the literature of antiquity, tracing the streams of wisdom to their primal source, to drink at the fountain-head of waters drawn by his own hand. In exposing the baseless fabric of a pretended wisdom he showed no mercy to his antagonist. Who can blame him, when the cause was one of infinite importance? Who would blame him for smiting hip and thigh those who sat in high places, if they gave occasion to demolish that "heartless effrontery" which seeks to change the truth of God into a lie? Moses was not blamed for his ruthless

destruction of the golden calf, nor Elijah for his free-handed treatment of the prophets of Baal. Honour to the champion who takes his stand against all comers for God and the Right, regardless of all human interests.

In 1859 Mr. Malan published a volume of "Prayers and Thanksgivings for the Holy Communion, translated from Armenian, Coptic, and other Eastern Rituals, for the Use of the Clergy" (Masters); and "Meditations and Prayers of S. Ephrem, translated from the Russian" (Masters).

On February 10th, 1859, Basil Henry, the third son of his first marriage, died at Cannington, Somersetshire, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Taylor.

During the years 1861—1862 Mr. Malan devoted considerable time towards preparing one of the most laborious of his works, which was published by Masters in 1862:—"The Gospel according to S. John, translated from the Eleven Oldest Versions, except the Latin, viz., the Syriac, Ethiopic, Armenian, Sahidic, Memphitic, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, Anglo-Saxon, Arabic, and Persian, with Foot-notes to every Translation, and a Criticism on all the 1,340 Alterations proposed by 'the Five Clergymen' in their Revision of that Gospel."

This stupendous task was prompted in the main by the profound reverence which he entertained for the Authorised Version of the English Bible. "Only those" (says a writer in the "Clerical Journal," July 10th, 1862) "whose studies have led them to similar investigations can properly estimate the energy and devotedness which Mr. Malan has given to the production of this large volume. When we inform our readers that all the translations have been made from the originals by Mr. Malan himself, they will confess that this part of the work alone is one of great magnitude, to say nothing of the years of patient study which alone could give ability for such a task."

Mr. Malan says: "In order to avoid as much as possible all bias in writing these translations, and so as to give as

true a rendering as I could of their several originals, they were made, every one, from copies of the text alone, except the Persian in Bishop Walton's 'Polyglot,' which has a Latin translation, in general correct, though not always to be trusted. All these translations were then revised, some four, some five times, at several months' interval.

"When the 'Revised Version of the Gospel according to S. John, by Five Clergymen,' appeared in 1857 it was received with all the respect due to the private as well as to the public character of the revisers. The sober and earnest spirit in which they set about and did their work, the judgment and the moderation they showed in keeping to the Received Text with only very few readings of their own choice, and the modesty with which they put forth the first fruits of their joint scholarship, commended their labours to all who took interest in them. One felt disposed to think that, if a revision of at least the 'New Testament in the Authorised Version,' so loudly called for in some quarters, was ever to be done, it could neither have a fairer beginning nor lie in safer hands. Yet men differed, as, of course, they would, in their estimate of what a revision should be; while the reviews of the 'Revised Version of St. John' were of necessity too short to do full justice to the revisers, who, considering the great importance of the work they took in hand, could not be judged fairly without a special notice of every alteration they thought proper to make in the Authorised Version of this Gospel.

". . . The alterations amount to upwards of 1,340. So large a number of alterations made in the 879 verses of which the Gospel consists, by five earnest men who are loth to alter aught in the Book they rightly call 'a precious and holy possession,' and of which they say, after careful study, 'that the errors in it are very slight and few in comparison of its many and great excellences,' seems to show either that the English Bible is yet very faulty, or that all these alterations are not needed."

The scheme of Mr. Malan's procedure is to display in

parallel columns on the pages of a quarto volume the Authorised English Version of the Gospel and the translations of the eleven selected Versions. This occupies half of his volume of 427 pages. Then follow his notes on the 1,340 alterations of the Five Clergymen. These, according to his wont, are copiously illustrated by quotations from a wide range of classical and Oriental literature, fully given in their peculiar characters: Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Memphitic, Georgian, Gothic, and other types, with a plentiful supply of the more familiar Greek, confront the reader on every page. Well might a writer in the "Ecclesiastic and Theologian" of the day remark: "This is indeed a noble book, and it will take its rank amongst the foremost contributions of the present century to that vast department of learning—Biblical criticism. Eleven of the most valuable Versions of the New Testament placed side by side, and so arranged that an open page reveals them all at once; the important words of each Version placed in a footnote to each column, so that the scholar can form his own opinion upon the aptness of the words employed in the translation; then over a hundred pages of notes culled from classical writers of every school, illustrated by parallel passages from all the important Greek Fathers; the whole printed in very beautiful types, and with a care and accuracy that almost surpasses belief;—such is our first impression upon turning over Mr. Malan's pages upon our initial sight of his book. It embodies a great enterprise indeed, whether for author or publisher. . . . We beg to offer our most sincere and unbiassed congratulations to both the author and the publisher for having so nobly completed so valuable and beautiful a book."

Mr. Malan contends that study of the ancient Versions, "those venerable witnesses,"—is indispensable for a real criticism of the Bible; and more especially, that no knowledge of the original of the New Testament is either solid or satisfactory, that does not rest on sound scholarship in that text compared with the worthiest of the old Versions.

"We can form no just idea of our Saviour's teaching and of His conversation by reading them in the Greek of the Evangelists, which he never spoke; but we must look for the real spirit of them in the venerable idiom of the Peshito."

What then shall be said of those who, without ability for such study, presume to set themselves the task of altering the text of the English Bible?

Some idea of the magnitude of the labour expended on the present work may be gathered from the author's preface. The translation from the Syriac was begun on the "editio princeps" of Widmanstadt (Peshito), but "owing to the smallness of the type it was finished on the 4th edition published by the Bible Society in 1816." The whole was revised on Schaaf's edition, and afterwards compared with Dr. Bernstein's edition of the Philoxenian Version. The translation of the Ethiopic was likewise made on one edition, and then compared with two others. So with the Armenian, Georgian, Slavonic, Sahidic, Memphitic, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Arabic, and Persian. All his translations were revised at several months' interval, to avoid bias, and ensure the fullest accuracy.

His motive was "to lay one stone in the holy building of the Church of Christ, to strengthen the faith of many who can read the Bible only in English, by casting a glare of evidence on the truth of God's Word, in these retrograde days of progressive Christianity, of would-be mangled rituals and of garbled truth."

He refreshes his soul with a few passages drawn from the writings of ancient saints, which sound to him "amid the strife of tongues, like harmonious strains brought from a better land."

"To the deep, unshaken, eternal truth, these eleven Versions, from all parts of the earth, independent, unknown to one another, speaking tongues for the most part unintelligible to each other, of origin often uncertain—bear one and the same witness, so firm, so constant and so clear as to show that the truth they tell is one, as the light they reflect

is one. If not—the very earth would groan under the weight of imposture of their joint testimony. But the earth rejoices.”

Even in 1862 Mr. Malan sounded the cry which Dean Burgon re-echoed twenty years later with such vehement energy, pleading for the Greek Received Text, until the entire range of MSS., and Versions, and Patristic citations shall have been exhaustively collated. “All that has been done for the Greek Text is little when set by what has to be done; and even if it be ever done, the whole amount of real practical and available good will probably be infinitely small.”

Between the pages of Mr. Malan's own copy of his book was found the following letter from Dr. Pusey—probably acknowledging the presentation of the volume, and certainly eloquent of the affection of former days, when the pupil sat at the feet of his Hebrew master. The letter, written on a half-sheet, bears no address.

“MY DEAR MALAN,

“I thanked you in my heart, in which way I fear I give a good many thanks. For I was very pressed with lectures, my book on Daniel, and a sermon or two.

“Advancing years contract reading yet more than before; for there is the less time to do anything of what one wishes to do for God; and so, having to read a good deal for it, I can read next to nothing else. ‘The night cometh when no man can work.’

“I have always on principle avoided acting as if I were any one. People make too much of me all ways; some kindly, some unkindly. But love is precious, since it is of God. As then you like to express the memory of that love which I ever bear to my pupils, and which I had to you, who have yourself so much love, I thank you for the love which makes you wish it and accept it. Will my MS. bring you up to Oxford. I should be glad to see you.

“God be with you,

“Yours affectionately,

“April 28th [1863.]

“E. B. P.”

Among letters found pasted by Mr. Malan in his own copy of his book is the following, from one of "the Five Clergymen."

"VICARAGE, 6, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
"July 1st, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I must no longer delay thanking you for your great kindness in sending me a copy of your work on St. John. I waited till I had an opportunity of looking into its contents. This I have now done sufficiently to be satisfied that it contains not only the most friendly, but the most searching and scholar-like critique of our revision which has yet appeared. I hope a further generation of scholars may turn your labours and ours to some account, and that a revised version of the New Testament (at least) may be produced, which shall not supersede the Authorised, but shall be a guide to the clergy, and a light to the more intelligent of the laity.

"I wish I were competent to pronounce an opinion on the other and principal part of your volume. It must have cost you immense toil; it has evidently been to you a labour of love, and so has been to some extent its own reward. May you find further fruit in the acceptance which your work meets with from those who are able to appreciate it!

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"W. G. HUMPHRY."

In 1863 Mr. Malan published three devotional works of translation; "Preparation for the Holy Communion, translated from Coptic, Armenian, and other Eastern Originals, for the Use of the Laity" (Masters), "Meditations on our Lord's Passion, translated from the Armenian of Matthew Vartabed" (Masters), "A Manual of Daily Prayers, translated from Armenian and other Eastern Originals" (Masters).

In 1864 he went to Geneva for the last time, after years of separation, to attend his father's death-bed. Dr. César

Malan requested him to repeat Psalm xxiii. to him. The son began to do so in Latin, the old familiar language in which father and son always conversed in the old days. But the father interrupted the son by saying, "Non ita! non ita! Hebræice!" So the Psalm was repeated in Hebrew.

In 1865 he published a work which went far towards establishing his reputation as a critical and theological scholar—"Philosophy or Truth? Remarks on the First Five Lectures by the Dean of Westminster on the Jewish Church; with other Plain Words on Questions of the Day, regarding Faith, the Bible, and the Church" (Masters).

The following letter was forwarded to Mr. Malan by Archdeacon Denison, who wrote on its first page, "My dear Malan, please read enclosed. Yours always, G. Denison."*

"ST. MARY AT HILL,

"March 18th, 1865.

"MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,

"I have not forgotten your wishes about Mr. Malan's book. It is very valuable, but not a book to be read in a hurry. I have read the whole of it; and the greater part of it more than once. I hope, if possible, to send you something in time for the April number ["Church and State Review"]. But I should very much prefer May. I am greatly pressed, and I am not well—and I do not like to do this in a hurried manner. His exposure of Stanley's blunders, inaccuracy and ignorance, is wonderful. But still more valuable is that part which relates to the Bible and inspiration. He is a very able man, and if he had less learning, and sense, and honesty, would make a very proper dignitary. But like the tall recruit I read of lately, he is not low enough to pass under the standard.

"Faithfully yours,

"J. C. CROSTHWAITE."

A second letter from the same correspondent was forwarded by the Archdeacon to Mr. Malan.

* A. omitted in signature.

[NO ADDRESS].

“MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,

“At last you have by book-post what I have written on Mr. Malan’s excellent book. I wish I could have sent it sooner, and that it was better worth sending now. But I have been poorly, and have found preparing two sermons a week, nearly the extent of my powers. However, I have read his book very carefully, almost all of it twice, and a good part oftener still. Of course, a man must be as great a linguist as himself to do him justice in that point. But I have no hesitation in speaking as strongly as I have done. You will see also that in passing I have said a word for his ‘Gospel of St. John.’

“Very truly yours,

“April 28th [1865.]

“J. C. CROSTHWAITE.”

Mr. Crosthwaite’s critique appeared in the “Church and State Review,” dated June 1st, 1865. The following extracts will be read with interest.

“Whatever danger may be apprehended from the encouragement given to scepticism and rationalism by those who should be the defenders and guardians of the truth, whatever mischief may already have been done by the writings of the Stanley-Colenso school, one benefit has, unquestionably, arisen from this new crusade against revealed religion—for such it really is—namely, that it has compelled men of real learning to apply their minds to the detection and exposure of these pretenders to intellect, knowledge, and philosophical liberality. Among these, a very high place must be assigned to Mr. Malan. . . .”

After commending the “Translation of St. John’s Gospel from Eleven Versions,” the reviewer proceeds:—“In the work now before us Mr. Malan has, in language almost too mild for the occasion, given a most thorough exposure of the first five of Dean Stanley’s ‘Lectures on the Jewish Church.’ We regret, and we think it very greatly to be regretted, that Mr. Malan stopped where he did, and that he did not continue his

observations on the whole of that pernicious book. Far too many are influenced by names, and nothing short of demonstration will convince them of the possibility of a Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, a Bishop's Examining Chaplain, and a Dean of Westminster, being so lamentably and ludicrously ignorant of the Hebrew language as these lectures prove their author to be. Not that this is the first time the public have been warned against being led astray by his criticisms. At some specimens of this sort such scholars as McCaul seemed fairly to stand aghast; and no wonder, when they recollected with what feelings an exhibition so painful would be regarded on the Continent. But this is a matter which should be sifted to the uttermost, and therefore we cannot but hope that Mr. Malan will be induced to complete what he has begun. We do not say this merely because it is important to disavow in the face of Europe such pretensions to learning. It is most necessary to do so; most needful to let every Church in Christendom know, that however a political party may abuse ecclesiastical patronage for their own ends, the Church of England is not satisfied to be represented by such flippant and shallow scholarship; that if such performances are laughed at in Germany, they do not pass at home for more than they are really worth. But far more deeply does the Dean of Westminster offend, than by an assumption of learning which he does not possess. He is the very leader and embodiment of the party which professes to seek truth fearlessly, and, in their pursuit of what they call truth, to handle freely subjects and questions which all really learned men have ever approached with awe and reverence, and which no really learned man would ever dream of approaching in any other temper. But of all absurd pretensions, the most absurd is to pretend to seek truth in this fashion. For, surely, if it were the elucidation of a heathen writer which Dean Stanley had undertaken, he would have felt bound to acquire the language in which his author wrote, or at least to abstain from hazarding criticisms and founding theories on the words and phrases of a language

of which he was ignorant. He would have taken care not to repeat statements at second-hand, whose truth he had not ascertained for himself. No man who habitually disregards such cautions as these is to be listened to when he pretends to seek for truth, or to have any genuine love or value for truth whatever. And to what degree these cautions are neglected by Dean Stanley, how absurdly ignorant are his ventures at Hebrew criticism, how careless he is in the use of authorities, and how reckless in the statements he repeats, without examination, at second-hand, any one may see for himself who will read a few pages of Mr. Malan's calm and temperate remarks on the first five of the 'Lectures on the Jewish Church.' The Dean of Westminster will doubtless find admirers among those who are dazzled by a brilliant style, and followers among those who are glad to escape the trouble of thinking or inquiring for themselves, and are ready to shelter themselves under the authority of a man in a dignified position in the Church. Still more welcome will such a writer be, to those who are forward to applaud any one that has the hardihood to attack the Bible and undermine its authority. But among sensible and pious men, among all who believe that there really is such a thing as truth, such an elaboration of ignorance, rendered doubly offensive by the flippancy and the off-hand self-satisfied manner in which it has been delivered from the Regius Professor's chair, can excite no other feelings than those of sorrow and humiliation. . . . It would really be an endless task to count up the instances, where the only thing to be said is what Mr. Malan has quietly remarked on one of the Dean's almost incredible blunders:—'It is a pity that Dr. Stanley, apparently no Hebrew scholar, did not consult some one able to advise him better, or, at least, that he did not avoid quoting the original, which, it is evident, he does not understand.'"

Mr. Malan was evidently well pleased with this notice, and apprised the reviewer of the fact, as the following letter implies:—

“ ST. MARY AT HILL,

“ *June 2nd, 1865.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I thank you for your obliging letter, and am truly glad that anything I have written has given you any comfort. The more so, as I was greatly dissatisfied with the review myself, as I really did not think it possible in so short a notice to do any justice to your work. . . . The difficulty of publishing I know well, and to advise you to publish at your own risk, I could not. But this, if you will allow me to make the suggestion, I think you could do with great advantage to the Church, namely, to continue your observations on Dean Stanley's ‘lectures,’ and complete them in the ‘Church and State Review,’ and then, if there were any opening for your bringing them out in a complete form, there would be no difficulty in your doing so. I take it for granted that Archdeacon Denison would be glad to have these papers—and should be surprised if he were not. I am quite sure there are many things in the remainder of the lectures, which it is quite wrong not to expose in detail. I think, for instance, his treatment of Samuel is perfectly shocking. You must know, as far as the Dean is concerned, I have no personal feeling whatever. I have never seen him in my life; nor have I ever had any communication with him of any sort or kind. But if there is any one kind of writing I detest, it is his. The affectation of ardent zeal in the pursuit of truth, coupled with such thorough disregard of it, is most painful. Besides this, it is distressing to see sacred subjects treated with such exceeding flippancy.

“ As to your putting out the rest of your remarks on Dean Stanley in the ‘Church and State Review,’ and afterwards collecting and publishing them, it is commonly done. I did it myself in the case of the ‘Modern Hagiology.’

“ I cannot close this rambling note without expressing the pleasure I feel that any circumstance has given me the gratification of making your acquaintance, and remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

“ JOHN C. CROSTHWAITE.”

Another letter, which must have afforded Mr. Malan considerable satisfaction, is the following, from Samuel Warren, Q.C., whose son—afterwards Rector of Esher, Surrey—was at the time Curate of Broadwindsor.

“LYME REGIS, DORSET,

“August 19th, 1865.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“As my son returns this day to Broadwindsor, I send by him a line which I trust you will not deem intrusive. He spoke so highly of a recent work of yours, entitled ‘Philosophy or Truth?’ that, at my request, he sent to Broadwindsor for his copy of it, and from what I have been able to read (while vegetating here) of the book—which is from pages 30 to 41 inclusive—I entertain feelings of great respect and admiration for the writer of those pages. My professional and judicial habits, all my life, enable me peculiarly to appreciate the manner in which you have handled your important and deeply interesting topic. Your great acquirements, and masterly use of them, have in my opinion, so to speak, snapped the spine of (however unintentionally) a deadly enemy of revelation, in the person of the author of ‘The Lectures on the Jewish Church.’ I do not recollect having for very many years read such an overwhelming and crushing exposure of audacious false assertion, or equally audacious levity and ignorance, on the part of one of Dr. Stanley’s vouched authorities, to whom, forsooth, he refers candidates for Holy Orders. No man living, I do believe, witnesses with more vivid satisfaction a complete vindication of Biblical truth, when assailed by its *vowed* defenders, than myself, and I thank you from my heart for the profound gratification with which I have read your demonstration of the truth of Holy Writ, in the matter of the chief butler’s dream (Genesis xl. 9 *et seq.*).

“But for a reason which my son may explain to you, I should have devoted a part of my leisure here to a popular review of your book, in ‘Blackwood,’ but that reason is conclusive against my doing so, and does not in any way touch

you. I shall keep my son's copy by me during my stay here, for I have already seen glimpses of other portions of it, likely to enhance greatly my present high opinion of your rare merits. Would that, for your sake, I were the First Minister of the Crown! I would seize the first opportunity of enabling you to devote yourself exclusively to the glorious duty of 'vindicating the ways of God to man,' as you have hitherto done. I am writing to-day or to-morrow to one of my oldest and dearest friends—the late Chancellor of Ireland (Mr. Napier), a great lawyer, a most accomplished scholar, and profoundly religious man, and to another, Mr. Spencer Walpole, M.P.—to both of whom I shall express myself in very strong terms concerning your work, and will seize any other opportunity which may present itself, of making your work known.

"My son will tell you that I very rarely write in such a strain as this to any one, but in this case I feel justified in doing so, and in adding that I have told my son that he may consider himself honoured and privileged in having been the curate of Mr. Malan. May God bless and preserve you through many years of further usefulness.

"I am, my dear Mr. Malan,

"Very faithfully yours,

"SAMUEL WARREN.

"P.S.—I greatly admire what is to be found in pp. 39, 40, and n. 3 in the latter page.

"I shall purchase your work on my return to town, and also enjoin on Walpole and Napier *at once* to do the same."

Dr. Payne Smith says, in the course of a letter, to Mr. Malan, dated February 27th, 1865:—

"... I have read now about a third of your volume, and find it most interesting and instructive. Stanley seems to me to have no appreciation of truth. There must be a true and a false, and, as you show, the object of true philosophy should be to attain to the true. With him, anything that is striking, fanciful, popular, novel, comes with more

force to his imagination than the true does to his reason. His exposure by you is constantly complete; but thousands will read his works who care little for the difference between the true and the false, and think it is liberal to efface these distinctions. But what a multifarious man you are! You seem to have all knowledge at your finger ends.

“ Ever truly yours,

“ R. PAYNE SMITH.”

“ CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S.W.,

“ *February 28th, 1865.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Being disabled by an accident, I hope you will kindly allow me to use another hand for the purpose of offering the tribute of my cordial and respectful thanks for the pleasure and profit I have derived, and hope still further to derive, from the remarkable volume which you have had the goodness to send me. I do not know whether to admire more the soundness of its doctrine or the depth and extent of its erudition, and I heartily thank God that it has pleased Him to raise up a writer in the present age who is so well qualified to refute the errors which are now propagated among us under the specious guise of superior intelligence, and to maintain, with irresistible power, the true Faith once delivered to the Saints.

“ I beg leave to remain, my dear sir,

“ Your obliged and faithful

“ CHR. WORDSWORTH.”

With reference to the German element in the rationalistic movement of the time, Mr. Malan sees in the motive “the need one has to go to Germany for learning, now that real scholarship, and especially Biblical scholarship, are at the ebb in this country.” He gathers from the writings of some of England’s “scholars,” who, “residing at the University and with every facility for study, could have no excuse for either shallowness or inaccuracy—that we should be justified in bidding Oxford write ‘Ichabod’ on the portal of her schools

and mourn in ashes over the days of English learning; of such men as Walton, Castell, Lowth, Hickes, Hyde, Pococke, Selden, Lightfoot, Bingham, Stillingfleet, Lardner, Hooker, Porson, Hall, Waterland, Bull, Butler, and other such mighty scholars and learned men. . . . For English scholarship and learning no longer hold their own to take the lead as formerly; but they now seem content to move, like waiting-maids, at the beck of their German masters."

He has no sympathy with the "philosophy" which has at last bridged over the chasm into which we plunge at death, and has settled that judgment is a relative term, and that, somehow, things will then be amicably arranged. He sees the head of scepticism and unbelief lifted up by free opinions put forth, with a certain show of what must appear like learning to persons of little or no information, by men of high position in the Church; and he pours another vial of sarcasm upon "the Germanising rationalistic party—for 'school' it cannot be called"—which presumes upon the social position of some of its members, and arrogates to them brilliant gifts of intellect, ability, and knowledge; whereas their scholarship and learning, for the most part like borrowed plumes, call forth, not argument, but a smile from men of average learning.

Sincere regret rings in his words, "The 'Genius et Religio loci,' more venerable and better worth having than either Germanism without German scholarship and research, or than Gallican inklings without French talent or science, have deserted Oxford. . . . Who will now recall them to their hallowed and wonted haunts?"

It is not a spirit of irritable contentiousness that inspires such lucubrations: they are, rather, the lament of one jealous for the truth of God and for the dignity of England's credit for real learning. The memory of his race, "crowned with the stars of their martyrs," seems to revive when he speaks of those "who counted the reproach of Christ a greater honour than the favour or the smiles of their fellow-creatures;

their faith was indeed for them 'the substance of things hoped for;' they suffered, they even died for it."

He sees in the contention on which he is about to enter, not a battle of human opinions, but a controversy between the truth and those who gainsay it; his antagonism is of principle, not of party, aimed not at the individual but at the sentiments which are disapproved; with the honest wish to defend the truth for Christ's sake. He confesses his grief at having to vindicate truths dear to the Christian's innermost heart from the insinuations of a high dignitary; and his mortification for the credit of his own University at having to correct, in many simple matters, the teaching of one of her Regius Professors. "I write," he says, "to help Christians in doubt to set themselves right, and not to refute infidels and sceptics, of whose state of mind I can form no idea whatever."

A selection from criticisms on some of the passages noticed, may enable the reader to form an idea of Mr. Malan's profound and scholarly method of dealing with difficult questions. In Lecture I. Dean Stanley alludes to Abraham, in his idolatrous days, accustomed to see gods, "*Elohim*," worshipped; that he perpetuated his turning from these idols to the true God, by still keeping to the term *Elohim*, but using it with a singular verb . . . "thus *Elohim* became the name by which the monotheistic age was rightly inaugurated . . . the proof that monotheism rose on the ruins of a polytheistic faith, and that it absorbed and acknowledged the better tendencies of that faith." Mr. Malan regards this as "written for writing's sake, a specimen of that 'philosophy for the million,' that looks somewhat learned, perhaps, but is not so. For, while we cannot prove that Abraham did set the example of using *Elohim* with a singular verb, we can prove that he did not. The use of a 'plural of majesty' only, with a singular verb, is an idiom of the language—*e.g.*, 'lords,' *i.e.*, 'lord' (Is. xix. 4); 'his lords (lord) the Egyptian' (Gen. xxxix. 2, etc.), etc., etc. If so be that *Elohim* with singular verb be a token of Abraham's monotheism, how comes

it that Dagon is called 'our gods,' 1. Sam. v. 7. Baalzebub, 'the gods of Ekron,' 2 Kings i. 2; the molten calf, Ex. xxxii. 1, xxiii. 32. As a proof of how futile is this supposed 'more enduring memorial' of Abraham's monotheism—we have only two instances on record of Abraham using Elohim, viz., Gen. xx. 13 and Gen. xxii. 8. In the *first* instance the verb is *plural*; in the *second* only, it is *singular*. Moreover the first passage was written by a so-called Elohist, and the second by a Jehovist."

In Lecture II. Dean Stanley says:—"The God of Melchizedek (Gen. xiv. 18) was not *Eloah* or *Elohim*, but *Eliun*, the name given to the God of Phœnicia by Sanchoniathon (Kenrick, Phœn. 288)." On which Mr. Malan remarks:—"Incorrect, and worth very little. For *Eliun* was not 'the God,' *i.e.*, the chief divinity of Phœnicia, but only one of the gods worshipped there (quoting the passage in full from Sanchoniathon). 'Eliun' was not 'the God' of Melchizedek. 'The God' of Melchizedek was 'the Mighty Most High,' 'God the Most High,' 'the God' of Daniel (Dan. v. 18, etc.), and of Asaph (Ps. lxxviii. 35). . . ." Dean Stanley says:—"Tradition told that it was on Mount Gerizim Melchizedek worshipped." "We have seen," says Mr. Malan, "that Eliun was no title of Divinity in the mouth of Melchizedek, being only the adjective that qualifies 'the Mighty God.' And as to Gerizim, does Dr. Stanley not know that the mountain at present called Mount Gerizim may, after all, have been Mount Ebal? . . . After the return from their captivity, the Samaritans built for themselves a temple on Mount Gerizim to rival that of Jerusalem; and from that time date all the stories they tell of its sanctity; such as—that Abraham and Jacob worshipped, and that Isaac was offered on it; that it never was even wetted by the waters of the Flood; that it is the holiest spot on earth, etc. So also they, as everybody knows, changed 'Ebal' into 'Gerizim' in their own Samaritan version, as well as in the Hebrew-Samaritan text of Deut. xi. 4 (a fraud some of their descendants admitted when I taxed them with it in their own city);

to make it appear that the Levites stood, and that the altar was built, on Mount Gerizim, and not on Mount Ebal, as Moses commanded, and as Joshua did (Josh. viii. 33)."

Mr. Malan's indignation is poured upon the Dean for representing Abraham as "tempted of the devil to offer up Isaac," substantiating his statement by asserting that the same temptation is ascribed to God and Satan—"The *Lord* moved David to say, Go, number Israel" (2 Sam. xxiv. 1), and "*Satan* provoked David to number Israel" (1 Chron. xxi. 1). Mr. Malan refers the Dean to the marginal reference on 2 Sam. xxiv. 1, which supplies "*Satan*;" and says "the ellipsis of '*Satan*' before '*he moved*' is strictly according to the Hebrew idiom, which often omits the subject or noun, when plainly understood, from the context" (giving many instances).

Contrast Dean Stanley's shallow method with Mr. Malan's scholarly refutation in the following example:—The Dean states and endorses in his "*Lectures on the Eastern Church*," Lecture IV., that "the history of Joseph and Asenath is to this day one of the canonical books of the Church of Armenia" (giving Curzon's "*Armenia*," p. 225, as his authority). Mr. Malan, having found forty-seven mistakes in Mr. Curzon's list of 176 Armenian birds, examines into the matter. He finds that the claim to the canonicity of the book rests on the Dean's construction of Mr. Curzon's statement, and he demolishes the verdict thus:—"The history of Joseph and Asenath forms no part of the canon of the Armenian Scriptures. It is not even mentioned in the list of canonical books prefixed to the standard and critical edition of the Armenian Bible, printed by the Mechitarists at Venice in 1805 . . . nor in the edition published in 1817 at St. Petersburg, under the patronage of S. Ephrem, Catholicos of all Armenia. Yet, in order to get at the truth—worth obtaining at any price—I wrote to the Archbishop Hormuz, General Superintendent of the Mechitarists of S. Lazarus, at Venice, for further information. He replied . . . '*L'Histoire de Joseph et d'Asenath n'a jamais été rangée par l'Église Arménienne dans les livres*

canoniques, etc.' I wrote at the same time to a friend at Constantinople, an excellent Armenian scholar . . . who replied, 'I called on the Armenian Patriarch . . . he said that Joseph and Asenath was not regarded by the Armenian Church as canonical.'"

In dealing with the Biblical names of Egypt, etc., Dean Stanley states ". . . *Ham* (dark) . . . the word *Nile* is derived from an Egyptian word signifying *blue*. . . . *Ior*, the peculiar Hebrew name for the *Nile*." Mr. Malan replies: "*Ham* does not mean *dark*; it means *hot*. . . . There is no such Egyptian word as *Nile*, *blue*—but there is a Sanscrit word, *nilas*. . . . *Ior* is not the peculiar Hebrew name; but it is the Egyptian term for *river* adapted into the Hebrew language."

In the course of his criticisms Mr. Malan is sometimes led to break a lance with other authorities. Speaking of Joseph's exaltation, the Dean says: "Before him goes the cry of an Egyptian shout (*Abrech !*), evidently resembling those which now, in the streets of Cairo, clear the way for any great personage." Wilkinson says (ii. 24): "The word *abrek* is very remarkable, as it is used to the present day by the Arabs when requiring a camel to kneel and receive its load." "It never occurred to me," says Mr. Malan, "when I said *Abrok*, 'bend the knee,' to the camel I rode across the Egyptian desert, to compare this order with the shout of the herald going before Joseph's chariot. It is just such a coincidence as the Arabic 'Abib' and 'Epip,' between words which have nothing to do with each other, as I shall show regarding these terms. . . . It would lead me too far to demonstrate the futility of V. Bohlen's criticism in this case; but it is all of a piece with what he says concerning the gold ring, the gold collar, the robe of fine linen put upon Joseph, 'that they are articles of luxury which betoken a much later date.' One wonders at a man, who valued his reputation for learning, lowering himself to write in this wise. As if we had not engraved records, as we have seen, of Ahmes, who lived under Usertesen, long before Joseph's

time, being honoured seven times with the golden collar; and as if we did not possess the gold ring of Shuphu (Cheops), and the golden cup of Thothmes III.; to say nothing of a multitude of Egyptian gold ornaments adorned with precious stones—tokens of luxury of a still greater antiquity. . . . Of course, the intention of V. Bohlen, in endeavouring to prove a Chaldaism, is to try and lower the date of Moses' writings."

The Dean speaks of Joseph's Hebrew name "disappearing in the sounding Egyptian title, whichever version of it we adopt—Zaphnath Paaneach, 'Revealer of Secrets,' or Psonthom Phanech (LXX.), 'Saviour of the age,' or Peteseph." "The Dean of Westminster," says Mr. Malan, "has a way of solving difficulties by cutting them, which is more expeditious than philosophical;" and if the reader would see an example of profound scholarship conducting an examination of deep research, he will find it in pages 197—206; or, in the remarks on the name "Pha-raoh," called forth by the Dean's "Pha-raoh," "The child of the Sun," "Potiphe-rah," "The servant of the Sun," to which Mr. Malan replies: "Even if there were such a term as 'Pha-raoh,' 'pha' does not mean 'the child,' nor 'raoh' 'of the Sun' . . . 'Potiphe' does not mean 'the servant,' neither does 'rah,' strictly speaking, mean 'of the Sun;'" or, concerning the etymology of "Moses," on which Dean Stanley says: "Hebrew, from *Moshch*, from *Masah*, 'to draw out.' . . . In Coptic, *mo*, 'water,' and *ushe*, 'saved.' . . . Brugsch renders the name *Mes*, or *Messon*, child, borne by one of the Princes of Ethiopia under Ramses II., appearing also in the names *Amosis* and *Thuth-Mosis*." "The Dean," says Mr. Malan, "makes several mistakes in these few lines: *Moshch* does not come from *Masah*, but from *mashah*; Coptic, *ushe*, does not mean 'saved;'" Brugsch does not say *Mes* or *Messon*, but *Mes* or *Messou*, both passive participles. The truth is that, like Psonthom Phanech, the name Moses has tried the skill of critics, though hardly more successfully. I will briefly mention the chief opinions, etc."

In taking leave of the Dean, Mr. Malan expresses a hope that, "when he again writes for candidates for Holy Orders, he may bear in mind that the nature of their calling and the importance of their office require at the hands of their teachers, a lore, alike sound and accurate."

The world is poorer by the loss of a mightily-gifted intellect which, in its worship of truth, scorn of shallow prevarication, boundless resource, and indefatigable capacity for labour, was potent to vindicate England's credit for sound and worthy Biblical criticism. His strong point was the power of bringing patient and profound versatility of scholarship to bear upon specious phantasies of unsound pretensions. He was not so happy in conducting a line of argument in a set essay. Diffuse, and at times unscientific, he was apt to mistake scornful satire for argumentative acumen. In one of the essays which follow the critical portion of the volume ("On Revelation and the Bible"), he brings forward Joshua commanding the *sun* to stand still and not the *earth*, and the statement that follows, as an example of proof that God's Word is addressed to the spirit, not to the intellect—the writers, though inspired, employing human words and ideas, which need not be miraculously preserved from all defect incidental to humanity. How would he have received the interpretation of the passage ably put forward in "A Misunderstood Miracle" (Rev. A. Smythe Palmer)? wherein the passage is explained as the prolongation of the storm which struck the sun-worshipping foe with such consternation—miraculous, indeed, inasmuch as God hearkened to Joshua's prayer, and made the day such as had not been known—but not requiring a suspension of the laws that govern the earth's orbit.

It was the childlike simplicity of ready faith, which could not pause to question, nor seem to authorise any recourse to "free thought." In the same spirit he would insist that the cosmogony of Genesis was effected in six days of twenty-four hours each: and sympathised with Dr. Wordsworth, who, in his "Commentary on Genesis," states that the earth was

created *before* the sun, and sees, in "the waters above the firmament," aerial oceans analogous to terrestrial, whereof the "sea of glass," mentioned in the Apocalypse, is a type.

Mr. Malan proceeds to insist that the Bible was not intended to give lessons in geography, geology, physics, astronomy, etc., but speaks after the manner of the times at which its parts were written. Its very discrepancies of the style, words, and ideas of the writers, attest their genuineness and disarm suspicion of collusion or imposture. They who desire to gainsay and resist, may assume the sophism that, if the Bible is inspired, it can contain no discrepancies—taking advantage of immaterial details to impugn the whole—as though a hod-man, carrying mortar upon the scaffolding around St. Paul's Cathedral, might run down the genius of Sir Christopher Wren because he discovers a crack or flaw in one of the stones.

God might have caused His Word to be written by angels, but He chose men. These touches of humanity show the means used—their apparent defects are allowed to remain as tokens of the hand that stayed them from affecting the beauty and solidity of the whole.

"Strictly speaking, 'verbal inspiration,' as some people understand it, no longer exists. The only documents that might, with justice, be said to be verbally inspired—that is, every word of which was inspired—were the autographs of the holy men who wrote as moved by the Holy Ghost. But the very first copy made from those autographs introduced some mistakes, and, so far, destroyed the verbal inspiration of those copies—that is, the inspiration of every word in them. These mistakes increased more or less in after copies, so that their number is now considerable. And yet, considerable though it be in the originals both of the Old and of the New Testament, their aggregate influence on the sense, meaning, power and authority of those texts, amounts to little or nothing; to no more than to the effect the spots on the sun have in lessening its bright light and genial warmth—that is, not at all. The light of both the

sun and of the Bible outshine all spots or other supposed defects in them. . . .

“In every faithful translation of the Bible the inspiration lies in the truth conveyed and in its influence on man’s spirit, and not in the form of the ideas or of the words. . . . The Bible is, if I may use such an expression, the bread of life; the bread is, so far, not pure, as there are mingled with it particles of earthly matter that have clung to it during its stay in the earth; but it is suited to this, our present earthly state. . . . Seeing we can find spiritual food nowhere else, we receive this bread with thanksgiving, and, as we eat it, we subsist thereby. Some of our fellow-men will have none of it as it is given them, but attempt to do what no man can do, and insist on extracting from it, after their own fashion, what they call the ‘flour,’ alone whereof, they say, that bread consists. Meanwhile they starve themselves because they refuse to eat; but we live because we partake of it. Others treat it even less reverently, and as if it were no bread. All we can say with our MASTER is: ‘Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.’”

So far the clearness and soundness of his teaching commands attention. But passing on to refute the (supposed) antagonism of modern science to the cosmogony of Genesis, a subject which he never studied profoundly, he proceeds, with characteristic independence, self-confidence and contempt for opinion, to adjust the difference by a sweep of the pen, taking abstruse questions “in his stride” and undeniably “giving himself away.” He speaks of “the flood having caused the phenomena we notice in the crust of the earth. . . . When the waters of the great deep mingled with those of heaven in chaotic confusion, to leave after-traces of their currents, counter-currents and eddies rushing from north to south, in the ridges of mountains, the outlines of continents, and in the principal currents of the sea, now comparatively at rest.” . . . “Night was before light, and light was before the sun, which, only on the fourth day, was made the centre of light and possibly of our system.”

. . . "Geology is as yet in its infancy, and from the very nature of its subject-matter, and of the circumscribed limits of its observation, it bids fair never to grow up to childhood. It is easy to make diagrams of small localities, but to reason on these, and to infer from these particulars to the whole, is too illogical to suit a well-constituted mind."

So also Darwin's theories concerning the origin of species, are hardly to be overturned by the following remarks, which, however, possess interest as showing Mr. Malan's fondness for natural history:—"The curlew does not become an ibis in Egypt, neither does the *Ibis falcinellus* become a curlew in England. The hooded crows I fed every morning in Bengal were the same species that I see in the north of Scotland; the *Alcedo Smyrniensis*, which I kept for weeks in India, in company with the *A. Bengalensis*, is precisely the same species that I shot on the banks of the Sea of Galilee; the kite of Bengal, the kite of Palestine, and the kite of England, are the same species; the *Pieris Daphidice*, *Pol. Phlaas*, and *Virgaurea*, *Corydon* and *Alexis* I caught at Tyre and on the hills of Galilee, were exactly the same one may catch in England also; the silvery tufts of *Bry. Argenteum* and *Grim. Pulvinata* I often noticed at the Cape certainly struck me as the same I had found in this country until I discovered a slight difference in the leaf; likewise the *Ophr. Apifera*, or bee orchis of Galilee and of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, is the same as that of the chalky neighbourhood of Dorking; so also specimens of *Papaver*, *Echium*, *Lycopsis*, and several other species are found the same in Palestine, on the banks of the Tigris, in the south of France, and in England."

A vein of his characteristic humour tempers the severity with which he assails Evolution: "Modern science and philosophy tell us that at first, and ere the rock of which the surface of the earth consists became coated with soil, it got gradually covered with vegetable substance like unto green mould, wrought by natural causes, such as damp, heat, and other agencies; and that this rudimentary vegetable gradually developed itself into all the various plants and

trees that adorn the earth! Animals then grew 'by a similar process,' something like the rats of Herodotus, half rat, half mud; and as to man, he was originally, according to an Italian 'philosopher,' a fish that swam ashore, where its fins and tail gradually altered into hands and feet; while others find in monkeys and gorillas types of themselves! Rightly, perhaps; since 'philosophers' of this sort not only prove the words of the Apostle true that, 'professing themselves to be wise, they became fools,' even humanly speaking, since they argue for a fact psychologically impossible, but they also, says a higher authority than mine (Delitzsch), besides being infidels, 'muss sich selbst erst gründlich verthiert haben,' must have thoroughly brutalised themselves ere they can arrive at such a conclusion.

"We may, indeed, smile, or perhaps feel interested, when we read in Tibetan annals of the sweet, cream-like substance which at first covered the earth, and out of which the Lha-mas of Lha-sa grew like so many sugar-canes. But when the same sort of lore is taught in a Christian country, in the full blaze of revealed light and knowledge, one hardly knows whether most to pity the ignorance, or to wonder at the folly of men who seem bent on stultifying themselves, by ascribing to what they call 'natural agencies,' '*natura naturans*,' facts and results which cannot be apart from the will and the wisdom of an over-ruling and Almighty Creator.

". . . Taking pleasure as I do in the study of God's works, I collected very many birds, insects, plants, and other inmates of this beautiful world, and I observed wherever I went, east or west; but never, as far as my observation goes, have I found a feather out of place in a bird so as to confound one species with another, nor a hybrid among insects I caught, nor yet among the flowers I gathered. I have always found the characters of the species and those of the genera constant. Only once did I see a *S. hippophaes*, a *B. pudibunda*, and a *Noctua*, exhibit a '*lusus naturæ*,' but they had been reared in captivity, and the mode of transformation of insects may render such cases less impossible

than in other orders of animals. Yet these amount, of course, to no more than to monstrosities of double birth in animals, or of abnormal excrescences in sundry umbelliferæ, ferns, mosses, etc., allowed as examples to show what a scene of confusion Nature would be but for the Ruler thereof. I have, like everybody else, met with accidental varieties, chiefly in the want of colouring matter of the tissues; as among certain animals and often among birds; as, *e.g.*, a white pipit, a starling speckled with white, etc.; and I had last spring a black and white blackbird on my lawn, that reared in the adjoining shrubbery a nest of four young ones, all, however, of the orthodox brown and black. It certainly never occurred to me to look upon these as upon the beginning of a new species; any more than one white egg among four other blue ones in a dunnoek's nest struck me as introducing a new colour among the dunnoeks, or the winter dress of ptarmigans, etc., a new fashion among those birds. But when I invariably found the grey variety of the cuckoo's egg in the nest of the common wagtail, and the brown variety in the nest either of a land or of a wood-lark, so that these birds might sit without suspicion upon the egg, not their own, introduced into their nest, I saw therein neither choice nor accident, but a singular proof of sagacity in the bird that lays the egg and then carries it to the nest of eggs best agreeing in colour with its own; and one of the innumerable instances of God's presence among His works, shown in the instinct He gives to His creatures, from the least even unto the greatest, and which is past finding out."

He sums up his review of modern science in a few striking words, and passes on to a noble panegyric upon the Bible.

"So then neither geology nor any other theoretical or empirical science, nor yet questions belonging thereto, put and answered thereby, that bind God's power with human cobwebs, need disturb the faith of any man in the Bible. He may collect his fossils in peace, and gather his plants

with delight; they are intended as a link in the chain that binds him to God, for they are His work.

“But enough of this. The truth is that if the Bible were any other book—if it did not bear witness of itself and of its Divine origin: such witness, too, that a man must either love or hate it—men would worship it for the beauty of its diction, for the sublimity of its ideas, for the purity of the precepts it teaches, for the greatness of its morality, for the glory of its promises, and for the value of the history which it alone imparts. They would grant it all the respect which the proofs of its authenticity and the marvellous agreement of the whole command, written as it has been at various times, extending over nearly two thousand years, by men of different countries and of different minds. All this combined would lead thinking men to conclude that such a book cannot be human, but that its origin is from a higher region than mere human intellect, and that there must have been some Divine element at work in it.

“For we may well ask, where is there a book to be compared to it even in a literary point of view? We admire some of the Vedic hymns, as well we may, at least in their own unrivalled idiom; some of the oldest parts of the Avesta have a peculiar beauty of their own; some also of the Egyptian hymns sung to Atum or to Osiris, in the days of Abraham and of Joseph, are invested with a mixed feeling of wonder and of veneration owing a little to their beauty, but chiefly to their being, as it were, chanted from the tombs. Many passages in Confucius, in Lao-tsze, and in Manu are beautiful and touching, as are also very many found in Plato. But they are all lifeless and dead. They attempt to describe a God they know not, and they cannot impart a life they have not; and however we may and ought to admire them as relics of olden time, and as reflecting to a certain extent the glimmer of refracted truth, yet they are in themselves helpless for real good. They speak; some to the intellect, others to the imagination, and some to neither; but they are one and all powerless to reach the heart.

“ How is it, then, that the Bible should be singled out, even by some of those who profess to believe it, as the butt of their bitterest invectives and of their untiring hatred and aversion ? Simply for this reason—that the other books, being helpless and harmless, assert no authority, and exercise no real influence over man ; whereas the very sight of the Bible exercises its own silent influence and asserts its own calm authority over the heart and mind, even of him who hates it and who tries to gainsay it. But with what success and with what result, besides an evil conscience and remorse at having done so, those enemies of the truth may confess who are not yet past feeling. There is no better practical proof—and one worth a host of arguments—of the Divine origin and spiritual authority of the Bible, than the untiring efforts of its adversaries to gainsay it. A Bengalee proverb says : ‘ No one throws stones at a tree that bears no fruit ; ’ no ‘ philosophers ’ would throw their stones at the Bible if it did not bear fruit which they dislike, because of the pride and of the conceit of what they call their ‘ intellect, their ability, and their learning.’ ”

The following is an example of illustration, whereof he made frequent use in his own writings : “ The multitude stands practically towards the Bible as towards a clock. Not one in a thousand of those who look at the town-clock to guide them in their daily business knows anything of its construction. Watchmakers and a few others know it, and may reason upon the combined forces of the mechanism of that clock. Yet, after all, even these derive no greater practical benefit from it than those who even, perhaps, think the clock alive—and that benefit is—to know the time. What should we think of one of these watchmakers, not only stopping the town-clock, but taking it to pieces, and throwing the works at the feet of the people, saying, ‘ We have all been wrong in keeping time hitherto ; we had better go by the sun, whether it shines or not.’ Those who had watches or clocks in their own homes might be independent of such wanton mischief ; but what state would the people of

the town be in? To say the least, would it be sensible, judicious, kind, and considerate towards them?"

It seems strange why there should be anxiety in the Christian mind about reconciling evolution with the cosmogony of Genesis; and fierce resentment against the theory as the product of infidel audacity is surely inexcusable. The Christian believer should hail with eager interest every scientific theory propounded by honest and careful investigators. Even though future ages may find occasion to modify the views of the nineteenth century, in the furtherance of truth, still such a result must be attained by the stepping-stones laboriously laid across the torrent of uncertain knowledge by previous labourers. Truth is not reached at a bound by intuitive perception. Rather is it the result of patient inquiry spread over a broad field. Evolution need not be treated as an independent process, antagonistic to revelation, profane and atheistic, to be eyed askance by the Christian believer. If it survives the crucible of time and comes forth proven by further research and enlightenment, it will surely be accepted as the method whereby God was pleased to act in producing the results stated in Genesis. "Evolution," said the Bishop of Rochester at the Church Congress of 1896, "has given strength, clearness, and articulateness to the voice of Nature, and an imposing and impressive character to the things of Nature upon our thoughts such as it never had at any other time." And in the words of the Bishop of Hereford, "it may be felt as time goes on that Darwin was ordained as one of those doorkeepers in the vast temple of the Universe to open to us new vistas, every one leading to the Throne of God."



IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN.

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CHAPTER XI.

BROADWINDSOR, 1866—1875.

“History of Georgian Church”—Second Study—Devotional Translations—
“Outline of Jewish Church”—Letter from Sir W. Hunter—“S. Gregory
the Illuminator”—Documents of Armenian Church—Literary Habits—
Various Publications—Drimpton Church—Re-opening of Broadwindsor
Church—“Plea for Received Text”—Tour to the East—Crimean Graves
—Kutais—Mt. Ararat—Tiflis—Robbed at Moscow—Letter from Mr. R.
Butts—Letters to *Dorset County Chronicle*—Offer of Bishopric—Coptic
Documents—“History of Coptic Church.”

IN 1866, Mr. Malan, prompted by the desire on the part of the Anglican Church for closer intercourse with the Churches of the East, published a translation of a Russian “History of the Georgian Church,” by P. Ioselian (Saunders and Otley)—a Church “venerable alike for its antiquity and for its faithfulness during centuries of untold vicissitudes.” The volume was “inscribed by the Editor to the Rev. George Williams, Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge, in acknowledgment of his kindness in matters relating to Georgian literature, and of the active interest he takes in forwarding union with the Eastern Church.”

There followed in the succeeding years a long list of translations from devotional works of Eastern ritual, published at his own discretion and expense, with indifference to the fact that they did not meet with much appreciation from the public. Never did he seek or take advice upon the subject from a friend. Shut up in his study during a large part of each and every day, he “lived in his books.” His literary pursuits were soothed by the voices of his birds in the aviary beneath his windows, or furthered by the stillness of night, when the wind in the trees around the house alone disturbed the silence. Occasionally in the

morning hours his retirement might be interrupted by some mission from the village, when his mind must be recalled from reveries of Oriental abstraction to the practical necessities of some poor parishioner. Not without misgivings did the timid housemaid knock at his door to announce the call. Seldom did any other member of the household presume to intrude upon his learned labours, and never without some urgent need; nor was the adventurer always received with a smile of welcome. An exception would be made for his daughter, who in the season of summer fruits would daily bring him a morning refreshment of currants or raspberries. The French taste for sweetmeats was ever strong within him; no schoolboy could evince a keener relish for sugared dainties. He would keep a box of *fruits confits* ready to hand among his ancient tomes, to “oil the machinery,” as he said. Some new delicacy at dessert always engaged his attention; he fancied the sweet wines and abhorred the dry.

For his two youngest sons the second “study” was always a chamber of awe, guarded by its double doors, beyond which they seldom passed, except to face the ordeal of a lesson. The smell of antiquity pervading the room was enough of itself to inspire alarm; the sombre rows of books lining the walls from floor to ceiling wore a forbidding aspect; the stern solidity of table, book-rests, sofa, and arm-chair, all covered with an accumulation of folios and manuscripts, seemed to breathe an air of repellent gloom; while the abstraction of the learned teacher (who might be penning hieroglyphics while he listened to the timid lisps of *mensa* and *amo*), did not reassure the diffidence of youth.

The table at which Mr. Malan habitually wrote, deserves special notice. It was a massive structure of mahogany, measuring 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft., furnished with drawers and cupboards. The drawers were divided into compartments for stamps, stationery, etc. A sloping desk, constructed by the village carpenter, large enough to accommodate a

blotting-book of imperial sheets, and covered with green baize, surmounted the greater portion of the table, leaving room on either hand for writing materials, etc. These comprised a capacious inkpot mounted by himself on wood, vases of swan-quill pens, reed pens, Chinese pencils, etc.; Japanese trays containing knives, pencils, scissors, etc.; slabs for vermilion and Indian ink, shells, Eastern seals and rings, various knick-knacks and mementoes of foreign lands, including a mass of blood-stone from Hong Kong.

Behind this table, on a rest specially adapted for the purpose, lay the MS. volume of his "Notes on the Proverbs," at an altitude for use in a standing posture.

On the chimneypiece opposite, among other ornaments and relics, were the iron trivet and cooking utensils which he used when travelling in the Holy Land; and over them hung a framed sketch of the Garden of Gethsemane made upon the spot.

To this *sanctum sanctorum* his two youngest sons loved to pay surreptitious visits, what time their father was safely away on a fishing excursion—*juvat ire et Dorica castra Desertosque videre locos*—to peer with inquisitive wonder at the strange old-world curiosities that met their gaze on all sides. In the dressing-room adjoining the study were the cages of dormice, a source of but little interest to the visitors, since the occupants curled up in their snug nests seldom appeared to view.

The translations which at this time occupied Mr. Malan's time, were "Sermons by Gabriel, Bishop of Imereth, on Faith, Eternal Punishments, etc." (Saunders and Otley), to which were added, "An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer and of the Beatitudes," by the same author, intended for the Ossetes, and for other inhabitants of the Caucasus—translated from the Georgian and published in 1867; "Repentance," translated from the Syriac of St. Ephrem, 1867 (Masters); "Thoughts for Every Day in Lent," translated from Eastern Fathers and Divines, 1867 (Masters); "The Life and Times of S. Gregory, the Illuminator," translated from the Armenian, 1868 (Rivingtons).

In addition to these translations, he published in book form his papers on "Ritualism," 1867 (Saunders and Otley), which had previously appeared in the columns of a local journal; and also "An Outline of the Early Jewish Church, from a Christian Point of View," 1867 (Saunders and Otley).

This volume was written as a corrective to Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church." Having proved the unworthy nature of that work, and the extravagance of some of its vivid fascinations, Mr. Malan was minded to offer the general reader "An Outline of the Jewish Church from a Christian Point of View." He wrote "for those alone who still believe the Bible, and have proved the utter emptiness and vanity of all that man's pretended wisdom will attempt to devise instead of it." "With such men only," he adds, "can I have any fellow-feeling." Those who were acquainted with him could estimate the import of those words. They knew the fierce abruptness with which he would renounce any sympathy with a free-thinker, the uncompromising severity with which he condemned all who dared to lay profane hands upon the authority of the Holy Scriptures. Never did a man possess in greater measure the courage of his opinion with regard to reverence for the Bible as the Word of God. Believers, who for any reason are content with a passive reliance on the conviction of a powerful and sympathetic mind, may derive no small confidence from knowing that a man who had more intimate access to the sources of Divine truth, and a deeper acquaintance with Versions than most other men, never for an instant wavered from the simplicity of his faith. He who could demolish with the heaviest metal the plausible fabrications of rationalism, might have brought his powerful artillery to its aid, had he seen any foundation of truth in the theories of the antagonist. Wherever he struck he exposed ignorance or presumption, though the method of his warfare might not always be above criticism. His "Outline of the Jewish Church" is marked by the deep research and ability conspicuous in all his writings, but a barrier to winning popular

favour runs through it in the scorn he pours upon the “infidel absurdities of philosophers who are too clever to have common sense, who from ignorance and overweening conceit will believe nothing that they do not understand.” His style seems in places to lack the calm spirit of deliberation, which carries weight without sacrificing dignity. Enthusiasm for his subject makes him at times lose sight of strategic art in argument; so that perhaps it might be said of his polemic, “*C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre.*”

It was because he had “no fellow-feeling” with those who questioned or tampered with the authority of the Bible, that he continually “begs the question by meeting any objections to the words of Scripture with a quotation of the words themselves”—a course sufficient no doubt for those whose minds are made up already, but not calculated to weigh with the critical spirit of unbiassed inquiry.

Yet, in spite of such defect, the volume is replete with gems of excellence, in devout thoughts, profound ability of research, and beauty of description. There is grandeur of conception in some words relating to the innocence of Eden, when Adam enjoyed fellowship with his Creator, “a fellowship which needed neither faith nor hope, but existence only, to enjoy it.” Of striking excellence is the following description of the Church:—“Thus may we compare the whole Church, from her earliest beginning to her final entrance into Heaven, to a tree. The roots will then represent the patriarchs both before and after the flood, until Abraham, who may then be compared to the part of the tree immediately above ground, and that supports the stem, which will thus represent the Theocracy, or the People of Israel, before the coming of Christ. The branches of this tree will be the several divisions of Christ’s Holy Apostolic Church in various parts of the world; and the fruit found on these branches will be the spirits of just men made perfect—the fruits of the Church gathered unto everlasting life. As the sap is one and the same throughout the tree, though under different aspects—whether it be

drawn from the roots, or conveyed by the stem and the branches, until it be wrought out into leaves, blossoms, and delicious fruit—so also is the Spirit of God, in the life of Abraham, in the Psalms of David, in the prophecies of Isaiah, in the Gospels, at the Pentecost, in the Epistles, in the death of martyrs slain for the faith of Christ, and among the saints around the throne of God.”

In Egypt, whereof the land and lore always presented special attractions to Mr. Malan, he is seen at his best. On the turning of Aaron’s rod into a serpent, he says:—“It was aimed at the worship of the serpent tribe in general, and at that of Apap or Apophis, the chief and largest of them, whether on earth or among the dead in Amenti. There is hardly an inscription or a page of hieroglyphic writing on the subject of the passage of the soul through the nether world, without a figure of this giant snake slain by the gods, with a dagger stuck in every coil of his large body; the terror alike of the soul in migration and of the living above ground. So with the lesser reptiles of the kind, sar, haï, sapi, nahavka, mehen, neb-hotp, and the araa or basilisk, the emblems of royalty in Egypt, whether in her magical books, in her litanies, or votive tablets raised for a safe passage of the departed through the plains of Aalu to the judgment-hall of Osiris. Those serpents and snakes are, with their allied monsters, the crocodiles, in turn dreaded, propitiated, fought, and slain by the soul in her travels through realms of Atum. So that the turning of Aaron’s rod into one of these objects of worship, and again that living god into a rod, was an evident proof of God’s power over them, and a lesson to the Egyptians there assembled, gentle and simple, wise and foolish, that their worship was mean and low, whatever secret lore the learned among them might teach under such emblems.”

During the earlier plagues the sun shone. Mr. Malan says:—“Those two eyes of Osiris were not dim, and could not be dimmed, thought Pharaoh, beloved of Ptah; Ra rose as usual over the distant hills of Punt in the East; Cheper

glared as of old, and poured down the same shower of heat and light ; and Atum, after sinking behind his glowing mountains in the West, then rose over the plain of Hatapham, and still blessed the fields of Aalu in Amenti. Egypt could not die as long as her sun did shine ; but without him she could not live. The plague of darkness comes. Whatever lamentations might have been heard ere this on the banks of the Nile, they were as nothing to the utter terror and dismay with which the affrighted Egyptians beheld neither sun nor moon for three days and three nights. This was the death of Osiris and of Isis at once ; the convulsion, the end of their upper and nether worlds, of their faith, of their worship, of their gods, of their hopes—the beginning of such terror, that they did not stir from their houses, but every one, even though living under the same roof, was a stranger to his fellow, and could not see him. It was, in sooth, at once the doom of the living and of the dead—the doom of Isis, of Ra, Cheper, Atum, and Shu-si-ra, Har, and Harmachu, and of Nut, his mother ; of Osiris, the father of all gods, the supreme Lord of Egypt, and the Judge of Amenti. In vain did the priests of On, astonished at this long night, pour forth their terror in earnest litanies to their God : ‘ Hail, O Son of Phra, born of Tum himself ; self-existent without another, lord of righteousness and truth, sovereign ruler of the gods ! O thou that scatterest the storm, shine ! O shine through this desolation, in thy name of Spent-ta ! ’ ”

As an example of minute criticism, in which Mr. Malan was specially powerful, the following may well be noticed :—“ If we compare the original account of the butler’s dream in Hebrew with like idioms in Egyptian narratives, we find delicate touches of truth that never could have been invented. Thus the cup-bearer, describing his office, says, in the Hebrew rendering of his conversation with Joseph in Egyptian, that he dreamt he was placing the cup ‘ upon the palm of Pharaoh’s hand,’ an expression which Joseph, speaking Egyptian, but with a Hebrew turn, and according to his own

ideas, renders 'into Pharaoh's hand.' Now, the cup-bearer spake not only with the knowledge of his office, which Joseph did not have, but also according to facts. For the cup of Pharaoh was, no doubt, like that of Thothmes III. in the Louvre, and like very many Egyptian cups represented on the tombs of Upper and Lower Egypt, and given in the works of Rosellini, Lepsius, and others—that is, like a flat saucer, about an inch and a half deep, exactly like the 'cup' used among Arabs in Egypt, in the desert and elsewhere, that was handed by the cup-bearer and handled by Pharaoh as one sees done every day by Arabs of the desert, and in the only way in which it can be safely done."

The volume is full of devotional reading, "a thoughtful, learned work, abounding in marks of genius and scholarship."

The following letter, from Sir William Hunter, F.R.A.S., contains reference to this period:—

"OAKEN HOLT, NEAR OXFORD,
" *September 16th, 1895.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for your letter, and rejoice to hear that you have undertaken a life of your father. He was a man whom I held in honor, I might almost say, veneration. It would have given me great pleasure to have been able to help you, but I regret that I have no materials bearing on the subject. He very kindly helped me in compiling my 'Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia,' in 1867—1868; with special reference, if I remember rightly, to the Tibetan vocabulary. I well remember the benevolent and scholarly character of his letters to me, although we did not personally meet. Since then I have lived in many homes and made some fourteen voyages backwards and forwards to India. Almost all my papers of the '60's have been destroyed, to save transport during these numerous changes. But I shall have a search made, and if anything which might interest you can be found, I shall have much pleasure in forwarding it. If you do not

hear from me again, please understand that the search has yielded no results.

“I wish you all success in your filial task, and

“I remain, sincerely yours,

“W. W. HUNTER.”

The “Life and Times of S. Gregory the Illuminator, the Founder and Patron Saint of the Armenian Church,” translated from the Armenian (Rivingtons), was published in 1868. Prompted by a question raised at the time, whether or not “Holy” stands before “Catholic Church” in the Armenian version of the Nicene Creed, Mr. Malan thought that a few authentic documents in connection with the Armenian Church might prove acceptable to those who took interest in more than one branch of the Catholic Church. With a lavish disregard of labour, enthralled by the fascination of the task, he translated no less than eight more or less lengthy documents:—

1. “A Short Summary of the Armenian Church and Nation,” from a document presented to his friend, the Rev. R. W. Blackmore, by Nerses V., Patriarch Elect (in 1843) of Armenia;

2. “The Acts and Martyrdom of S. Thaddeus and of S. Bartholomew, the Apostles of Armenia;”

3. “The Life and Times of S. Gregory the Illuminator;”

4. “The Confession of Faith of the Armenian Church;”

5. “The Order of Holy Baptism in the Armenian Church;” a copy of the Order was given him at Jerusalem by the Armenian Archbishop.

6. “The Office of the Divine Liturgy of the Armenian Church;”

7. “Instruction in the Christian Faith of the Armenian Church;”

8. “The Differences between the Armenian and Greek Churches.”

Of these several treatises, all prepared for the press at the same time, only the first three were now published in one volume (Rivingtons); “the small interest taken in such

matters, in spite of a great deal of desultory talk about the re-union of Christendom, not justifying the publishers in attempting more." "Church folk," adds the translator, "are now so taken up with silks, lace, candles at noon-day, and other such questions equally frivolous—very much like children playing at dolls while their house is on fire—that more solid lore and better sense, meet with little or no favour. In sooth, the only inducement to an honest workman to toil at an irksome task of this kind is assuredly not held out to him by man. But the labour is for Christ and for His Church; and this of itself is the greatest reward."

The history of the "Illuminator" is a curiously interesting combination of truth and legend. The record of the tortures he endured under the persecution of Tiridates, son of Chosroes, King of Armenia, is fairly incredible; the resistance of S. Rhipsime to the king, and the martyrdom of S. Gaiane, furnish the excitement of an absorbing tragedy, culminating in the punishment of Tiridates. "Tiridates continued six days in the deepest grief after the death of Rhipsime, on account of her exquisite beauty; after which he gave himself up to hunting for a time. Everything was now ready for the sport; the nets were spread, the snares were set, and other toils prepared and arranged for the king's chase in the royal domains called Shemagan. But as he got into his chariot to leave the city, a chastisement fell upon him suddenly from the Lord. An unclean spirit smote him and thrust him out of the chariot, and the king began to tear and devour his own flesh, raving mad. And suddenly he was like the King of Babylon, changed from the form of a man into that of a brute, not, however, of a graceful one, but into the vile appearance of a wild boar. He went, therefore, and mixed with other boars of his own species; and once with them in their cover of reeds, he began like them to eat grass, and naked and foolish to roam and beat about among the mountains and on the plains. They tried to keep him in confinement within the city, but could not by reason of his savage disposition and ferocity, rendered far worse by the

evil spirits that had taken their abode within him, and wrought in him."

Despite the little encouragement which this volume received, Mr. Malan shortly afterwards published others of the eight treatises mentioned above, viz.:—"Instruction in the Christian Faith," 1869 (Rivingtons); "The Liturgy of the Orthodox Armenian Church," 1870 (D. Nutt); "Differences between the Armenian and the Greek Churches," 1871 (Rivingtons); also, "The Conflicts of the Holy Apostles," an apocryphal book of the early Eastern Church, translated from an Ethiopic MS., together with "The Epistle of Dionysius, the Areopagite, to Timothy, on the Death of S. Paul," also translated from an Ethiopic MS.; and "The Assumption of S. John," translated from the Armenian (D. Nutt); "The Confession of Faith of the Orthodox Armenian Church," together with "The Rite of Holy Baptism" as administered in that Church, appeared in 1872 (Hayes). These closed his published translations from Armenian originals.

There is sentiment in merely recording the titles of this group, and trying to call back from the shadowy past some picture of their preparation. See him rising with the dawn in winter, and often at 4 A.M. in summer; wrapped in a dressing-gown of Scotch plaid he proceeds down the passage to his study. On entering the room he is greeted by the chirrup of a Java sparrow, "Jack," the best-beloved of his many animal pets, the sole living companion of his literary solitude. With what affection would he describe the delight of those early greetings—the knowing way in which the bird turned its head and hopped from perch to perch, manifesting its pleasure at the master's appearance. Then he would open the window and inhale the breath of dawn. There, on the wych-elms, sparkling with dew in the ethereal mists, would be the magpies waiting for the crusts which were at once thrown down to the lawn beneath the window for their breakfast. Then, after his devotions, he would "brew" himself a cup of cocoa, and settle to work. Those early morning hours he valued most of the day. The precious

light, clear and soft, beamed with such gracious beneficence for his poor single eye upon the Armenian page. The unbroken silence, while the rest of the household still slept, was so conducive to study, so eminently sympathetic with echoes from the old world; and he had the assurance of undisturbed leisure. At 8.30 he would repair to his dressing-room, and at 9 he would meet his family for prayers and breakfast. The letter-bag arrived, and its contents always yielded him central points of interest and diversion, chief among them being printer's proofs—even the trade circulars would afford amusement. "I don't know what they take me for," he would say, while tearing off the wrap of a catalogue; "they seem to think I have nothing else to do than to buy books and wine!"

Breakfast over, he would go out to the aviary and feed his birds; and then hurry back to his study, mounting the staircase two steps at a time, with a vigour of eagerness steadfastly apparent. Then, behind the closed doors, he would resume his labour, the strained expression of his brow betokening a dread of interruptions. Or, if it were a balmy May morning, peradventure the Armenians might be left to slumber, while their devotee might be already casting angle upon the streams of Frome or Axe.

The dinner-hour was never regarded with any semblance of punctuality, for he seldom appeared until the meal was nearly ended, and then he would eat hurriedly, and, as it were, under protest; grudging the waste of time, pre-occupied with the work he had reluctantly left, and in anything but a calm frame of mind if the morning's work had suffered from interruptions. Time for digestion was never thought of—the absorbing object being to utilise every moment of precious daylight for study. Then, when at last the tired eye was dimmed by the waning daylight, he would desist for a while, and come down to tea; after which he would make a pilgrimage of visitation among his poor. In the long winter evenings, when the village visitations were over, he would resume his studies, but the attempt was generally a failure.

The best wax candles proved but a sorry substitute for daylight. He said "they gave no light," and tried others with no better success. Then he sought consolation with one of his many musical instruments.

The long course of Armenian study was varied by other literary work. In 1868 he published "The Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to Scripture, Grammar, and the Faith" (D. Nutt); and in 1869, "A Plea for the Authorised Version, and for the Received Text, in answer to the Dean of Canterbury" (Hatchards). "Misawo, the Japanese Girl," translated from the Japanese, appeared in 1871, and in the same year "Our Lord's Parables, explained to Country Children," two volumes (Bell and Daldy), and "A Form of Prayer for the Use of Sunday Schools" (Smart and Allen).

In 1870 the Bishop of the Diocese conferred upon Mr. Malan the Prebendal stall of Ruscombe Southbery in Salisbury Cathedral.

In 1863 Mr. Malan commenced building a chapel of ease at Drimpton, a hamlet in the parish of Broadwindsor. Subscriptions had previously been solicited from friends and neighbours interested in the work. Among them was included his former fellow-curate at Alverstoke, Archbishop Trench, who forwarded a donation with the words, "Poor Ireland sends £2 to rich England." The stone required for the building was given by Captain Spurway, of Charmouth, a land-owner in the parish, and it was drawn gratuitously by local farmers. On a photograph of the church is a note in Mr. Malan's handwriting:—

"St. Mary's, Drimpton. I built this church without architect or builder, having worked myself at the foundations and at the walls. It took four years building amid many difficulties, and seven years paying for it. The farmers gave the hauling, valued at £60, and it cost in money £584. Consecrated July 21st, 1867.

"S. C. MALAN,

"Vicar of Broadwindsor."

During the past year Mr. Malan had experienced a source of daily and engrossing interest in superintending the restoration of the Parish Church. Both architect and builders found in him one who insisted on the work being thoroughly done according to the specifications, and many a time portions, which did not suit his ideas of exactitude, had to be done afresh. From discarded portions of the old stone-work he designed a monumental cross, which was erected in the sunk garden of the Vicarage.

In the following year, on October 20th, 1868, the Parish Church of Broadwindsor was reopened, after having undergone considerable rebuilding and complete restoration. The entire cost was defrayed by Charles Hamilton Malan, Major in the 75th Regiment, eldest surviving son of the Vicar. Major Malan executed the work as a memorial to his wife, Edith, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Marryat, of Mapperton Manor House, near Beaminster. The restoration was so effected as to perpetuate the style of architecture which was remarkable in the old building—the Norman pillars on the south side of the nave, and the Early English pillars on the north, being preserved. The nave was lengthened ten feet, and the chancel was entirely rebuilt.

At the opening service, Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. C. B. Mount, Rector of Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, brother-in-law of the Vicar. The anthem, "O Lord our God," was composed by Dr. César Malan, of Geneva. The sermon was preached, at the special request of Major Malan, by the Rev. John Stephenson, of St. John's, Weymouth, his wife's most valued friend.

At the luncheon after the service, Bishop Hamilton said in the course of a speech :—" It is always a pleasure to me to see the houses of God restored and made worthy of His worship ; but the clergy will excuse me if I state that I have never had so much pleasure in taking part in the reopening of a church as I have had this day. My acquaintance with my friend Malan dates back long before I ever heard of Salisbury. We were intimate friends very early in life. One of the

proofs of that friendship was, that he asked me to be godfather to his second son, Charles, and it can be understood how great is my pleasure to find in Major Malan my godson.”

On the following day a confirmation was held in the restored church; the workmen who had taken part in the work were also entertained by Major Malan at dinner in the “George” Inn; and twenty-five of the poorest families, including the most aged members of the parish, received presents of cooked meat, among them an old marine, Sylvester Cleal, who had fought, as a boy, in the early wars of the century.

In 1869 Mr. Malan published “*A Plea for the Received Text and for the Authorised Version of the New Testament,*” in answer to some of the Dean of Canterbury’s criticisms on both. His heart and soul being set with most loyal devotion against every attempt to lay profane hand upon the Bible, he resented the presumption that claimed to introduce “improvements.” He saw in every such claim only the conceit of an age that prided itself falsely on increase of wisdom and knowledge, boasting of its scientific discoveries, and exulting in the desire for change. “Heathens,” he says, “claimed their descent from Heaven, though Christians now derive it from brutes; language was once ‘outsoken reason,’ now it is discovered to be practically nothing but the development of two mighty roots BAU-WAU. No wonder then that both the Received Text and the Authorised Version of the New Testament should have a hard life of it. . . . But where are now-a-days in England the Hebrew scholars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries? . . . Are not Biblical criticism and scholarship confessedly at the lowest ebb in this country, and, so far as they go, not much else than German teaching at second-hand? Only compare what now passes for learning and scholarship—the Bible story-book about Abraham, King of Damascus, inventor of monotheism, being tempted of the Devil to offer up his son in sacrifice, etc., prepared by one Dean for the special use of the clergy, with the kindred works of Selden, Spencer, and

Stillingfleet, Marsham, Lardner, and Warburton; or the mighty labours of Walton, Castell, Lightfoot, Mill, and others, on the Old and New Testaments, with the aimless criticisms on the same subject and borrowed learning of another Dean. . . .”

With scathing sarcasm Mr. Malan makes onslaught upon Dean Alford's “utter contempt” for the Received Text, expressed in the words—“that unworthy and pedantic reverence for the Received Text, which stands in the way of all chance of discovering the genuine Word of God.” Such offensive language justified Mr. Malan in examining Dean Alford's qualifications as critic, with the result that the Dean's acquaintance with Hebrew, and ancient Versions, is incontestably proved insufficient for the task he had undertaken.

The first innovation which Mr. Malan examines is the Dean's substituting *γένεσις* for *γέννησις* in Matthew i. 18. “Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise.” Mr. Malan treats of the meanings of the two words with the profound scholarship at his command, proving *γένεσις* to be a genuine term for origin of any kind, whereas *γέννησις* is a specific term for *birth* in relation both to father and mother. He examines the Dean's authorities for the change, and finds them eminently inferior to those for the reading of the Received Text; he traces the heresies of Paul of Samosata and Nestorius to the spurious *γένεσις* for their origin. It is interesting to turn to Dean Burgon's “Revision Revised” (pp. 119, 120) to see him re-echoing Mr. Malan's arguments for *γέννησις*, wherein he states: “For my information on this subject I am entirely indebted to one who is always liberal in communicating the lore of which he is perhaps the sole living depository in England—the Rev. Dr. S. C. Malan. See his ‘Seven Chapters of the Revision of 1881 Revised,’ p. 3. But especially should the reader be referred to Dr. Malan's learned dissertation on this very subject in his ‘Select Readings in Westcott and Hort's Greek Text’ of S. Matthew, pp. 1—22.”

In three of his published works, therefore, Mr. Malan pressed the claims of γέννησις. The shaft of criticism in the first instance found its mark. On a subsequent occasion Mr. Malan happened to attend some function at Oxford, whereat Dean Alford was assisting. A common friend said to the Dean, "There's Malan; shall I introduce you to him?" "No, thank you," was the reply, "he smashed me up over γένεσις and γέννησις."

On "The Star of Bethlehem," as treated of by the Dean, Mr. Malan's feelings were almost too deep for his pen to express. Dean Alford maintains his "honest conviction" that the expression of the Magi, "we have seen his star in the east," does not point to any miraculous appearance. "We know the Magi to have been devoted to astrology—we must take account of that fact, and not shelter ourselves from an apparent difficulty by the convenient but forced hypothesis of a miracle." He makes the following statements:—

"(1) A.U.C. 747, May 20th or 29th, there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in a part of the heavens noted for astrological signs of most notable events.

"(2) Another conjunction of same planets on October 27th or September 29th, and again on November 12th, or December 5th in the same year.

"(3) The Magi would see the first conjunction 'in the east' three hours before sunrise; if they were five months on their journey, and went from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in the evening, as it is implied, they would see the *December conjunction* in the direction of Bethlehem.

"(4) These circumstances not inconsistent with the word ἀστέρᾱ—we have seen his *star* . . . understood in its wider astrological meaning.

"(5) During A.U.C. 747 (or B.C. 7) the planets did not approach each other so as to be mistaken by any eye for one star. . . . Yet the conjunction, complete or incomplete, would have arrested the attention of the Magi in the east and at Bethlehem, and this appearance would have been denominated by them ὁ ἀστὴρ αὐτοῦ."

“Not in Greek, assuredly!” says Mr. Malan. But never was the proverbial red rag displayed to the bull with more potent effect.

“There is something so mean, so unworthy, in this attempt to deny the miracle believed in, admired, and sung with hosannahs by the whole Church of Christ ever since that star shone in His heavens as harbinger of His birth, that we must ask the Dean a question or two.” He challenges Dean Alford to say what there was in the conjunction of the planets to tell the Magi that the “King of the Jews” and no other sovereign was born; to reconcile the dates; boldly, on the strength of his “honest conviction,” to remove the date of Christ’s birth so as to make it fit in with the conjunction, “instead of puzzling the student and leaving him to reconcile so many years’ difference in date as best he may. Slipshod teaching of this kind is neither honest nor scholarlike.” Mr. Malan searches the “Avesta” and all Oriental literature bearing on the subject of Aryan or Magian astrology, and fails to find proof that “conjunctions in Pisces or Aries were deemed ominous of great events.” He demands of the Dean to declare his authorities. As to *ἀστέρᾱ*, which, the Dean says, “cannot be pressed to its literal sense of one star, but must be taken in its wider astrological meaning”—Mr. Malan asks, “What meaning? What astrologers? And where has he found in Greek, or in any other tongue, that two planets at distance of some six degrees can be taken for *ἀστέρᾱ*, one star?” He deluges this pitiable subterfuge with a host of passages attesting the true acceptance of *ἀστήρ*, and in the bitterness of his scorn he adds: “It was left to the shallow-hearted doubters of this age of discovery and of ignorance, to try and press into their service, however clumsily, one of those periodical conjunctions of planets, which, from their own showing, must have taken place, unless we all be out of reckoning, six or seven years before the birth of Christ, and thus rob Him of the star lit on purpose to herald His coming, and the whole Church of her faith. No miracle! What

would the Fathers have thought—what does the Church of Christ think, of this teaching from one of her doctors and teachers of us ignorant clergy? ”

It is impossible to follow Mr. Malan in his vindication of Bible truth without profound sadness of regret that such indefatigable labour in loyalty to God's truth, such vast resources of erudition, should not have been utilised to more manifest advantage for the enlightenment of the age. We are reminded of the waters of Niagara, tumbling day and night over the abyss, in lavish waste of energies capable of illuminating the cities or working the machinery of half the world.

In the spring of 1872 the old love of distant travel—which had slumbered fitfully of late years, or in periodic recrudescence had been smothered—broke once more into ardent flame. His heart was set upon paying a visit to the Patriarch Gabriel, Bishop of Imereth; and leave of absence for a four months' tour was obtained from his diocesan. It was his rule in travelling never to take more luggage than he could carry. Accordingly he left Broadwindsor equipped only with an umbrella and black leather hand-bag. Before leaving England he paid a visit to his brother, Henry Malan, M.D., at St. Catherine's Priory, Guildford, appearing suddenly without notice, meeting his brother at the door with—“Here, Henry! take me in for a few days—I'm off to the Caucasus.” During this visit he lost his umbrella, and started for the far East with the hand-bag only. Contrary to the habit of former years, he made brief pencil notes of this tour in a pocket-book.

Budapest was the first halting-place; thence by steamer down the Danube to Odessa. Writing to Mrs. Malan during the passage, he said: “This is life! Talking thirteen languages a day—Jews, Turks, Infidels—I like the Turks best.”

At a certain railway-station in Hungary, having tried in vain to take his ticket in English, French, German, Turkish, Armenian, Russian, Hungarian, Modern Greek, Italian, and

Spanish, he at last said, “Da mihi symbolum,” etc., and, finding it successful, he rated the ticket-clerk soundly for only knowing the *linguam sicariorum*, “the language of cut-throats.”

Mr. Malan passed his own verdict on some of the languages. “Sanscrit,” he said, “is the language of angels, which I hope we shall talk in heaven. Turkish is the language of gentlemen; English is the language of men; Greek is the language of philosophy.” “And what about Hebrew?” he was asked. “Oh, too sacred to be mentioned!”

His impressions of Odessa may be gathered from his notes: “Odessa—warm w. (water) for feet in *tea-pot*. Russ. manners rude—*izhochniki*—their dress. The place, dust; not rained for two months. Left home Ap. 23rd; travelled a whole 15 days, and was here on April 26th.” (O. and N. style.)

Leaving Odessa next day by steamer he proceeded to the Crimea, being anxious to visit the scenes of the war. He made several sketches of Sebastopol, Balaclava, and the neighbourhood. He was struck by the pitiable condition of the English graveyard, and on his return to England he wrote upon the subject to more than one newspaper. His notes contain various names of officers whose graves were in a sorry plight—“mutilated—dilapidated—heap of ruins—crosses lying about—metal cross torn off—plinth dilapidated.”

Crossing the Black Sea he arrived off Sukum, Sunday, May (7 O.S.) 19th, and journeyed thence to Kutais, where was the residence of Bishop Gabriel. The Bishop was on a tour of visitation, expected to return on Friday, May 24th. Mr. Malan received hospitality from a venerable inhabitant, Gabriel Chatissian. On Thursday, 23rd, he repaired to the episcopal residence, an unpretentious house containing six rooms, sheltered by noble walnut-trees, and commanding a magnificent view; being entertained by an amiable Georgian priest, with whom he read St. John xi. in Georgian. Everything was simplicity itself.

Up early next morning, he sketched till midday; dined

off fish, toast, soup, mince. The Bishop arrived in the afternoon. The meeting he describes by one word—"impressive"—"Bp. never sits in public with mother or sister—discussion about Body and Blood and 7 Sacts. and Filioque."

He enjoyed the Bishop's hospitality till May 29th—attending him in services and ministrations—visiting churches adorned with frescoes, rich in vessels of massive gold set with precious stones—impressed by solemnity of ritual and excellence of singing—ceremonial of kissing hands, etc. Mr. Malan himself preached in the Cathedral in Georgian. In his conversation with Bishop Gabriel he explained much of the English Prayer-book. He had interesting intercourse with some of the monks, who showed him over a church, "built by K. Davith," in which were MS. Gospels of the eighth century.

From Kutais he proceeded south, bound for Mount Ararat—the principal places *en route* being Akhaslik, Erivan, Etchmiadzin—his brief notes testifying to the charm of the mountain scenery, the invigorating air, Tatar houses, with vegetables growing and goats feeding on the roofs. The trout streams and beauty of the trout recalled the delights of fly-fishing at Toller. Nor, with his love for butterflies, could he pass over unmentioned a *P. podalirius* (rare swallowtail) that crossed his path. The roads were abominable, and his springless conveyance, with its solid wooden wheels, shook him unmercifully.

The grandeur of Mount Ararat under varied conditions of sunrise and sunset, calm and storm, left impressions on which he loved to dilate in after years. Alas! all the interesting sketches taken during the tour were stolen, but he would take an envelope from his pocket at the dinner-table and draw an outline of the great range, with the vast plain outspread beneath, and discourse upon the magnificence of the sunset effect specially imprinted on his memory. "I must paint a large picture of it!" he would exclaim, but the intention never saw fulfilment.

At Etchmiadzin he dined with fifty old monks—"Soup,

cheese, bread, cake, wine"—and visited the tomb of S. Gaiane, the noble martyr of the Armenian Church, with other pilgrims: "Spirit of reverence—lighting tapers—old men, women, and children—better than spirit of infidelity—far from the world without and nearer heaven."

"Tuesday, June 12th: 'Sunrise on Ararat.'"

Turning his direction north he now journeyed to Tiflis, where he was laid up for some days with dysentery, being treated with much kindness by a doctor.

On June 26th he left Tiflis, restored to health, crossed the Caucasus—"Steppes—first view of Caspian—solitude—pair of eagles—salt land—wheel broke—sandy salt land—everlasting—arrived Petrovesk."

On Tuesday, July 3rd, he embarked on board a steamer in the harbour of Petrovesk, and had a rough passage up the Caspian to the mouths of the Volga. "Flat Calmuk dwellings—Turcoman fishing villages—fishing season begins in July—forbidden May and June—Astrakhan—up the Volga—Russ. cross themselves before dkg. a glass of water before and after dinner."

Here the connected notes end. On reaching Nijni Novgorod he journeyed by rail to Moscow, and there at the station, while taking a ticket for St. Petersburg, he left his black bag for a few moments unguarded, during which time it was stolen. This was a bitter blow to him. It had been his boast that never in previous travels had he ever lost anything, and now he had lost everything—bag containing money, clothes, and sketches more interesting than all. In vain did he storm at officials and enlist the services of the British Consul; all his efforts were abortive, and he proceeded to St. Petersburg with nothing but his ticket and the clothes he wore. Henceforth his opinion of the Russians was expressed in no flattering terms; nor had they yet done with him, for his handkerchief was stolen while he sat at *table d'hôte* at St. Petersburg. In the note to that effect he adds, "Russ. steal and say, 'God gave it.'" He found a friend at St. Petersburg, Mr. Robert Butts, son of a clergy-

man in the neighbourhood of Broadwindsor, who said in a letter dated Jan. 5th, 1896 :—

"He stayed only a few days at St. Petersburg, when I had the pleasure of showing him the lions of the place; and sorry I was when he left, for his presence was as a ray of sunshine to our monotonous lives out there."

On a page of his pocket-book is a list of homœopathic medicines to be taken in case of need, supplied by his physician, David Wilson. Among the ailments and their antidotes is found, "sea sickness—coccul. acon. puls. veratr." Were these to be mixed at discretion by the sufferer? The household at the Vicarage, Broadwindsor, was taught to pin its faith upon homœopathic globules—but, inasmuch as the family medicine-chest was kept in a drawer unlocked, and the Benjamin of the flock (on his own confession) used to repair to it "when hungry," swallow the sugary contents of a bottle and refill it with contributions from the other bottles—doubt concerning the efficiency of such medicinal mixtures may reasonably be entertained. Mr. Malan kept a private chest of globules safely under lock and key, however, where—

with he doctored the outside world.

The uncompromising ardour of his strong conservative principles always embittered his attitude towards a Liberal Government, and the issues of its policy as they affected Church and State. He never lost an opportunity of ventilating his views, and on his return from the Caucasus he followed up his traditions in the following letter to the *Dorset County Chronicle* (August 15th, 1872).

"I am just returned from Georgia and Etchmiadzin, so that I have had ample opportunities of hearing England and English politics discussed in more languages than one, from the frontiers of Persia to those of Lapland. The burden of the remarks made, and the opinions given, are singularly uniform. England was spoken of (not much by Russians, but by others) as of an old and respected friend that had let, and was letting, herself down from her once exalted position to no one knows where, apparently eager to forsake her own

good national character for smaller American ways. And, of course, when questioned on the subject, I could not but say that it was so, and that England had lowered herself more, and therefore had lost more of her once bright moral influence in the world at large, during the last few years, than ever perhaps before. 'Not only that,' said a Dane to me, 'but England has not one friend left in the world. Now is the time for her people to be united; instead of which they are all at sixes and sevens. And Ireland?' 'Ireland,' said I, 'will henceforth be a greater source of trouble to England than all the British Empire together. England has yet to pay for the sacrilege wrought there, and her 'message of Peace' has only been war and bloodshed, that will last until the Jesuits have had their own way.' 'En Angleterre tout va bien,' said one of them. 'What a pity!' said my companion; 'England was so much greater once!'

"These are only straws, but they show the way the wind blows. England is now ignored and passed over in a manner assuredly not flattering to her, and to those who love her and her people; but highly gratifying to her enemies—and she has many. As I did not see an English newspaper for nearly three months, I lost sight, for that time, of the controversy about the Athanasian Creed, until I read in the *Times* the reply of the two archbishops to Lord Shaftesbury's letter to them, with an article, the authorship of which is easily traced. Strange that so much should be made of Lord Shaftesbury's six thousand odd petitioners against the creed—evidently a failure so far as that petition goes—and that nothing should be said of the far larger number of names presented to Convocation in favour of the creed. But newspaper honesty is a strange virtue, to say the least. Anyhow, it is but small credit to Lord Shaftesbury to be praised as he was by the writer of that article, and to lend his good name to those who disturb the peace of the Church only. In that article the bishops are told to take the initiative, and to tell the clergy what they ought to do. And why don't they? Because most of them know perfectly well that they have forfeited all

personal and moral influence over their clergy, whom they have driven to distinguish between the office and the man who fills it. With what grace could the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol give advice, after what took place between him and Mr. Vance Smith, and the Bishop of Winchester with the Irish Church, and others with the revision, and with this or that? We clergy are not children, to be lured with sugar-plums and ginger-bread nuts. We would worship our bishops if they were manly, firm, and true to their sacred office and character, and if they served Christ rather than men; but mere political agents will carry no weight with us, who count it our first duty to live and to die faithful to Christ and to His Church.

“We neither wish, nor ought, to judge or to condemn our fellow-men, whom our lot is to exhort and to teach; for we have enough to do to see that we, ‘after having preached to others, be not ourselves cast away.’ If the so-called ‘damnatory clauses,’ which offend Dr. Stanley, were not in the creed, we should assuredly not put them in; but there they are, and there they have been, part and parcel of the creed itself; and we are certainly not better than our fathers, who adopted it whole. We will, therefore, withstand, so far as in us lies, an insult to the faith and to the Church, and the further disruption of all that is old and good, at the whim of a small knot of self-willed and obstinate men. Let the bishops then, and the archbishops, too, see well to their own doings, lest they, led by others under their influence, do great and irreparable mischief. We see pretty well, of course, how hard Elymas pulls at the ropes, and who dances to them. But matters are now beyond a joke. For God’s sake, then, let them go no further.

“S. C. MALAN.

“BROADWINDSOR,

“August 12th, 1872.”

In the course of a second letter on “Church and State” to the same paper (November 7th, 1872) he wrote:—

“Try and picture to yourself England without her Church,

without her parishes, without her faithful parochial clergy. Aye, and not only faithful, not only the best and truest servants she has, since they serve her not for their wages assuredly—but also the first clergy in the world, for their learning, their devotedness to their work for their Master's sake and for that of their country, amid difficulties, drawbacks, disappointments, and self-denials, which they and God alone know; through good report and through evil report, undaunted and patient in their allotted toil; and what for—wealth? They know best, most of them, how hard it often is to make both ends meet, after they have done for their poor what richer neighbours have left undone. . . . What for, then, do many, if not most of them, sacrifice their own tastes, their lawful social enjoyments and pursuits, for which the world in general would welcome them, and take their abode, not for a few weeks for change of air, but for a whole lifetime, in fens, woods, and wildernesses, far from congenial minds and educated men? Why, to be the friends, often the only friends of the poor; to help them bear sorrows, to lessen their privations, to better their condition; if not, indeed, to raise them and their children from utter degradation through the wholesome influence of good instruction and of the Gospel of Christ taught as He taught it—kindly, compassionately, and faithfully. In the name, then, of common sense, if of nothing more, what would become of those poor sheep in the wilderness if the present state of things were upset, in answer to the wild cries of a faction that has nothing English about it but the language? If, in spite of the untiring efforts of the clergy, vice and crime will yet crop up in the land, how would it be, when instead of their clergyman and friend, the 'citizens'—then no longer 'parishioners'—were left to the random teaching of any sect, with an occasional free ticket to a tea meeting, in exchange for what they had lost? The very thought of it, for one, who, like myself, has had thirty years' experience of country parochial work, is so utterly dismal and heartrending, that one's mind refuses to admit the

possibility of such a disaster, but as a signal instance of God's wrath upon the land."

It was a matter of surprise to not a few that Mr. Malan should have remained so long at Broadwindsor without further preferment. Those "forty years in the wilderness," as he called them, formed a long period devoted to the silent pursuit of letters. His motto was that prefixed to the commonplace books of Dr. Robertson—*Vita sine literis mors est*. "I lived in my books" was his own verdict on that period.

Force of circumstances, to some extent, stood in the way of his seeking preferment and accepting it when offered. He shrank from sacrificing independence of opinion by any consideration that might be construed into time-serving.

Dr. Pusey had a strong desire that Mr. Malan should succeed him in the professorial chair of Hebrew at Oxford. With this object he pressed him, continually, to come to the University: and, on one occasion when the Readership of Arabic was vacant, he begged Mr. Malan to accept it, saying that, by a man of his capabilities, the insignificant emolument attached to the post was not to be considered, but that it was the first rung in the ladder of University distinction. The offer, however, was declined. The education of his sons involved much expense at the time, and the valuable living of Broadwindsor provided present means which could not find an equivalent in the vague prospect of academical preferment.

In 1868 Bishop Wilberforce wrote to Mr. Malan asking him to accept the Bishopric of Mauritius. The offer was respectfully declined—family considerations obstructing the way to its acceptance.

In 1872, Mr. Malan published the first of a series of translations from original documents of the Coptic Church: "The Divine Liturgy of S. Mark the Evangelist" (D. Nutt). This is one of three Liturgies used from an early date in the Egyptian Church, the other two being that of S. Basil and that of S. Gregory the Theologian [*i.e.*, Nazienzen]. The

origin of these Liturgies is involved in obscurity. Their framework was probably Greek, translated at a remote date into Coptic and Arabic for the use of those who only understood those languages. "But, with the translation considerable additions and alterations were made, rubrics were introduced, and the original of those Liturgies, whatever it may have been, was so interpolated that one cannot now tell wherein it lay." Mr. Malan naturally assigns the chief interest to the "Liturgy of S. Mark," also called the Liturgy of S. Cyril, because he is said to have settled and arranged it. "One fain would try and unravel the tangled web of later additions in order to get at the apostolic original, if it ever did exist; and with what joy would not one treasure it up as a gem of priceless worth! But, albeit this is hopeless, and although no careful and thorough scholar can receive the so-called apostolic Liturgies, such as they are, as really coming from the Apostles, and thus valuing them as 'the everlasting inheritance of the Catholic Church,' yet are they sources of great interest on account of their real or supposed antiquity." He gives examples of evident interpolations—*e.g.*, "The Liturgy of S. Matthew" in Latin, contains the *Nicene Creed* with the *Filioque*; that of S. James, in Greek, has commemorations of *our Lady Mary*, praying for her intercession, and that of other Saints; it has also the Apostles' Creed, the Ave Maria, etc. The MS. was given to him at Jerusalem in 1842 by the Abuna of the Jacobite Convent, written in Coptic and Arabic, on thick cotton paper, bound in wood, and much worn.

There followed "The Coptic Calendar" (D. Nutt), translated from an Arabic manuscript used in a Jacobite Church at Cairo, whence it was procured for the translator by Dr. A. Grant, of that city. Mr. Malan thought it might interest those who "neither limit their idea of Christ's Holy Catholic Church to one branch of it, nor teach their own commandments for His doctrine, but who belong to the Church of the saint of old, who said: ὁπου ἂν ᾖ ὁ Χριστὸς Ἰησοῦς, ἐκεῖ ἡ καθολικὴ ἐκκλησία.

The notes appended to the Calendar give an idea of the vast field of laborious research traversed by Mr. Malan in preparing a work of secondary importance, the command he had of sources of ancient lore closed against the generality of students, and the thoroughness with which he availed himself of his ability. It was a labour of love, wherein he might revel with unbridled freedom among the buried treasures of an ancient world.

The Copts, and in general the peasants of Egypt, make use in their reckoning of the Alexandrine year, which, ever since B.C. 24, begins on the 29th (or 30th after leap-year) of August.

The Coptic year consists of twelve months of thirty days, with a thirteenth month, called *Nissi*, of five or six intercalary days. The "Calendar," after 5 *Nissi*, reads:—

"And if there be a sixth day in *Nissi* it behoves us, O believing orthodox brethren, bought with the blood of Christ, to praise God to our utmost. Amen.

"O God, forgive the writer of these lines and him who reads them. Amen.

"Kyrie Eleyson. [And in Coptic.] Remember thy servant Joseph."

In 1873 Mr. Malan published "A History of the Copts and of their Church" (D. Nutt), translated from the Arabic of Tâgi-ed-Din El-Magrizi, a sheikh, so-called from the quarter El-Magriz, in Baalbek, whence his family came. It cannot be time misspent to linger awhile with the learned Vicar in his study, to look over his shoulder as he writes, and gain some insight into the subject which engrosses his attention.

The historian, in common with other Arab writers, makes Qibt (Copt), a son of Mizraim—son of Ham. His seat was placed at Coptos, in the Said (Upper Egypt), and his descendants were the aboriginal inhabitants of Misr (Egypt), whom they call the Qibt of Misr—the Copts of Egypt. In past ages they were a people of believers in false gods; they had temples bearing the names of stars; they were famed

for wisdom, and were consulted by philosophers for their knowledge of magic, talismans, geometry, astronomy, medicine and alchemy.

They were skilled in soothsaying, they discovered important secrets, they brought out figures that could speak, they limned moving pictures, reared the highest buildings, engraved their sciences on stones, and, through their talismans, warded their enemies off the land, so that their wisdom was marvellous, and the wonders they wrought were known to all.

The dawn of their introduction to the Christian religion broke upon them with the journey of the Holy Family into Egypt. Mr. Malan, in a note, tells that various places in Egypt claim the honour of having sheltered the Holy Family. The most celebrated is the convent on the hills of Koskám and Shmun-an-erment.

The history that follows is a record of successive Patriarchs of the Coptic Church, with varied incidents of interest connected with their several patriarchates, *e.g.*, the fourteenth Patriarch, A.D. 244, was Dionysius. In his days lived the Monk Antonius [S. Anthony], the Egyptian, who was the first to wear woollen raiment, and to begin dwelling in monasteries in the wilderness, to which he brought monks. Then it was that "the youths of the cavern" fled before the persecutions of King Decius, from the city of Ephesus, and hid themselves in a cave of the mountain to the east of the city, where they fell asleep. And God closed their ears, so that they never ceased to sleep for three hundred years and nine more.

Picturesque legends, also found elsewhere, are freely interwoven among the pages of this interesting history; *e.g.*, Constantine, when leading his armies against Maxentius, sees in a dream the stars forming themselves into a cross, and a voice bids him bear that sign and conquer. Helena, mother of Constantine, by favour of Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, prevails upon the Jewish priests to show her where the cross is buried. Three trees were exhumed. When these were severally laid on the body of a dead man,

the true cross was recognised by its causing the dead man to revive.

From the seventh century onward the Copts were subjected to persecution and insult in various degrees by their Moslem conquerors, *e.g.*, in A.D. 849, El-Motawakkil 'Ala-Uahi ordered that all the dependent population [Copts] should wear honey-coloured cloaks of wool, be girt with a girdle, and use saddles with wooden stirrups in riding, and make two knobs one on each side of their saddles; then that they should wear two patches, on their drawers, of a different colour from the dress, and each about four fingers long, and each patch of a different colour; and as to the women, when they went out they were to wear veils of honey-coloured stuff; he also forbade them to wear girdles. He then ordered their new churches to be pulled down; to take the tithe from their dwellings, and to place over the doors of their houses a wooden figure of devils. He forbade them to take any part in matters belonging to the Sultan; and any Mussulman to give them instruction. He likewise forbade them to show a cross in their public services, and to light a fire on the road. He ordered them also to make their graves level with the earth, and, when riding, to limit themselves to mules and asses only, to the exclusion of horses and other steeds.

Mr. Malan supplements the account of the Arab historian by continuing the list of Patriarchs as given by Wansleb, and in order to complete the list up to date, he wrote to Cairo for further particulars. In all there were one hundred and eleven Patriarchs from S. Mark, the Evangelist and Martyr, to Demetrius, the Patriarch, in 1873.

This was followed in 1874 by "The Holy Gospel and Versicles, for every Sunday and other Feast Day in the Year, as used in the Coptic Church" (D. Nutt), translated from a Coptic MS., lent to him by the Rev. B. W. Wright, Vicar of Norton Cuckney, who brought it from Cairo. The *versicles* are intoned to chants that vary with the season and with the feast on which they are sung. He

commends the translation to those who are not satisfied with only “walking about Sion, and telling the towers thereof,” but who think it worth their while to mark every stone in the ancient walls of Christ’s Holy Catholic Church. After the *versicles* there follows, in the order of the service, the *greeting*—“the kiss of peace and reconciliation” which the priests officiating at the Divine Liturgy give one another, just before partaking of the Holy Eucharist. There can be little doubt that it is a remnant-custom of Apostolic times (Rom. xvi. 16 ; 2 Cor. xiii. 12).

This series was concluded in 1875 by “The Divine Εὐχολόγιον and the Divine Liturgy of S. Gregory the Theologian,” translated from an old Coptic MS., together with the additions found in the Roman Edition of 1737 (D. Nutt).

CHAPTER XII.

BROADWINDSOR, 1876—1882.

Letter from Rev. F. Parham—Sympathy with Village Children—D.D., Edinburgh—Parables Explained—Revision of 1881—Letter from Rev. H. W. Pereira—"Select Readings"—"The Book of Adam and Eve."

OF the many curates who shared the ministrations of Broadwindsor parish with Mr. Malan, the one who remained longest was the Rev. F. Parham, now Rector of Chardstock. He has recorded his impressions in the following letter:—

"... You ask me for a few reminiscences of your father during my fifteen years' tenure of the curacy of Broadwindsor (1869—1883). My first acquaintance with Broadwindsor was swooping down from Lewesdon Hill to see the church, then in course of rebuilding at the expense of your brother, Major Malan, when I was out for a walk from Netherbury. Afterwards I was present at the reopening, which, I think, must have been the first time I saw your father. On that day I saw, rather than heard, him—as he was voiceless.

"Soon after I resigned the curacy of Netherbury, and happened to meet him at a clerical meeting at Stoke Abbott. He asked me to come and see his curacy, whereupon I proceeded to do so. I well remember the day. Having walked over to luncheon, your father drove me round the outlying districts which were to be my special charge, pointing out every disadvantage connected with them, and telling me that the parent of a curate had once said that it ought to be called a mission station rather than a curacy. At that time your father (having before added a schoolroom to the chapel-of-ease, which Archdeacon Denison had built at

Blackdown) had succeeded, with great difficulty, in erecting another chapel-of-ease at Drimpton, and had started a school in an outhouse, for which afterwards a substantial school and master's residence were built.

“We returned to the Vicarage to tea, and Mrs. Malan feared lest I should have been frightened at the extent of country travelled over. The end of it was that, after considering the matter, I accepted the curacy. You may, perhaps, recall the fact that, knowing your father's love of quaint ways of putting things, I ventured to ask whether he wished for a brother-shepherd or a shepherd's dog; as I thought on that would turn the duration of my stay. To that I had a most kind and hearty answer, which was acted up to even beyond the letter, during the long term of years we were together; and this, in spite of my always taking my own line independently at all meetings, ruri-decanal or other, to the surprise of many who held the commonly received, but wrong, views of a curate's position.

“On going to reside at Drimpton, close by one of the chapels-of-ease, I was received most kindly by your father, who told me the hours of all meals at the Vicarage, and promised me a warm welcome from himself and Mrs. Malan, whenever I could drop in—a general invitation, of which I am afraid that I must almost too often have availed myself.

“During the first half of my curacy I used to come across your father rather little ministerially, as we each kept to our separate province. In those days he was a great walker, and was continually about his part of the parish; but sometimes, on alternate Sunday evenings, when I had no service, I used to go up to Broadwindsor, and help him with the service, and hear him preach. At that time he had lately thrown away his fully-written manuscript; and with a sermon-case in his hand, containing a few text-hand headings written to suit his eyesight, he talked to the people. His strong point was very clear exposition of the text, and a great charm was added to the sermon by reminiscences of Eastern travel and

illustrations from natural history. In those days, though he might call on me and have a cup of tea, he seldom came much to the district churches.

“Afterwards, when he was less capable of walking, he set up a pony-carriage for his own special use ; and his only daughter having married E. Pinney, Esq., of Blackdown House, and so gone to reside near one of the chapels-of-ease, he often drove round the outlying parts of the parish. At this time also I began to undertake the service at Broadwindsor, on alternate Sunday evenings, your father’s sight failing him, and making reading by candle-light very irksome. He still continued to preach, retaining his extreme clearness of exposition, but somewhat losing the freshness of his illustrations.

“He was a great believer in homœopathy, and became the physician of the bodies as well as of the souls of his parishioners. His zeal for it, and also his very great sympathy with his parishioners in every form of suffering, made him the kindest of vicars, and in no parish were the bodily wants of the flock better attended to. Beef-tea *ad libitum* and flannel in abundance were looked on as part of the medicine to be supplied. He was particularly kind to the young. It was a pleasant sight to see the children troop after him as he walked the streets ; and many men and women owe their lives under God to his kind ministrations to their wants during the critical *growing* years of life. He could however be stern—very stern. His code of morality was very high in every respect, and breaches of honesty or purity were viewed very strictly. It was not a morality without spirituality, for, though not fond of gush, he taught that God was to be very present in the thoughts of others, as He was always in his own, and everything was to be done with reference to Him.

“If, however, I were to fix on any occasion on which, of all others, I should have chosen for your father to be seen, it would have been on his Club-day, which every country clergyman knows is the most anxious day in the whole year.

Your father, on that day, devoted himself to his people. He felt that the good behaviour of the club depended on his presence; and so, from the time when the members came to conduct him from the Vicarage to the Church for Divine Service, till the roll was called at 6 P.M. and they dispersed, he never left them. At the dinner, at which he always presided, the loyal toasts were given in no formal manner, but most heartily, and the health of the president was drunk with feelings of admiration. Afterwards he marched at their head as they paraded the village, going first to the Vicarage, where they partook of the unusual beverage—to many of them—a glass of wine. In money matters he was extremely liberal: at a parish meeting at which anything was needed, he always was prepared to head the list with a substantial subscription.

“No sooner had he at length become free from the payments to Queen Anne’s Bounty for the Vicarage, which we are so often told Archdeacon Denison nearly ruined himself in building, than, of his own free will, he said that the curate’s stipend must immediately be raised; and this was only the first of many additions to the stipend during my long stay with him. In all cases of sickness his liberality to his parishioners knew no bounds. I remember your mother indorsing Mrs. Hook’s remark recorded in the life of the famous Vicar of Leeds, that ‘it would have been more credit to him if he could sometimes have kept half-a-crown in his pocket!’

“I should like to call to mind some of his quaint sayings in sermons and at other times. Once, in preaching a club sermon, in doing which he was very successful, in cautioning his hearers against excess, he said:—‘I do not mean that you are to abstain altogether. You may take up the paper and see that a man has cut his throat with a razor; but you do not throw away your razor and give up shaving altogether.’ He was also a great admirer of the shrewd sayings of the country people. One I specially remember. Having quoted to an old man the proverb, ‘New brooms

sweep clean,' he received the reply, 'But it is the old ones that find out the dirt.' To shew how fully his people counted him on a level with themselves, your mother once told me that an old woman said to her; 'Dr. Malan and I have the same fault—we both study too much.'

"At clerical meetings he had not the weight which he ought by his learning to have had. He was too shy and reserved to go *prepared* to teach them; and consequently his opinions were generally called forth by the remarks of others, and apt to come in the form of irregular and detached speeches. . . . The schoolrooms at Blackdown and Drimpton, and the chapel-of-ease at the latter hamlet are monuments of his zeal in providing buildings in which young and old might be instructed in religious knowledge and might meet to worship God. If, according to present stronger lights in Church matters, some things were lacking on his vacating the living, I think what had been done was an admirable foundation for what had to be added. He left a parish well-disposed to the Church, in which general tone and morality were very high, and discipline and good manners were very prevalent. . . . His presence was a sermon without words, but most impressive.

"F. PARHAM.

"CHARDSTOCK VICARAGE,

"June, 1896."

The allusion to his "throwing away his fully written manuscript," brings back the scene to memory. One afternoon he made a bonfire in the hayfield, and committed to the flames more than 400 sermons, consecrating the holocaust with the quotation, *Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros* ("Cabbage is not good boiled twice") After that he used to preach from brief notes. His sermon-case, of black leather, was made by his own hand. Inside is an inscription, in Ethiopic, of Numbers xxii. 28, "And the LORD opened the mouth of the ass, and she said . . ." The notes of the last sermon he ever preached are in the case as he left them:—

“S. Matt. vi. 33.

‘But seek ye first the K. of God and His rights. and all those things shall be added u. you.’

Diff. advice.

f. to son.

m. ,, dgtr.

Money, dress.

Savr. to disc. His own.

Not serve 2 masters.

G. and Mmon.

Shows them God’s wks.

Care, birds, flowers.

Choice.

At the outset.

2 roads.

Child—man—O. age.

Keep innocy.

Men’s idea of innoc.

Not kill, &c.

Not God’s—and His rights.

Theref. seek K. of G. first.

He A and Ω.

What K. of G.? God King.

(1) Within you

Fear—Love of G.

Wrought by true living faith.

Seek this

by prayer—Bible—

Commn. w. Heav. Father.

Live in H. and with Him.

(2) Without you.

In the O (world)—Promote it.

Call others to it—

Do all for it—

(3) Heaven.

All this not interfere w.

daily business.

Only first, bec. love it
 bec. feel sure and certn.
 Treas. in H. not E.
If G. so served & loved neglect
 His ch.—who feeds birds ?
 Impossible.
All those thgs. added
 not accdg. to our human
 ideas, but accdg. to Gd.'s
Wisdom.
 He will provide for His
 Ch. and not forsake them.
What then—
 Life so begun and trodden
 Seek—found—K. of G. and rights.
 Keep innny. attend to His right.
 Safe, happy passage
 through life
 & Peace at the last.
With H. we come i. the O
 & to Him come at last.
Whom seek first ?
 The O and lose soul ?
 or His K. and walk as pilgrims
 through the O to that evlg. Home."

His tender affection for the young children of the poor was a very beautiful trait in his character. No wonder that his curate should have been struck by it. With boys and girls alike he was in complete sympathy. Among his writings one work gives an insight into this softer side of his nature. It is in pleasant contrast to the militant attitude of argumentation and controversy, when he puts off the armour of battle and reveals himself as the gentle shepherd tending the lambs of his flock. "The Parables of Our Lord explained to Village Children," 2 vols., 1872 (Bell and Daldy) is a work replete with instruction conveyed in an attractive manner well suited to the hearers. The volumes

contain manifold touches of true sympathy, simple and telling illustrations drawn from the experiences of the children themselves, glimpses of village history, personal anecdotes of his Eastern travel. A sympathetic study of these "Parables" shows how closely he followed in the footsteps of Him Who took young children in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them. When Professor Charteris presented Mr. Malan to the Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University to receive the degree of D.D.—"the highest honours this University can bestow"—in allusion to Mr. Malan's literary labours, he said, "as a Christian minister, seeking the good of his congregation, he has, besides books of devotion, written one of the brightest books I know, 'Our Lord's Parables, explained to Village Children.'"

It is interesting to gather up some of these simple village annals, to show how closely he lived with his poor, and how their children were worn ever near his heart. At the outset he made a bid for their favour, as he once reminded them:—"You began to trust me before you saw me, when I sent every child in the village a penny and a packet of sugar-plums."

We see him seated in the centre of the long village school-room at Broadwindsor—the schoolmaster busy with a class on his left—the pupil teacher similarly employed on his right—the children seated on forms in three sides of a square before him, as he explains to them (for example) the words, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness:" "Now, you boys, what birds do you mostly catch in your 'hackney-vans' in the winter?" "Twinks, hoops, green linnets, and such like." "You mean chaffinches, bullfinches, greenfinches, larks, and so on. Do you ever catch sparrows?" "Very seldom. We see them go round and round the hackney-van, but they won't go in." "No, because they are very wary birds; they 'beware' of the trap. They want the seed inside, but they won't be caught if they can help it. . . . Well, then, as sparrows beware of your traps, so ought we to beware of covetousness. Now, people don't begin with coveting great things, but little things. None of you would

covet Squire Muttletberry's estate ; but you might covet, one of you girls, a smart bit of ribbon another girl had on her bonnet ; or you boys, a top another boy had, and be quite unhappy if you did not get the same ; although none of you would steal it, of course, because you know better, I hope, than to do that. . . . If once covetousness gets hold of your heart, you are caught by it. It will grow bigger and bigger in your little heart, till it turns out of it every good thing—the love of God, kindness, meekness, truth, temperance, and chastity. . . . You know the cuckoo, don't you ? Well, it does not build a nest like other birds ; but drops an egg in a robin's nest, another in a wood-lark's, another in a wagtail's, another in a dunnoek's, and never troubles itself about them. When mother robin comes back to her nest, she finds she has got one more egg than before she left ; but perhaps she did not count them, and can't remember exactly how many she had ; and so she goes on sitting on them till they hatch. One of her children does not seem quite like the rest ; but then she knows all brothers and sisters are not always alike ; and mothers have children, some tall and some short. So she goes on feeding them all, until by-and-by the young cuckoo grows twice as big as her own little robins ; kicks them out of the nest ; and one by one they fall down the bank, and die of cold and hunger ; while the poor mother robin, that has lost all her young, can't find food enough to thrust down the maw of the cuckoo, that caws and craves more and more all the day long. At last it grows so big, that she is fairly frightened, and flies away disgusted and broken-hearted ; having toiled and troubled hard, only to lose her own brood, and to rear this great ugly bird, not a bit like her own little robins. So is covetousness in the heart—like a cuckoo in a robin's nest."

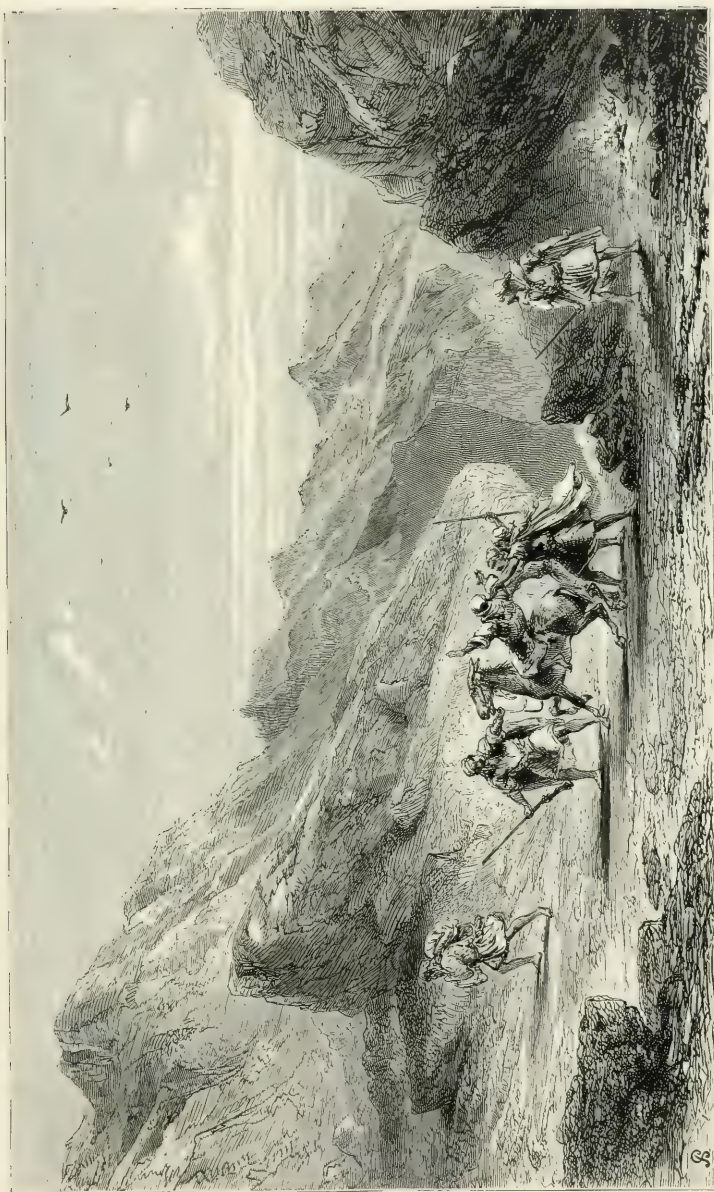
It must have helped them to understand the "net cast into the sea," when he said:—"I once saw a man, it was about sunset, between Tyre and Sidon. . . . He was up to his knees in water . . . and he stood there quite quiet—till, presently, he swung from his shoulder his net, that fell and

spread abroad on the water. He then let the leads sink to the bottom, and then pulled it very slowly, so as not to frighten the fish, which would have tried to escape under the net. And he then took out of it three beautiful fish, which I bought of him, and ate for my supper."

So also, concerning "the Good Shepherd:" "One day when I was travelling in the Holy Land, I came to a well, around which was a large flock of sheep, waiting to be watered by the shepherd. I desired him to call by name a particular sheep, to which I pointed. He did so, and the sheep, directly it heard the shepherd's voice, raised its head above the rest, and came to the shepherd. I tried to call another sheep by the name the shepherd told me; but the sheep would take no notice of it; because my voice was that of a stranger, which the sheep knew not, and would not follow. But when the shepherd called to it, it came to him bleating.

"Our Saviour says, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho.' Why 'went down?' Because Jerusalem is built on very high ground on the mountain on which Abraham offered Isaac in sacrifice; some two thousand feet above the level of the sea; more than twice as high as Lewesdon Hill, which is only nine hundred and sixty feet above Bridport harbour. . . . When I travelled that same road, I had to send for several Arabs from the other side of Jordan, to come and escort me; otherwise I should have fared no better than the poor man in the parable."

Speaking to them of "the strait gate:" "When I was travelling in Armenia—the country of high mountains where Noah's ark rested—I came to a church under a beautiful walnut tree, on the banks of a lake of clear blue water. The priest, an aged man with a fine long beard, welcomed me; and after having asked me who I was, he led me to his church. It was covered with turf instead of lead, like ours; with windows so small, that they let in hardly any light at all. But I had to stoop and go in sideways at the door; and when I asked him why they made it so low, and so narrow, he replied in Armenian, 'Your reverence, it is to



THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

[To face p. 206]

remind us, when we come to church, of the strait gate and narrow way that lead unto life.’”

Concerning “the Ten Virgins:” “When I was at Damascus, one night I was awakened from sleep by just such a procession of bridesmaids, with lamps in their hands, and a band of drums and fifes playing. They were going to meet the bridegroom. And shortly after they had turned the corner of the street, I heard a great shout: ‘Behold, the bridegroom is coming!’ and then, shortly after, they again passed under my window, going back to the house of the bride, whence they had come; the bridesmaids with the bridegroom and his friends.”

Speaking to them on “the Talents:” “Now, children, how many gifts God has given you! You can think and talk, but poor idiots cannot do that; neither can brute beasts, that have no understanding. . . . They can’t talk as you do—they only sing, or hoot, or cackle, or chirrup, or whistle, or mew, or bark, or neigh, or bray, or low, or howl, or cry; but they cannot talk as you do.” “Mrs. Morris’s parrot can talk.” “Only a few words it has been taught, but it does not understand them. . . . I had a magpie which I called *Michael*; and it used to call out, ‘Poor Michael!’ so that you fancied there was a man in the garden. Some of you, children, may perhaps remember a raven I once had, that lived in the yard with my dogs, and that learned from them to bark, as well as they. . . . Do you ever hear a chaffinch call another chaffinch names?” “No!” “And the lark when it soars on high at early morn, to welcome the rising sun, with its blithe, merry song of joy, to Whose praise does it sing this morning hymn?” “To God’s praise.” “Yes; to the praise of Him Who made it, and gave it that sweet voice . . . teaching us not only to get up early, but also, to raise our first thoughts to Him. . . . Then, children, not only do no worse with your tongue than the chaffinch or the lark—but do a great deal better.”

Explaining the words “Judge not, that ye be not judged,” he said:—“You remember some time ago, when little Ned

Dobbs broke his leg. I heard some one in the village say, ‘There, no doubt he was up some apple-tree where he had no business to be, and so fell and broke his leg.’” “It wasn’t like that, sir; I was with him. It was old Jem Sorry’s pony that ran away with the cart, and as he is lame and couldn’t catch the pony, Ned Dobbs ran after him; but the pony knocked him down, and the wheel went over his leg and broke it.” “Exactly. I know that. Ned Dobbs met with that accident while trying to do a kindness; whereas, his unkind neighbour never stopped to ask how it happened, but said he was sure that poor Ned Dobbs was stealing apples, when he was not. That was ‘judging’ him.

“... You know—I won’t tell whom; but the whole village knows he is a very sober, well-conducted man. Well, one day during hay-making, it was very hot; and the drop of cider he took had such effect upon him that he had a stroke and was carried home. As they were carrying him there, old —, I won’t tell the name—who is never sober and always at the public-house—met him, and said, ‘There, he be dead drunk; pity he hadn’t stopped sooner.’ That was a man with a beam in his own eye, finding fault with a brother for having a mote in his.”

He communes with them on the condition of the parish: “It is, thank God, better than it used to be; it is more orderly, more people come to church than formerly, and Sunday is better kept. You don’t hear all the swearing, and don’t see all the drunkenness and fighting you once did; then our Parish Church is beautifully restored, and the poor have the best seats in it; and our other churches and schools are also in good order.”

“... You all know old Ned Brakes, don’t you?” “He that works at the gravel pits?” “That’s the one. But do you remember him three or four years ago? How was he most days?” “Always drunk.” “And his language?” “Swear and curse terrible.” “It was quite awful!... He is quite different now... How did it come about? One of you here knows—but she won’t tell, perhaps; she

would feel shy ; so I must. His little daughter, who used to come regularly to school, when she was not in rags, by reason of her father's conduct, one Sunday morning said to him, ' Oh, father, how I wish you'd come to church, if only once, to hear about the Friend of Sinners, our Saviour Jesus.' ' About whom do you say ? ' ' About the Friend of Sinners.' ' Oh, such as I be, have no friends. Who would mind me ? ' . . . But Ned Brakes thought of it—' To church ! why, I haven't been there these ten, may be twelve years. I can't go there by day, I haven't got a decent patch on me. In the evening——' In the evening, as the public-house was further from his cottage than the church, and he passed by, he heard the beautiful singing within. He crept up to the door, which was ajar, and saw the church full of people, clean and respectable, chanting ' God be merciful unto us and bless us ' . . . and as no one seemed to notice him, he thought he would hear the sermon, or at least some part of it. It was on the thief upon the cross. . . . Ned Brakes didn't stop to the end, but crept out of the porch, and then went home. He did not go to the public-house that night. And that week, he only went there twice instead of every day, and brought home better wages on Saturday ; so that the children had more bread to eat, and poor mother could not make it out. . . . The week after, as I was walking by the gravel pits, he came up to me, and, taking off his hat, said, ' Please, sir, I hope no offence.' ' Offence, Brakes ! What do you mean ? What can I do for you, my good fellow ? ' ' Why, sir, I've been a very wicked man ; drink is all the cause of it ; I am going to take the pledge.' ' Are you ? If I was you, I wouldn't ; you are sure to break it ; because our good resolutions are like water, Brakes, without that which makes us keep them. If I was you, I would first get that.' ' So I would, sir, if I knew what it was.' ' It is God's grace, His Holy Spirit in us, that teaches us what we ought to do, and makes us do it ; because He always reminds us of the pledge we once took to Christ, " to fight manfully against the sin, the world, and the devil, and

to be His faithful soldier and servant unto our life's end." I fear, Brakes, you haven't done much to that, have you?' 'Sure enough! But, sir, I'm such a sinner; cursing, and swearing, and drinking.' 'Not worse than the thief upon the cross, are you?' 'Well, I don't suppose I be worse, not exactly.' 'And what made the Saviour forgive him at once, and never chide him the least, for his past wicked life?' 'I suppose because He was merciful.' 'So He is; but that wasn't it altogether. He saw in the thief's look that he repented of his past life from the bottom of his heart, and trusted in Him as his Saviour. . . . There, Brakes, think of that while drawing your gravel.' . . . 'God bless you, sir.' And so saying Brakes went back to his gravel-pit. But he thought on all this, and prayed to God for grace, and gave up drink without taking the pledge. . . . He broke off with his old pot-house companions, not minding what they said. He is regular at church, clean and decent in his dress. . . . You never hear an oath or bad word come out of his mouth; and he never sets foot at the public-house, but to buy a quart of ale for dinner at home with his children.

"'Well, Brakes,' said Tubbs, the publican, to him, 'I haven't seen much of you lately; how is that?' 'You have had enough of me before now,' answered Brakes. 'Well, I also think 'twas too much of it. Now, Brakes, I'll tell you what. Though I live by selling drink, yet I think it hurts more than it saves. Well, then, so long as you are decent and respectable as you be now, and keep your family, so long as I be Tubbs, landlord of the "Pint o' Drinks" public-house, will I give you, free gratis, a quart of ale for you and your family on Sundays; but if you turn drunkard again, then you'll have to pay for it.' That was very kind of the landlord; and Brakes was glad he had not taken the pledge. . . . He has been like that these three years, ever since he was first asked by his little daughter 'to turn back homewards,' and come to church and hear of the Saviour; the leaven of Whose grace has made him quite different—a good loaf of bread, both in and out, according to our Saviour's parable.

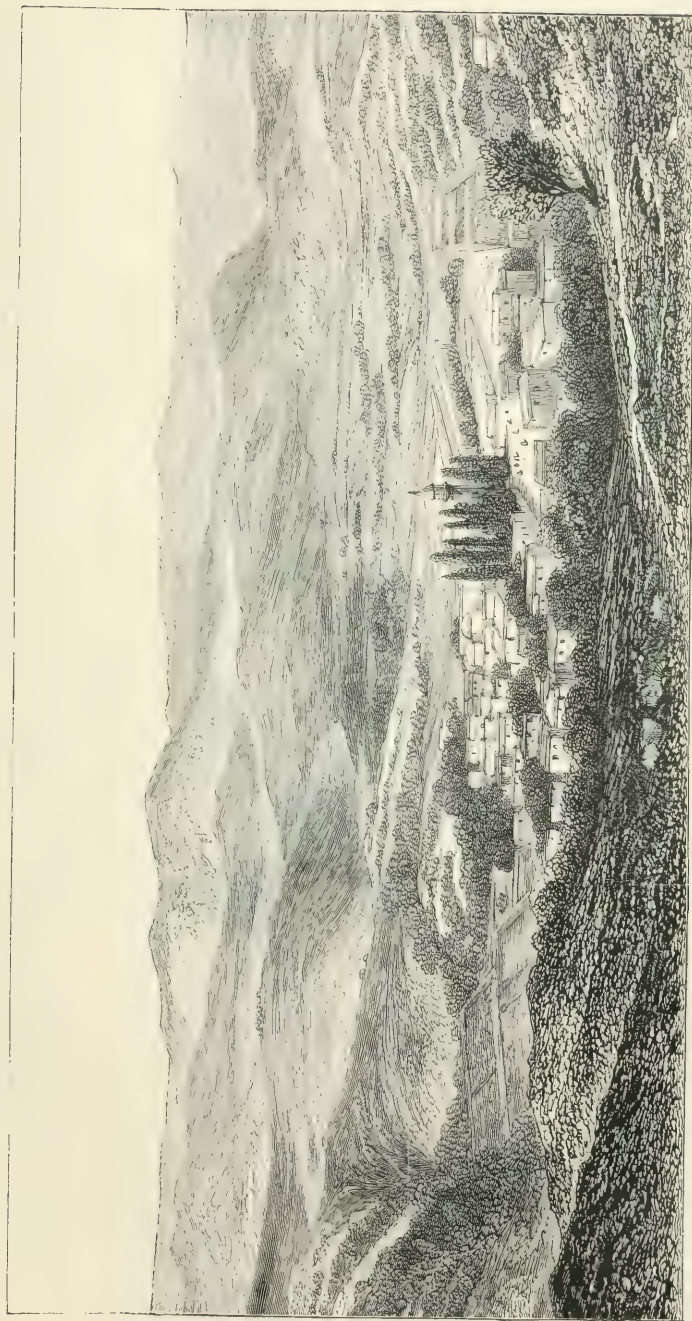
“ . . . What is that mark across your forehead, Bill Brooks? What makes you blush? Won't you tell me?” “He don't like to tell.” “I wish he would, though; for I had sooner hear it from him than you.” “Please, sir, he nudges me for to tell.” “Out with it then.” “'Twas one day he stole a penny; and when father asked who had stolen the penny, Bill ran out at the back, and cut himself across the forehead against the door of the coal-hole that was open, and hurt himself, and bled a good bit. But father said that was punishment enough.” “So it was; because it will last so long as he lives. Scars never wear off; so that Bill will not only be reminded all his life, but he will also remind all who see that mark on his forehead, of how it was he came by it.

“ . . . Who was it that ran past poor Bill Dobbs, who has only got one leg, and uses a crutch, and is a good boy, too—crying, ‘Come on, Bill Crutch, catch me if you can?’ I don't want you to tell me who it was, because I know. I see him getting red in the face; because he knows it was most unkind to mock poor cripple Bill Dobbs, to whom God has sent this trial of his whole life—very likely to keep his feet from running to evil, and bring him among the halt, the lame, and the blind, that will get sooner into the Kingdom of Heaven by hobbling thither, than swift-footed sinners who run the other way.”

Explaining the words, “Agree with thine adversary quickly,” as the voice of conscience, he said:—“A boy—I won't mention his name—went to the shop to fetch an ounce of tobacco for his father. There happened to be no one in the shop at the moment; the master was in the next room; and on the counter was a basket of fresh apples. The boy took up one and smelled it, and was tempted to put it in his pocket. No one was there; who should know it? But he put it back. His adversary from within said to him, ‘Put it back; God sees thee; it is not thine.’ So he could face the master when he came in, because he knew he had done no wrong, though tempted to do it. He asked

for the tobacco, and when he had paid for it, the master, who, from the inner room, had seen him take up the apple, smell it, and then put it back, said to him, ‘Fond of apples, my boy?’ The boy smiled. ‘There!’ said the master, ‘I saw you smell that apple, and then put it back; therefore I give it you with pleasure, and two more besides. Never take what is not your own; and remember God sees you, if no one else does.’

“ . . . The married women of Nazareth and other towns wear what money is their own and not their husbands’—sewn on to two lappets fastened to their head-dress on each side of the head, and tied under the chin. They bore a hole through every piece of money, be it gold, silver, or copper, and sew it on in a pattern, on each lappet, both sides alike so that it makes a very pretty ornament for the head. . . . Now a woman who has only ten pieces of silver, worth perhaps eight or nine shillings, or even less than half that, is a poor woman; just such a one as our Saviour’s mother was. And, perhaps, when He told this parable, He remembered what He had seen His mother do, one day at home at Nazareth, when He was a child. If she lost one piece, not only would it be a great loss to her, but it would spoil her head-dress. . . . As the redeemed of Christ are to be like jewels in His crown . . . it could not be that one of these jewels should be lost, and thus wanting in His crown. . . . You know old Sam Rookes; you know he was a very decent and respectable man for a long time. He kept his church regularly every Sunday, always once, and often twice. . . . What made him so altered all at once? . . . Not long before his death I went to see him, and I asked him—‘Sam, what is the matter with you? You are no longer the same man you used to be.’ ‘Why, sir, I am ashamed of myself; . . . I got into bad company, and took to drinking; that’s the worst of it.’ . . . Old Sam did not live long after that; but he died happy. He had found the lost piece of money, behind the great ugly sin of drink, all among the dust and rubbish of other wickedness, which drink always harbours



VIEW FROM ABOVE NAZARETH

behind it, with all sorts of crawling things that hide in dark corners.

“ . . . No sooner are boys and girls too old to come to the Sunday School than they grow so different you scarcely know them. Boys mostly think of smoking, drinking, and that like. . . . Some of them also get into bad company, and live as if there was no God in heaven, but only the devil in hell ; though he be the worst master they can have.

“ Then the girls, when they grow up, think so much about what they shall put on ; although they know very well that for all their thinking about it, they never can be half so pretty as the bluebells, anemones, and milkmaids in our hedges. . . . And then some girls, instead of keeping at home, as girls ought to do, with their mothers, flaunt about in their finery, for people to look at them—a thing no right-minded girl would do.

“ . . . You are Christian children, and you know Him ; then let others see you are that, not by singing hymns, or reading the Bible, or being on your knees all day ; because it would not be child-like to do that. . . . But show you are Christian children, blithe and merry, fond of play, brisk and light-hearted—sorrows will come soon enough—yet kind, gentle, modest, obedient, and truthful.”

He spoke to them of Stoke Lane, with its steep banks—of a Jewish doctor, who, when a child, used to climb up a mustard-tree growing near his father’s house—of Jem Jakes, sent to jail for stealing his master’s potatoes—of boys playing marbles by the village pump—of a carriage-accident on the Lyme Road—of a drunken man, who, one cold night, lay down to sleep on the lime-kiln, and was found smothered and charred next morning. He knew the secret of interesting children, because his heart was in touch with them with truest sympathy.

“ . . . You, then, little people, are vines planted and growing in the Lord’s vineyard ; and now is ‘ weeping-time ’ with you—the early spring, when the sap first begins to move, and the buds begin to show. . . . When we see grape-

buds—not a leaf yet, nor a blossom, but only plenty of tears watering those buds—we say, ‘Please God, we shall have ripe grapes another day.’ . . . Enough then, children, if you show good grape-buds. Never mind a few tears shed over them; the ‘tears of the vine’ are always a good sign. Be children so long as you can; light-hearted, merry, fond of play—but good at home and at school, too—and show by your doings that you have in you the fear of the Lord.”

For the little girls he always felt the most tender solicitude. “You remember little Susan Russell, don’t you? She was a very good child; too good to live, people said. Some of you went to see her when she lay on her sick bed, to take to her bunches of flowers because she loved them so. She hoped there would be flowers in heaven when she went there. And when I told her she would there pick the lovely flowers of Paradise, growing by the River of Life, and see her Saviour, and be with Him always, her pale little face brightened up, and a tear trickled down her sunken cheeks, and she said to me, ‘Oh! do read to me about the Good Shepherd and the lost sheep.’ And I did so; and then read to her the twenty-third Psalm that begins with ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing;’ and when I came to the fourth verse, she said, ‘Oh! do read that again;’ and I read a second time, ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.’ ‘I love to hear that,’ said she, ‘the Good Shepherd, my Saviour Jesus—His rod—staff—fear no evil;’ and these were the last words she spoke.

“ . . . Emma Davey, when I overtook you the other day coming from Lewesdon, with a large bundle of sticks, and I took it off your head, poor little woman, how did you feel?” “Eased.” “Eased; I should think so; why, it was nigh as big as yourself. But I couldn’t have put it back upon your narrow shoulders, so I carried it to your door. How did you feel then?” “Very much obliged.” “Well, that is what our blessed Saviour did to those poor people who came to

Him, well-nigh crushed under the burdens the Pharisees and lawyers put upon them; He took them off their backs, and they felt eased.

“ . . . When mother puts in a patch on an old pinafore, children, does she choose a bit of hard, unbleached calico for it, or what? Answer, one of you little girls.” “ No, she puts in a soft bit; she has got bits of rags she keeps to mend our things.” “ I daresay; all good mothers do; and patches do mothers credit. . . . Better have twenty patches in one pinafore than one hole. . . . But why choose a bit of soft stuff?” “ Because the new stuff would tear off the old; they wouldn’t hold together.”

“ . . . When poor mother was so ill the other day, and the doctor said he didn’t think she could live through the night, who was it that sobbed and sobbed, and would take no comfort, though I did my best to tell her our Heavenly Father knew better, and could do better for mother than the doctor? Her poor little heart seemed ready to break; it felt as if it was bruised, and could feel no more for grief and sorrow. A contrite heart is a heart that feels bruised with sorrow. . . . The woman, whom our Saviour forgave, had her heart broken at the thought of her past wicked life; and she was so sorry that she could say nothing, but only sob out her grief and wash our Saviour’s feet with her tears, every one of which was wrung out by the sins she had committed.

“ . . . You remember Fanny Bartlett; she died when quite young, and before her grandfather and grandmother. . . . It always did me good to go and see her, and sit with her, and see how patient and good she was. It always did me good to go and read and pray with her; because it taught me how a Christian ought to suffer patiently and to die. We expect an old Christian to die in peace; but it was very beautiful to see a young girl die as she did. Just before her death she sang some of her favourite hymns—one that begins with ‘ There is a land of pure delight,’ about which she was thinking, and to which she went soon after.

“ . . . You remember, most of you, Nelly Smith, who died last year of decline. And you remember what a very different girl she was when she was well and during her illness, when some of you used to go and read to her and nurse her. She did not bear a very good character in the village. She lost her mother when she was a baby, and her father spent a good deal of his time at the public-house; and the poor girl, so soon as she was old enough, went away to work, where she heard and saw a good deal that was bad, and she was tainted by it. Whereas she was a very good little girl so long as she came to the Sunday School; after she left it, and got among bad company, I shouldn't have known her again. . . . She often did not tell the truth, far from it; and took to picking and stealing, for which she was well-nigh sent to jail once. . . . Then she got things on credit at the shop to dress fine and flaunt on Sundays, and never paid for them; and people used to say worse even than that of her. . . . One cold, wet November day she walked to her work, and, as she had no change of stockings, and only one pair of shoes, because she spent all she could on ribbons and other trumpery, she sat all day in her wet shoes and stockings, and before the evening she was shivering, felt ill all over, and, directly she came home, went to bed. The next day the doctor was sent for, and when he came the day after, he found she had a violent inflammation of the chest. That was the beginning of the end. I went to see her, to read and pray with her and to talk to her a little, but she was in such fever that she was hardly sensible. She got the better of that, thank God; but when she got out of bed any one might see that she never would go to work any more. The inflammation settled on her lungs, and her cough became worse and worse. Poor Nelly Smith! no one knew her, so altered was she. . . . But it was all for her good. It was out of love for her that our Father in heaven sent her that illness to convert her and bring her back to the fold of the Good Shepherd, from which she had strayed. What is to be ‘converted,’ children?” “To be made good.” “Well,

a man when 'converted' becomes good ; but what is the meaning of to 'convert ?' Now, do you remember that little girl, five years old, from Little Windsor, who took the wrong turn going home from school and was lost ? The poor little thing thought she was going back to mother, whereas her poor mother came here pretty near wild to ask after her child. A good many of us went in search of her, and at last she was found near Clapton, walking along the high road nearly three miles from her home. Well, when she was found was she made to go on, or——" "No, to turn back." "Which way ?" "Homewards to Little Windsor." "Well, children, to be 'converted' is to be turned back homewards.

"... Don't you remember, you Miller children, how, one day, you behaved so badly towards your father that he was going to punish you all alike, very severely. I heard in the village of what had happened and I went to him. I said : 'Miller, my good friend, the children have behaved badly, sure enough, and you have good reason to be angry with them ; but, there ! forgive them this once. It is no good breaking sticks about those little backs. I will talk to them. Forgive them for my sake.' And father forgave you, didn't he ? and spared you the thrashing." "Yes." "But what did you two little sisters, Annie and Polly, do just after that over that bit of blue ribbon ? Now don't cry, Annie, I am not going to scold you for it now ; I only want you to say what you did to Polly." "Ca-al-led her names."

"... What is bread a loaf now, children ?" "Sixpence-halfpenny." "And you have enough of it to eat at that price, have you ?" "Most days." "Not always ? Poor little souls ! I can't bear to hear you say that, and to think you ever feel hungry. But what can one do for all in a large place like this ?

"... But who was the little woman I see now looking at me—who came and whispered to me so softly ; I couldn't quite hear it at first : 'Please, sir, would you be so kind as to give me a ginger-bread nut for sister and one for poor

mother, who is ill in bed?'—Did she get any? I see her smiling. Why it was so very right of her to think of sister and of mother in bed. . . .

" . . . That is how little Lucy Neale laid her head on her pillow to die. I had told her that the flowers she loved to pick in the hedge-bank taught us we should one day rise from the grave fresh and pure like them. And, as I brought her a few primroses I had picked for her on my way to her cottage, she thanked me and looked at them, and then said: 'I shan't die for ever; I shall rise again one day and see my Saviour.'

" . . . I sometimes see tears, big and small, trickling down certain rosy cheeks, and then a gulp and a sob or two, because the poor little woman is very unhappy at some hard word she can't remember. I know."

In 1878 Mr. Malan published "*Prayers and Thanksgivings for the Use of my Parishioners*" (Coombs).

In 1880, "*The Two Holy Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to Scripture, Grammar, and the Faith*" (D. Nutt). This was a re-issue of his treatise on "*The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*," published in 1868, which had been long out of print, together with a short treatise on Baptism—"not, indeed, thinking to teach anything new respecting either Sacrament, but only to show from Scripture and from the Faith what good authority they have, who, on the one hand, will not think lightly of Baptism and, on the other hand, decline to receive as either Catholic or Apostolic, sundry doctrines concerning the Supper of the Lord, foisted on them by the Mediæval Party in the Church."

On Feb. 28th, 1880, Mr. Malan received the following communication:—

"UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

"The Senatus Academicus of this University have unanimously resolved to offer to you the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. I beg to be informed whether you accept this

degree, and whether you can be present in Edinburgh on Wednesday, the 21st April next, to receive it?

“I have the honour to be,

“Your obedient servant,

“A. GRANT,

“THE REV. S. C. MALAN,

“Principal.

“VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSETSHIRE.”

The offer having been accepted, Mr. and Mrs. Malan in due time journeyed north, staying at Hereford and Carlisle on the way. Professor Stubbs (now Bishop of Oxford) received the same degree on that occasion. The recipients had to approach the platform on which Sir Archibald Campbell and Professors Charteris and Blackie were sitting, robed in state; they received the degree, and were instructed to pass out a certain way without turning back. Solomon Cæsar Malan omitted to observe the directions. Whereupon, amid much chaff from the junior portion of the audience, which enlivened without profaning the ceremony, the janitor, giving him a friendly push, and using the new title for the first time, said sharply: “Doctor Malán, will ye gang oot the reet wa!” Before the ceremony Professor Charteris said: “I have next the honour to present to you the Rev. Solomon Cæsar Malan, M.A., Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorset, who, during a long life of usefulness in a remote English parish, has found time to study many subjects, each one rarely mastered by any scholar of our country, and all of them, I believe, never before combined in the record of one student’s life. The titles alone fill several columns in literary lists, and they range from personal observations in the lands of the Bible to the conflict with the most learned of Chinese scholars on the attributes and name of the supreme object of Chinese worship. He is a recognised authority in the little cultivated field of Coptic scholarship. One of his most learned works shows the range of his inquiries. It is the ‘Gospel of St. John,’ translated from the eleven oldest versions, except the Latin, viz.: the Syriac, Ethiopic, Armenian, Sahidic, Memphitic, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, Anglo-Saxon, Arabic and Persian.

Nor has he been a recluse, but with an open eye to nature he has observed and completely classified all British birds and their eggs; and as a Christian minister seeking the good of his congregation, has, besides books of devotion, written one of the brightest books I know—‘Our Lord’s Parables explained to Village Children.’ The name of César Malan is dear to many in Scotland, and his son can never lack a welcome among us. In the third generation there is a gallant soldier, whose work has lent the charm of romance to some departments of the mission field; the link between them is the eminent linguist and Biblical scholar, on account of whose successful labours I now present him to you that he may receive the highest honours this University can bestow.”

On May 17th, 1881, the soldier-missionary, Charles Hamilton Malan, formerly Major in the 75th Regiment, died at 42, Stanhope Gardens, S.W.; and was buried at Brompton Cemetery.

In the same year Dr. Malan supplemented his “Parables” by a companion volume, “The Miracles of our Lord explained to Country Children” (Bell). The explanations are founded on the same method as that followed in the former work, instruction being imparted through the medium of familiar talk upon personal experience in Bible lands and simple annals of the village folk. The introduction is attractive. The recent visit of a conjuror suggests the difference between miracles and conjuring tricks. Emmy calls Nelly to wonder at a scarlet sweet-pea grown from a pea which she planted. Harry caps the wonder with a peacock butterfly produced from the chrysalis of a black caterpillar; and George beats the record with a brood of chicks that emerged from eggs. They cannot tell how it all came about. “Nor anybody else, children. Wise and learned men talk a great deal and write many books about such things. . . . But they can only say—‘it is so.’”

The good Vicar, commenting on the marriage-feast at Cana, is interrupted by a boy—“Please, sir, it says they were drunk!” “Drunk! Read again, my boy, and see.”

“ . . . Our Saviour, then, did not set up a synagogue of His own, or hold a meeting at His own house on Sabbath days . . . but He went to the parish church, to the synagogue, full of people who hated Him. . . . You see He was not a dissenter or nonconformist ; but He went even with demoniacs to the national church.”

He tells of a village drunkard who starved his little daughter into a fatal disease. “ One day, however, he was brought to his senses. His poor little Nelly, when dying, embraced him for the last time and said, ‘ Father, do give up drinking. It is your fault I am so ill, but I forgive you. Do give it up ! ’ Great big tears ran down his cheeks, and he said nothing. But he was stung to the heart by the last words of his dying child. That is how God made a way for His grace into that man’s heart.”

He tells of Harry, laid up from eating too much cake at school feast—a lesson to him not to be greedy ; of another boy who climbed a tree to steal Farmer Brimble’s apples, and “ hobbled home with a broken leg ”—a lesson on the commandment, “ Thou shalt not steal ; ” of Butcher Ball, “ a desperate man, hating, swearing, cursing, all day long ; and how, coming back from a sale, he was upset in his gig and picked up insensible. While he was recovering, he was much softened. . . . But no sooner was he well again than he was as bad as before, if not worse—until one day he dropped dead in his own house. He sinned again, and a worse thing came to him.

“ . . . The town of Nain is now in ruins ; but from it there is a beautiful view of Nazareth on the hill, on the other side of the valley ; and of Mount Tabor on the right of it. When I was there in May, about the same time of the year as our Saviour also went there, the weather was beautiful, the corn was carried in and being threshed, and the hill meadows were still covered with lovely spring flowers.

“ . . . You know Drake Miller, what a desperate man he was. He is tamed down a bit, now ; but how is it ? ” “ He had his leg cut off at the hospital.” “ Why ? ” “ Because

he broke it when he ran away from the policeman, because he had stolen old Lizzie Parker's ducks. Then his leg, it got bad; and they cut it off for him. And now he can't run away." "But now, children, why all that?" "Because he was very wicked." "Stop. Why, then, was he so wicked?" "Because he would hearken to nothing, and to nobody." "Now, you have it. His heart was stone deaf. . . . I tried several times to persuade him to give up his drink, swearing, and wicked ways. But all to no purpose. 'Let alone that talk of yours,' he would say, 'tain't Sunday for me to be preached to.' As good talk wouldn't do for him, God tried something else. . . . Instead of running away across country for fear of being caught for thieving, Drake Miller now hobbles about on crutches, and wishes with all his heart he had his leg again. . . . It has done him good, however; when I speak to him now, it isn't, 'Let alone that talk'—but, 'I thank you, sir; I wish I'd hearkened to you and others before now; may be I'd have my leg still. 'Twould be better than these 'ere crutches.' 'No, Drake, it would not. Had you still your leg, *you* who wouldn't hearken, "but hardened your neck when reprov'd, might have been suddenly *cut off*; and that without remedy," as Scripture says. But God had pity on you, and has cut off your leg to keep you back from worse ways. Yours were bad enough.' 'Sure enough, sir. I hope it'll be better now. I thank you 'umbly.'

" . . . You remember Jem Blakes, and what sort of a man he was. He seemed to love to do wickedness, and he certainly lived without God in the world, and never told His name but to swear by it. Well, he went to one of those 'revivals,' as people call them, and heard preaching and singing, and saw people crying and jumping and howling. That seemed to tell on him, and he thought himself a converted man. He certainly was better for a bit, and he took the pledge. But it didn't last long. He soon broke it, drank as much as ever, and is now, I fear, a worse man than before."

Such blending of simple village incidents and personal

reminiscences formed a medium of instruction which never failed to rivet the children's attention; and a perusal of the volume gives an insight into the depth of sympathy with which Dr. Malan ever regarded the poor.

The year 1881 was rendered memorable by the publication of the "Revised Version of the New Testament"—an attempt to improve the time-honoured English Bible, in the opinion of many qualified judges, ill-advised in its aim and unfortunate in its results. Soon after its appearance a torrent of adverse criticism was poured upon the hapless volume, proving incontestably that it was an open question whether the sanctity of the Bible would be enhanced, and the credit of English scholarship be advanced, by adopting the New Version in place of the Old.

Foremost in the catalogue of hostile comment stands a work which probably ranks as one of the noblest monuments of critical ability that ever issued from the English press—the "Revision Revised" of Dean Burgon. The ten years' travail of "the most competent scholars of the age" was at length accomplished, and May 17th, 1881, was the birthday of the Revised Version. But the occasion called for the man: the "great Dean" armed him for the fight, and dealt such vigorous blows for the cause, that, fifteen years after its ill-starred appearance, the existence of the Revised Version is scarcely appreciated.

Others besides Dean Burgon rallied to the rescue, but to him pre-eminently belongs the honour of vindicating the credit of the Authorised Version when confronted by the Revised. What wonder if he gave loose bridle to his pen? "When the words of inspiration are seriously imperilled," as he said, "it is scarcely possible for one who is determined to preserve the deposit in its integrity, to hit too hard or too straight."

During the long summer days of 1881 (June to September) the first of the three articles was elaborated for the "Quarterly Review," in which, while proving the depravity of the codices on which Drs. Westcott and Hort based their recension, he

pours his broadside upon the unwarrantable presumption of “intuitive perception” for estimating the genuine Text of Scripture. “Not theory—not prejudice—not conjecture—not unproved assertion—not a single codex, and *certainly* not codex B.—not an imaginary ‘Antiochene Recension’ of another imaginary ‘Pre-Syrian Text’—not antecedent fancies about the affinity of documents—neither the [purely arbitrary] method of genealogy,—nor one man’s notions (*which may be reversed by another man’s notions*) of ‘transcriptional probability’—not ‘instinctive processes of criticism,’—least of all ‘the individual mind,’ with its ‘supposed power of divining the original text’—of which no intelligible account can be rendered—nothing of this sort—(however specious and plausible it may sound, especially when set forth in confident language; advocated with a great show of unintelligible learning; supported by a formidable array of cabalistic symbols and mysterious contractions; above all when recommended by justly respected names)—nothing of this sort, we say, must be allowed to determine for us the Text of Scripture.”

The Dean demands a vastly different critical method:—“In every case of doubt or difficulty, after patiently collecting *all* the available evidence (Manuscripts, Versions, Patristic citations), then, without partiality or prejudice, must we adjudicate between the conflicting authorities, and loyally accept the verdict for which there is clearly the preponderating evidence. *The best supported reading*, in other words, must always be held to be *the true reading*, and nothing may be rejected from the commonly received Text, except on evidence which shall *clearly* outweigh the evidence for retaining it.”

The reader who follows the Dean in the mighty thunders of his eloquent and convincing arguments, finds his confidence restored—for well may it have been shaken by a perusal of the Revised Version. One after another, the distressing doubts raised in his mind by the rash and heartless treatment of the English Bible, are shattered into dust; and the

reader feels a thrill of exultation in such a passage as—"But because we propose to ourselves that *no uncertainty whatever* shall remain on this subject (St. Luke ii. 14), it will not be wasted labour if at parting we pour into the ruined citadel just enough of shot and shell to leave no dark corner standing for the ghost of a respectable doubt hereafter to hide in." . . . "The 'New Greek Text' put forth by the revisionists is *utterly inadmissible*. The traditional Text has been departed from by them nearly six thousand times, almost invariably *for the worse*. . . . To attempt, as the revisionists have done, to build the Text of the New Testament on a tissue of unproved assertions and the eccentricities of a single codex of bad character, is about as hopeful a proceeding as would be the attempt to erect an Eddystone lighthouse on the Goodwin Sands."

Those "long summer days," devoted so assiduously by Dean Burgon to the preparation of his first article, were succeeded by similar labour all through the autumn, while he was preparing his second article on "The New English Version." During that period, from May to December, 1881, letters from the Dean of Chichester continually reached the Vicar of Broadwindsor, requesting him to search the ancient versions for the readings of various passages in the New Testament, no reason being assigned to explain the purpose for which they were required. The penmanship of the great Dean was notoriously difficult to decipher, and often at the breakfast-table, after the letter-bag had distributed its contents, the Vicar's brow would be seen contracted over the perusal of a letter which presented to him graver difficulties than the versions whereof it treated. But, none the less, in the course of the morning he would perform the service asked, and send off the results in the afternoon.

The two articles duly appeared, and Mr. Murray forwarded copies of the "Quarterly" to Broadwindsor. Then the learned Vicar's eyes were opened. *There* were his verdicts of the versions all faithfully recorded—the batteries of

heavy calibre were unmasked. While public speculation was rife, and men wondered who was the author of those mighty fulminations of scathing criticism, Dr. Malan, at any rate, recognised the sign-manual of authorship. The Dean acknowledged his obligation to Dr. Malan in the volume which subsequently reproduced the essays, "The Revision Revised," by such notices as the following :—

P. 67. "... So the Arabian version, but not the Gothic, Armenian, Slavonic, or Georgian, as Dr. S. C. Malan informs the reviewer."

P. 120. "For my information on this subject I am entirely indebted to one who is always liberal in communicating the lore of which he is perhaps the sole living depository in England, the Rev. Dr. S. C. Malan. See his 'Seven Chapters of the Revision of 1881 Revised,' p. 3. But especially should the reader be referred to Dr. Malan's learned dissertation on this very subject in his 'Select Readings in Westcott and Hort's Greek Text of S. Matt.,' pp. 1—22."

P. 124. "True, that we have made acquaintance with certain ancient versions about which little or nothing was known 200 years ago, but (with the solitary exception of the Rev. Solomon Cæsar Malan, the learned Vicar of Broadwindsor, who, by the way, is always ready to lend a torch to his benighted brethren) what living Englishman is able to tell us what they all contain?"

P. 356. "The Syriac versions, the Vulgate, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Armenian (we owe the information, as usual, to Dr. Malan) are to be set against the suspicious Coptic."

P. 451. "Dr. Malan (who must be heartily sick of me by this time), in reply to my repeated enquiries, assures me that in Coptic and Sahidic alike 'the relative pronoun always takes the gender of the Greek antecedent' (then follows a long quotation from a letter of Dr. Malan's, which supplied the Dean with the requisite testimony of the versions for establishing the true reading of the famous

verse, 1 Tim. iii. 16—'And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh,' etc."

P. 382. "On the same side as the present illustrious Bishop of Lincoln are found the late Philip E. Pusey and Archdeacon Lee, Canon Cook and Dr. Field, the Bishop of S. Andrew's, and Dr. S. C. Malan."

Dr. Malan aimed his blow at the revisers in a trenchant and scholarly pamphlet, "*Seven Chapters (S. Matthew i.—vi. ; S. Luke xi.) of the Revision of 1881 Revised*" (Hatchards). While admitting that a few trifling alterations in the English Bible are advisable, if not necessary, he insists that "such alterations should be made with a light, loving hand as an act of worship, and so as not to break the spell of hallowed and blessed words, sucked in with the mother's milk, and heard through life in every genuine English home.

"No wonder, then, if the scholars who attempted to revise one Gospel in 1856 rightly declared it to be 'a work of extreme difficulty, scarcely capable of being surmounted'—so that they all but gave it up.

"But, in these days of reckless changes, men shrink from very little. Some, therefore, came forward eager for the work, who, taking their own wishes, which they knew, to be those of the nation at large, which they could not ascertain, said the time was ripe for a revision; and getting others to think with them, a company for the revision of the Old and New Testaments was formed of men, said to be 'the most competent scholars of the age.' An agreeable surprise to most of them, no doubt, whatever it may be.

"How and by whom the choice was made does not appear. . . . Meanwhile, some of the wisest and best men chosen withdrew at once; and one can only regret that a few more did not follow that example, and, for their own sakes, eschew the responsibility of having to put pieces of their own new cloth on the weft of the old garment.

"For not only is the rent made worse in that stately robe

of honour, but it no longer looks like itself, pieced as it is all over with patches of many colours. The revisers, instead of religiously and devoutly weighing the injury done by many changes in household words so familiar as those of the Bible, and, therefore, how little they need alter—seem rather to have looked upon it in the light of a Greek exercise, and to have taken pleasure in making as many changes as they could; too often, also, with little or no regard for cadence, rhythm, style, or even grammar. They have, of course, made a few improvements, such as any fair scholar of average ability would have made. But as the outcome of so many heads, of all the learning, taste, and judgment, we were led to expect from such a guild, the work must stand on its own merits alone, and be judged accordingly, without respect of persons. It ought to be nearly perfect, above the reach of cavil, and acceptable to all.

“Far from it, however—the result appears to us plain men to be little short of a great failure. But our amazement turns to sadness when we hear from Bishop Ellicott ‘. . . that there is not a hastily-arrived-at judgment to be found in any page of the Revised Version’—that ‘no precipitate decision has any place whatever in the results now given,’ for ‘the revision of the Greek Text and of the Authorised Version has been thorough and up to the full standard of correction,’ the whole thing, it seems, having gone through six or seven revisions. Whence we naturally conclude that it can neither be improved nor superseded. It is to be this—or nothing.”

Dr. Malan is at a loss to reconcile facts with the hallucinations of the Bishop and his company—the reverence which they profess for the Authorised Version and reluctance to make unnecessary alterations—with the fact that eight or nine changes occur in every five verses of the Gospels, and fifteen changes occur in every five verses of the Epistles; their “anxiety to make the new work so blend with the old that the venerable aspect of the Authorised Version might never be lost, and its fair proportions never be sacrificed to

merely pedantic accuracy,"—with the manifest contradictions of the result.

"The result is—not the English Bible adorned and beautified, as Bishop Ellicott fondly seems to think, but quite another book." He notices manifold alterations which may fairly strike the ordinary reader as being made simply for the love of change, the '*cacoethes mutandi*' as he calls it, *e.g.*, Matthew ii. 11, "they offered" for "they presented;" iii. 4, "his food" for "his meat." "One wonders the revisers did not also turn 'locusts' into 'crickets or grasshoppers;' iii. 16, 'went up from the water' for 'went up out of the water.'" But herein he detects something more serious than mere arbitrary change: "Our Saviour's baptism, witness S. Ephrem and other Fathers, was by total immersion; so that when raising His head above the water, after having bowed it under, He came out of the water as if out of the grave, and not 'from' the grave assuredly. Whereas the Revised Version makes our Saviour walk 'from' the water to dry land, where, according to the Revised Version the coming down of the Holy Ghost would have taken place. But the Holy Ghost came upon Him while He was yet standing in the water, though 'out of it.' Otherwise the sacrament would not have been fully wrought out."

He considers the fashion adopted in the Revised Version of printing quotations from the Old Testament "mere affectation and in doubtful taste." He notices expressions introduced which are awkward and incorrect, *e.g.*, Matthew i. 24, "And Joseph arose from his sleep" for "Then Joseph being raised from sleep;" and vi. 1, "That ye do not your righteousness" for "that ye do not your alms." "What is 'to do one's righteousness?' It may be Hebrew, but it is not English." In the 1st Chapter of St. Matthew, of twenty-five verses, the revisers have made sixty changes, whereof Dr. Malan says: "one is good and one is admissible; all the rest appear either ill-judged or unnecessary."

Matthew iv. 14.—The revisers read, "toward the sea," instead of "by the way of the sea." "Where did they

find," asks Dr. Malan, "that ὁδὸν θαλάσσης means 'toward the sea?'" whereas he interprets it as "the road that skirts the seashore from Tiberias to beyond the plain of Gennesaret, on which were situated Magdala, Capernaum, and Bethsaida, where our Saviour, the Light of the World, dwelt."

Matthew v. 29.—For "if thy right eye *offend* thee," the revisers read, "causeth thee to stumble." Dr. Malan considers the alteration ill-advised, since the readiest construction of the amendment will be, "if thy right eye is bad and thy sight defective." The suggestion comes from his pen with peculiar force. How often did his own solitary right eye, by reason of its defective sight, cause him to stumble—twice with consequences of serious injury—yet was it his constant prayer that its defective sight might not be plucked from him.

He resents with forcible argument the alterations introduced into the Lord's Prayer. Luke vi. 2.—"When ye pray, say, Father"—*our* being omitted in Vat. Sin. and Vulgate. But "*retinent universim exemplaria MSS., et agnoscit Orig.*" says Mill. "So do also (adds Dr. Malan) Syr., P. Phil. and Cur., *Memph., Armen., Georg., A.-Saxon, Pers.* (Tawos), *Eth., Arab., and Slav.*, all of which read 'Our Father.' So, then, has the Church of Christ read this verse from the first century, say these faithful witnesses, down to the present time, and so she will continue unto the end to read it, all whims and fancies of revisers notwithstanding."

Matthew vi. 10.—"But deliver us from the Evil One" (R.V.). Dr. Malan insists that our Saviour left the exact meaning of τοῦ πονηροῦ doubtful, and therefore to be regarded as a matter of private interpretation; otherwise, He might have explained it as He explained some parables. Ὁ πονηρός and τὸ πονηρόν admit of no question as to meaning in *Nom.* case; τοῦ πονηροῦ is clearly used elsewhere in an *oblique* case, *e.g.*, Matthew v. 39—"But I say unto you that ye resist not evil" (surely not "the Evil One!").

Hence it is an open question whether τοῦ πονηροῦ in the Lord's Prayer means "evil" or the "Evil One." The only literal and truthful rendering, therefore, is either "evil" or "the evil." "' From the Evil One' is a gloss of the revisers. 'Deliver us from evil' implies not only 'the Evil One,' but all sin and shame, trouble and sorrow, grief and sickness, pain, suffering, and loss of every kind. *Cave ne incaute dominicæ orationis divulges mysteria*, says S. Ambrose. It is idle to talk of 'courage' on the part of the revisers in adopting 'the Evil One.' If so, he was a courageous man, who some years ago, deliberately smashed the priceless Barberini vase in the British Museum."

The Revised Version omits in same verse (Matthew vi. 13) the doxology, "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever." "But," says Dr. Malan, "it is found in versions older than any MS. extant," of which he gives a long list. "With such authorities, what is the use or the wisdom of denying this doxology to English Christians, who have repeated it for centuries past, and who will yet repeat it, God willing, for centuries to come?"

Dr. Malan concludes:—"Enough, in sooth, of this weary work. As I have not yet attained unto the scholarship required, in order to appreciate the merits of corrections made by a guild of scholars said to be the 'most competent of the age,' further criticism from me would be of little use. Moreover, I cannot find heart to continue pointing out what, to my limited sight, looks not only like mistakes or blemishes, but like real injury done to the one Book which, during nearly forty years of active parochial work, I have found to be the milk in childhood, the mainstay in after-life, and the only solace in death, of my people."

He appends translations of the Lord's Prayer from the Syriac, Sahidic, Memphitic, Ethiopic, Gothic, Greek, Armenian, Georgian, Latin, Arabic, Anglo-Saxon, Slavonic, Persian, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Wallachian, Romansch, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Finnish, Hungarian, Turkish, Modern Greek,

Albanian, Maltese, Russian, Bulgarian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Tatar, Kalmuc, Mongolian, Mandchu, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, Burmese, Siamese, Javanese, Malay, Pali, Bengali, Urdu, Hindi, Pashtu, Panjabi, Sindhi, Mahratta, Gujarati, Oriya, Telugu, Canarese, Tamil, Singhalese, Malayalim, Amharic, Hebrew, Modern Armenian, Kurdish, Malagasy, Maori, Fijian (a catalogue of seventy-one languages).

Among the few letters preserved by Dr. Malan, one from the Rev. Henry Wall Pereira (author and linguist, Hebrew prizeman, Durham Univ.) must have afforded him pleasure :—

" SUTTON WICK, ABINGDON, BERKS,
" 15th May, 1884.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Having occasion, during recent illness, to go over some of the ground on which the revisionists have trampled upon our beloved Old Version, I had the pleasure of re-perusing your pamphlets, 'Seven Chapters,' and 'Select Readings,' which you were so kind as to send me in November, 1882. I need scarcely assure you that I found myself very strongly confirmed in my estimate of the Revised Version by a re-perusal of your admirable and most scholarly labours.

" I now write not only to add fresh thanks to you for your labours in defence of our Authorised Version; but, if it be not too late, to add a passage which I happened to meet with during the same illness, and which, if you have *not* met with it, will show how thoroughly in accord with the teaching of the ancient Church your distinction between the use of *γένεσις* in S. Matt. i. 1, and *γέννησις* in S. Matt. i. 18, is thus proved to be.

" If you are familiar with the passage, pray pardon me for thrusting it upon you. If, however, it should so happen that it has not previously crossed your path, it will please me to know that you may thus add one more emphatic evidence of your correct judgment on the proper use of these two words.

“The passage occurs in the ‘Ecclesiastical History of Socrates’, lib. vii. c. 32, as quoted in an old volume of the ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. xxvi. (1822), p. 329.

“Οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ὁ Παμφίλου Εὐσέβιος ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ λόγῳ τῷ εἰς τὸν βίον Κωνσταντίνου, κατὰ λέξιν ταῦτα φησί· Καὶ γὰρ καὶ γέννησιν ὑπομένειν ὁ μεθ’ ἡμῶν Θεὸς δι’ ἡμᾶς ἡνέσχετο· Καὶ τόπος αὐτοῦ τῆς ἐνσάρκου γεννήσεως ὀνομαστὶ παρ’ Ἑβραίοις ἢ Βηθλεὲμ ἐκηρύττετο.

“The use of *γεννήσεως* in the above quotation, connected as it is with *ὑπομένειν ἡνέσχετο* in the first instance, and with *ἐνσάρκον* in the second, is most decisive. ‘Ο μεθ’ ἡμῶν Θεός — Immanuel.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“HENRY W. PEREIRA.”

The “Guardian” pronounced the pamphlet to be “in a tone of the severest censure . . . Dr. Malan’s condemnation of the work of the revision being amongst the most unqualified that we have yet seen.”

Having dealt his blow at the Revised Version, Dr. Malan followed it up (1882) with another aimed at the *Greek Text* “constructed” by Drs. Westcott and Hort for the work undertaken, “Select Readings,” etc. (Hatchards). This *Text* seems a daring and arrogant achievement, in the face of the charge given by Convocation to the revisers, “to introduce as few alterations as possible into the Authorised Version, consistently with faithfulness.” To the unlearned and ignorant they appear to have pressed liberty into license with startling audacity. By what unanswerable authority do they set the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS. on a pedestal of glory above their fellows? Dr. Malan upbraids them with setting aside ancient and accredited witnesses, on a mere assumption incapable of proof. *Nothing certain is known respecting the origin of the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS.* The “principles of textual criticism” is a high-sounding phrase, with which Drs. Westcott and Hort fortify their position; but those “principles” involve questions by no means

definitely answered, and the logic of an undergraduate may suffice to pronounce them “not proven.” The net result is that the Revised Text is a fabric resting on insecure foundation, and consequently no better than a house built upon the sand.

Dr. Malan claims that the witness of accredited versions, *made long before any known MS.*, is at least as good as that of two MSS. of doubtful and uncertain origin. Under his championship, the unlearned believer, who has staked his faith upon the Bible, and has shuddered in his helplessness with horror and dismay at this attempt to shake its foundations, may breathe again, and thank God, and take courage. The strong men armed may keep their house, but the stronger comes and takes away their armour wherein they trusted, and their goods are scattered. “Unless it can be proved,” writes Dr. Malan, “that those two MSS. were copied by orthodox and infallible men from apostolic manuscripts, it does not follow that they are best, only because they are said to be oldest. . . . There is light enough given us in the Word of God, as we have it, to guide us heavenwards. Yet that light and that word are to be found, not in one or two MSS. only, of which we know nothing, but in the voice of that Word as it has always been and is now heard and believed, in the whole Catholic Church of Christ.”

Dr. Malan writes in no captious spirit, professing very great respect for the labours of those learned doctors. “But they must have been well aware that the publication of their new Greek Text would shock the feelings of many simple-minded men like us country parsons. For clearly, if they are right, then not only we, but all who have gone before, have been wrong and led astray by the Greek Text we have followed.” He claims a right to say a few words on what appears the dismemberment or mutilation of the Greek Testament—“without having studied very deeply principles of textual criticism, which, whether established or not, must ever be chiefly conventional and arbitrary.”

And for the ordinary Englishman, unversed in the techni-

calities of the subject, but estimating the evidence as best he may *pingui Minervâ*—a study of the defence of the Received Text as hewn from the ancient rocks by the linguistic ability of Dr. Malan, and further shaped by the brilliant power of Dean Burgon—may serve to estimate the merits of the question. The learned scholars on either side present their dissertations to an honest and impartial, if unlearned, public. Let the British jury weigh the evidence in opposite scales of the balance, and it will be strange if the verdict is not for the Received Text.

Dr. Malan limits his remarks to the consideration of some two dozen “alterations,” counterbalancing in each case the evidence of the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS. by an overwhelming mass of other MSS., versions, and quotations from the Fathers. It is clear to common sense that he has solid grounds for refusing to place implicit reliance on the two notorious MSS. to the prejudice of other evidence.

Therefore also it is clearly premature to construct a new Text according to the method employed by Drs. Westcott and Hort; and assuredly the wisdom of Dr. Malan commends itself to the impartial reader, when he says:—“It seems to me that the advantage, if any, of manifold changes that rest wholly on surmises as to the real age, origin, and character of MSS., is not to be compared with the mischief done by unsettling the mind and shaking the faith of those who know better. . . . I doubt whether they ever gave serious thought to the evil that would result from so many apparently reckless alterations in a Text which is common to all. They probably looked at it only as critics, from a sacred corner in their study; whereas I have looked at it from an active and practical life, that leaves me little or no time for theories. If their favourite MSS. were proved to be exact copies of apostolic autographs, then, indeed, we all should bow and worship. But the Apostles and Evangelists never wrote the originals of Sin. and Vat. Therefore ought those MSS. to rank among sober critics only as additional helps, to be used with caution, like all others.”

Dr. Malan's method is clearly contrasted with that of Drs. Westcott and Hort in the matter of deciding between *γένεσις* and *γέννησις*, S. Matthew i. 18. The "constructors" adopt *γένεσις* as might be expected, pronouncing the testimony of the versions to be "ambiguous" on the subject. Dr. Malan, while alluding to his previous treatment of the question in answer to Dean Alford, brings forward an additional weight of authority to strengthen his position, a convincing proof of his almost boundless access to the wisdom of ancient literature. He avails himself of the polyglot resources of type at the command of his publishers, and gives many quotations in the original lettering. Besides Greek in abundance, there is an imposing array of quotations in the characters of Arabic, Syriac, Memphitic, Sahidic, Armenian, Ethiopic, Georgian, Slavonic, Persian, and Anglo-Saxon. He gives the original characters out of respect, to ensure precision, as unwilling to degrade the noble languages by attempting to represent them in Roman type; and he sums up the argument thus:—"We have gone through all the old versions, not one of which favours the reading of Sin. and Vat. *γένεσις* but the Syriac prepared for the heretic Xenaïas of Mabug. Neither are they 'ambiguous,' but perfectly clear and intelligible. So that when the Cambridge doctors call them 'ambiguous,' one is reluctantly driven to conclude that either they have not looked attentively into the meaning of *γένεσις* and on its several bearings in this verse, or that, if they consulted the old versions, they failed to understand them. For it cannot be supposed that such scholars would quote any book, much less the old versions—at second-hand from others, without personal inspection. Second-hand scholarship, we know, is worth very little.

"When the Chairman of the New Testament Company said that the various readings in the Greek Text would be chosen "ambulando" (as the work went on), the term was apparently so flippant, and so little in keeping with the solemn work of handling the sacred text and the faith of

millions, that it sounded like a note of alarm. . . . A society was at once formed, which I joined at the time, whose members pledged themselves never to use this revision when it appeared. . . . If the Received Text was really so bad as to require re-casting . . . this should have taken years, not only of patient microscopic study of Greek words and letters, by textual critics devoted to that kind of work, but also of search into the records, as yet little known, of the primitive Church, so as to bring to bear on this new Greek Text, said to be so much needed, the broad daylight of the whole Church of Christ, and not that only of a few MSS., concerning which their own advocates confess that nothing is known.”

In 1882 Dr. Malan published “*The Book of Adam and Eve*” (Williams and Norgate), also called “*The Conflict of Adam and Eve with Satan, a Book of the Early Eastern Church, translated from the Ethiopic, with Notes from the Kufale, Talmud, Midrashim, and other Eastern Works.*” He considers this curious and interesting relic of early Christian literature to have been probably first written in Arabic, in Egypt, perhaps as early as the fifth century, certainly before the ninth, since it is freely quoted by writers of that date. The prominent motive of the book is to connect the first Adam with the coming of the Second as the promised Deliverer of mankind. The book commended itself to Dr. Malan’s attention for its quaint imaginings of Oriental fancy, so intimately congenial to his sympathies. Amid some extraordinary embellishments developed by its author from the simple Biblical record, a vein of genuine piety permeates the story, often expressed with grace of language and richness of idea, which are abundantly apparent in the translation.

A very beautiful conception underlies this legend, flashing out at times with strange scintillations, reminding the reader of more familiar sacred allegories, or surprising him with its deep teaching veiled under a quaint originality.

The scheme of the work is unquestionably striking. God, when He banished Adam and Eve from Paradise, wished

them to feel the full conviction of their sin. Therefore He caused them to dwell far away from the garden of delight, where never the fragrance of its trees could reach them to soothe their distress. Remorse and the stings of avenging conscience (*luctus et ultrices curæ*) were to work their full effect. Yet in mercy would He not leave them comfortless, but gave them the far-off promise of salvation, when the time of man's trial should be accomplished.

With unavailing tears bemoaning their lost estate they wandered disconsolate to the Cave of Treasures. And Adam said to Eve, "Look at this cave that is to be our prison in this world, and a place of punishment! What is it compared with the garden? What is its narrowness compared with the space of the other? What is this rock, by the side of those groves? What is the gloom of this cavern, compared with the light of the garden? What is this overhanging ledge of rock to shelter us, compared with the mercy of the Lord that overshadowed us?"

. . . And the Lord said unto Adam and Eve, "If only you had not transgressed My commandment and had kept My law, and had not eaten of the tree near which I told you not to come! And there were fruit-trees in the garden better than that one!"

Terrors assailed them lest the wild beasts should rise and devour them, for innocence ruined despaired of supremacy. Terrors of the darkness of night beset them on every side, till in the extremity of distress Adam cried: "O Lord, take Thou my soul, and let me not see this gloom any more!" And when the night had passed and he saw the sun rise in glowing rays, and felt the heat thereof on his body, he was afraid of it, and thought in his heart that this flame came forth to plague him.

There are beautiful passages in which God speaks words of comfort to the sorrowing outcasts, *e.g.*, "When the covenant is fulfilled, then will I show thee and thy seed mercy, and bring thee into a land of gladness, where there is neither sorrow nor suffering, but abiding joy and gladness,

and light that never fails, and praises that never cease, and a beautiful garden that shall never pass away.”

The dreary banishment dragged on, and Satan essayed to compass their destruction. Transforming himself into an angel of light he sought to gain their confidence by mitigating the horrors of darkness which so distressed them. But in answer to strong prayer God rescued them.

Then the ministration of holy angels comes in. God sends Michael to bring golden rods from India, to give them light by night; Gabriel to bring them incense from Eden; Raphael to bring them myrrh. These were dipped in the water of life that flowed from the garden. These tokens of consolation were to be carefully preserved, hereafter to be saved by Noah in the ark, and buried with the body of Adam in the middle of the earth, that finally the Magi-kings might bring the same as offerings to the Saviour. “For I will come and save thee; and kings shall bring Me when in the flesh, gold, incense and myrrh; gold as a token of My kingdom, incense as a token of My divinity, and myrrh as a token of My sufferings and of My death.”

As time went on and Satan renewed his attacks against Adam and Eve, their bodies wasted with hunger. They cried to God, Who commanded the cherub of the flaming sword to give them figs from the garden, promising them hereafter, when the time of man’s probation should be accomplished, to give them of the fruit of the tree of life.

Yet torn with fears and sufferings they further craved the water of life, upon which God said to Adam, “As regards the water of life thou seekest, it will not be granted thee this day, but on the day that I shall shed My blood upon thy head in the land of Golgotha. For My blood shall be the water of life unto thee, at that time; and not to thee alone, but unto all those of thy seed who shall believe in Me, that it be unto them rest for ever.”

Many passages will strike the reader who proceeds further by the realistic and imaginative character of the word-picturing, *e.g.*, concerning the death of Abel: “Then Cain,

the hard-hearted and cruel murderer, took a large stone and smote his brother with it upon the head, until his brains oozed out, and he weltered in his blood before him. . . . But the earth, when the blood of righteous Abel fell upon it, trembled as it drank his blood, and would have brought Cain to naught. And the blood of Abel cried mysteriously to God, to avenge him of his murderer. Then Cain began at once to dig the earth, wherein to lay his brother; for he was trembling from the fear that came upon him, when he saw the earth tremble on his account. He then cast his brother into the pit and covered him with dust. But the earth would not receive him, but it threw him up at once. Again did Cain dig the earth and hid his brother in it, but again did the earth throw him up on itself. . . . So did the earth mock Cain."

Satan, when tempting Seth, said: "In our world we have no God, but we all are gods; we are all of the light, heavenly, powerful, strong, and glorious. . . ."

"The children of Seth dwelt upon the Holy Mountain, praying and praising God; wherefore God called them 'angels,' because He rejoiced over them greatly. The sons of Cain gathered themselves at the foot of the mountain, in splendour, with horns and gorgeous dresses, and horse-races, committing all manner of abominations. . . . And when the sons of Seth looked at the daughters of Cain, at their beautiful figure, and at their hands and feet dyed with colour, and tattooed in ornaments on their faces . . . then Satan made them look most beautiful before the sons of Seth, as he also made the sons of Seth appear of the fairest in the eyes of the daughters of Cain.

". . . When Enoch had ended his commandment to his sons, God transported him from the mountain to the land of life, to the mansions of the righteous and of the chosen, the abode of Paradise and joy, in light that reaches up to heaven; light that is outside the light of this world, for it is the light of God, that fills the whole world, but which no place can contain."

The three stories of the ark are thus assigned: the first for lions, and beasts, animals and ostriches; the second for birds and creeping things; the third for Noah and his wife, his sons and their wives.

Very graphic is the account of the flood. “God commanded the windows of heaven to open wide, and to pour down from them cataracts of water. And He commanded all fountains to burst open, and the depths to pour forth water, upon the face of the earth. So that the sea all round rose above the whole world, and surged, and the deep waters arose. But when the windows of heaven opened wide, all the stores of water and depths were opened, and all the stores of the winds, and the whirlwind, thick mist, gloom and darkness spread abroad. The sun and moon and stars withheld their light. It was a day of terror, such as had never been.”

The description of the Star of Bethlehem doubtless pleased the translator better than Dean Alford's conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. . . . “And when He was born in Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, a star in the East made it known, and was seen by the Magi. That star shone in heaven, amid all the other stars; it flashed and was like the face of a woman, a young virgin, sitting among the stars, flashing as it were, carrying a little child of a beautiful countenance. From the beauty of his looks both heaven and earth shone, and were filled with his beauty and light above and below; and that child was on the virgin woman's arms; and there was a cloud of light around the child's head, like a crown.

“In the nineteenth year of Tiberius, our Lord Christ was crucified. He died in the body, and was buried, and rose again from among the dead on the third day; as it is written. And He went down into hell, and saved Adam and Eve, and all their righteous seed, according to His first and firm promise. And thus He fulfilled all that the prophets had prophesied concerning Him. He then went up into heaven, whence He will come again with His holy angels, to judge the quick and dead.

“Unto Him be glory, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power and worship for ever. Amen.”

How far the “pious and orthodox Egyptian” is to be excused for the liberal indulgence he has given his fancy for embellishing the simplicity of the narrative as he found it recorded by “the wise LXXII. interpreters,” with the fond fictions of his own imaginings ;—how far he pandered to the popular taste of the time at the expense of his orthodoxy ;—may be estimated at the reader’s discretion. Possibly some preachers of to-day might be puzzled to decide *how far* we are justified in blending imaginative details with religious personages and characters.

“But not even the Ethiopic writer has the fine audacity of fancy which inspires Talmudists. He has the vagueness of prudence to speak of the serpent before its fall merely as ‘the fairest of beasts,’ as ‘beautiful, so that all were dumb before it ;’ while afterwards, when it appears before Adam, it swells its head, stands on its tail, and has red-hot eyes. Talmudists, on the other hand, can speak of him more particularly, if not with unanimity : some describing him as “wonderfully erect, and with feet like canes ;” others asserting that he was ‘ridden into Eden, and was like a hairy camel,’ while it was his rider, Samaël, who beguiled Eve.”

Dr. Malan, in his notes, gives many curious examples of the unlimited scope which ancient commentators gave to their imagination. At the time that he was occupied upon this book, Dr. Malan used often to recount at the luncheon table (almost the only occasion when he spoke of his work), some of the strange notions he had unearthed during his morning’s study. Here are some specimens.

“After having created everything, God said to His angels, ‘Let us create man after our own image and similitude, knowing good and evil, and with the power of doing either.’ Then there appeared an open right hand, with particles of the four elements in it ; into which God breathed a living soul, whence Adam came into existence.

“ . . . Man was as high as a palm tree, and the hair of his head was long and thick.”

One tells how God originally peopled the earth with genii or dæmons, one of which was Eblis, who harboured pride in his breast and refused to worship Adam. “ God sent Gabriel and Michael, and after them the Angel of Death, who took a handful of clay, of red, black, and white colours ; whence men are of different colours.”

R. Shemuel Bar Nathan holds that Adam was created with two faces, the one looking one way, and the other looking the other way ; that God then sawed him asunder into two persons, male and female. Ben Eliezer repeats the same, founding his belief on Psalm cxxxix. 5—“ Thou hast beset me, behind and before.”

“ . . . Satan, or the serpent, made Adam and Eve fall from Paradise to the earth : Adam in Serandib (Ceylon ; Adam’s Peak), and Eve at Jeddah in Yemen, where she was buried.” “ I visited her tomb in 1841,” writes Dr. Malan ; “ her head is said to be at one end of the burial ground, her body under the *wely* in the centre of it, and her feet at the further end, some hundred yards apart. The Arab, who took me to see it, could not help saying, ‘ *Ya Khawājah, hi thaweelé, wāllah.* O sir, she was long indeed.’ ”

“ . . . El-kazwini speaks of Jebel Serandib, upon which Adam alighted—which shines with gold up to heaven, and is seen from a great distance by seafaring men. There is the print of Adam’s foot sunk in the stone, and about seventy yards long. The reason for which there is only one foot is that Adam rested the other on the bottom of the sea.

“ . . . It is said by R. Eliezer that Adam had a staff which he gave to Enoch, Enoch to Noah, Noah to Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. After Joseph’s death his house was plundered, and the staff came into the hands of Pharaoh, who planted it in Jethro’s garden. But when Moses was grown up he found it there covered with written characters ; he then took it and told Jethro this rod should deliver the Children of Israel out of Egypt.

“ . . . Moses while walking in Jethro's garden, saw the rod of sapphire (or diamond) with the glorious Name of JEHOVAH engraved on it. He then rooted it up thence, and it became a rod in his hand.

“ . . . Adam's stick was a branch of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which he broke off the tree as he was leaving the Garden of Eden.

“ . . . The Talmud and Josephus teach that at first all animals had speech; and Philo is of opinion that originally all animals were not altogether deprived of reasoning power; although man excelled in this respect and in a clearer voice. Thus is explained the voice of the serpent in seducing Eve.”

Dr. Malan says that in reading these and similar passages he often wondered that there could be found men to write and to believe such things. But beyond a doubt they suited the spirit of the age and the Rabbis insisted upon their obtaining credence; for we read among other warnings, “My son, give heed to the words of the writers (Rabbis) rather than to the law itself. For he who has only the text of the Bible, without the Talmud, is like one that has no God. To contradict such teaching is nothing else than to contradict the Shekinah (Presence of God, or Holy Ghost). And for a man to go from the Talmud and to return to the Bible, there is no more peace.”

The author of “The Book of Adam and Eve” follows the Masudi, the Rabbis, and the Koran, in saying that Eve gave birth to twin sisters to Cain and Abel, and that jealousy as to which of the brothers should marry Luluwa, the beautiful twin sister of Cain (Arabic, a *Pearl*) was the cause of hatred and murder.

“ . . . Saïd Ibn-Batrik relates that Cain offered of the best fruits of the earth; and Abel of the best of his flock. Meanwhile, as they were going up the mountain, Satan entered the heart of Cain to kill his brother because of Azrun his sister. Therefore God did not accept Cain's offering. . . . The dog who kept Abel's sheep, watched by his corpse to ward off beasts and birds of prey from it.

“ . . . I, Enoch, came to a place where I saw the spirits of the departed ; and I asked Raphael who was with me, ‘ What spirit is it whose voice reaches me and accuses ? ’ And Raphael answered, ‘ It is the spirit of Abel, whom Cain his brother killed, and who will accuse him until his seed is destroyed from off the face of the earth, and from the race of men his seed defiles. ’ I then asked Raphael about him, and about the Day of Judgment, and why he was separated from the rest. Then he answered, ‘ These three separations, by chasm, water, and light above, have been made between the spirits of righteous men from sinners, when they are buried in the earth ; and great is the suffering of sinful spirits, until the great Day of Judgment. ’

“ Seth was an eagle among men, who excelled them in grace, beauty of form, perfection of gifts, nobleness of disposition ; and resplendent of light, which, passing from Eve into him, shone on his forehead and enhanced his beauty.”

In one of the “ conflicts ” Satan appeared to Adam in the form of a beautiful woman calling herself the sister of Eve. Dr. Malan sees in this “ a Christian version of the story of Lilith, a night owl, but also Lamia, a she-devil, often mentioned in Rabbinical writings.

“ It was in the four hundredth year of Jared that the watchers went down the holy mountain and begat giants of the daughters of Cain. These giants not only were of immense size and awful to look at, and given to all manner of wickedness, but they also invented weapons of war, magic, dyeing stuffs, musical instruments, etc., as taught by Azazel, one of their chiefs. Some say they were dragons with feet ; because in waging war against the children of Seth, who were above on the mountain, they had to creep on their hands and feet, lying flat on the ground.

“ . . . Syncellus adds, from Zosimus of Panopolis, in his book ‘ Imuth ’—that the fallen angels taught secret arts, and that the first book on the subject was called *χημειν* whence the art is called *chemia*—chemistry.

“ . . . These are the names of the holy angels who watch, Uriel, Raphael, Raguel, Michael, Sarakiel, Gabriel.”

“As to the book of Enoch” (says Dr. Malan), “that contains Jude 14, 15, known to Syncellus, who gives extracts from it, and to several of the Fathers, but lost sight of for centuries—it was discovered by Bruce in Abyssinia, in an Ethiopic version, several copies of which he brought to Europe. It consists of visions of Paradise, of the coming of the beloved, of the flood, and of the end of the world. It is full of excellent sentiments and pious lore, dating probably from a little before the coming of Christ.

“‘. . . After that—I went up to heaven,’ says Enoch; ‘and saw the sons of holy angels treading on a flame of fire, whose garments were white, and their faces brilliant like crystal. And I saw two rivers of fire, like unto hyacinth; and I fell on my face before the Lord of Spirits.’

“ . . . Dionysius Bar Salibi, in his ‘Exposition of the Liturgy,’ asks whence came the wooden clapper, or bell, beaten to call people to church, or the small brass bell rung during the service. ‘We answer,’ says he, ‘that it is written in many histories that when God commanded Noah to build the ark, He also told him to make a bell, which was beaten in the morning, to gather workmen to their work at the ark.’

“ . . . According to the Talmud and to Jewish Rabbis, Og, King of Bashan, was one of the giants who had escaped drowning in the flood, by being shut up in a box with a unicorn, or by sitting on the top of the ark, and fed by Noah. God said to Noah: ‘Go to Pison, and choose from thence a precious stone, and fix it in the ark, in order to give you light.’

“ . . . In the Targum of [Pseudo] Jonathan ben Uzziel (on Num. xxi. 33 f.) we read that, ‘Og, seeing the camp of the Israelites three miles long, went and fetched a mountain of that size, to throw it upon the camp. Upon which the Word of God prepared at once a snail (or worm) that ate a hole through the mountain, so that Og’s head passed through it [the mountain resting on his shoulders].

He then tried to release his head, but his teeth having grown on each side of his mouth, he could not do so. Moses then took a hatchet, ten cubits long, and smote him in the heel.'

"... In Bereshith Rabbah we are told that Mount Gerizim was not covered with the waters of the flood, because it is but a small mountain, and only the highest mountains are said to have been covered !

"... One shows still on the Mount Djudi, the spot on which the ark rested, says Masudi (but so do Armenians the same on Mount Masis, or Ararat). Then the earth was commanded to absorb the waters; some portions of the earth were slow at obeying God; other portions did so at once. Those that obeyed, yield fresh water when dug; the disobedient were punished by God by remaining salt. So that the seas are the remnant of the waters in which the families of the earth perished.

"... When Abraham came to Egypt, he shut up Sarah in a box. But at the custom-house the officers asked him to pay duty on his luggage. 'What is it, wares?' asked they. 'I will pay duty on them,' answered Abraham. 'Is it gold?' 'Also on gold,' said he. 'Is it pearls, then?' 'I will pay duty also on pearls,' answered Abraham. 'This will never do,' said the officers. 'Open thy trunk!' As Abraham opened it, the whole land of Egypt was lighted up with Sarah's brilliancy.

"... Eutyclus, says Hiram, was the first to clothe himself in purple, that was discovered thus: There was a shepherd with his dog one day tending his sheep on the sea-shore. The dog found a purple shell creeping on the shore, and having eaten it, the shepherd wiped with some wool the dog's mouth that was full of purple colour. With the wool thus dyed, the shepherd made himself a fillet or crown, which he placed on his head. Every one who saw him walking in the sun thus arrayed, thought that a ray of light shone forth from his head. Hiram heard of it, sent for the shepherd, wondered at the beauty of the colour, and ordered his dyers of stuffs to dye a cloak for him of the same colour.

“ . . . According to Solomon, Bishop of Botsra, the Magi were twelve Persian princes, of whom Zarvandang, Hormisdas, Guznasaph, and Arsaces brought gold; Zarvandang, son of Varzud, Orthoes, Artaxerxes, and Eustunabudanes brought myrrh; Maruch, Assuerus, Sardalach, and Merodach brought incense.”

With such legends of the children of the East did Dr. Malan delight in regaling his hours of leisure.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MALAN LIBRARY.

Letters to Dr. Duka—From Dr. Wright—To Sir Monier Williams—MS. in Bodleian—Removal of Library—Leaving Broadwindsor—Ilfracombe—Letter from Mr. Sibree—Letters—Notice in "Journal of Royal Asiatic Society"—Notice in Hungarian Paper—Sir Monier Williams' Letter to *Times*—Opening of Indian Institute.

"REFLECTIONS IN A LIBRARY.

"My days among the dead are past,
Around me I behold
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

"My thoughts are with the dead, with them
I live in after years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

"My hopes are with the dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

SOUTHEY.

IN 1883 the first warning voice to set his house in order, sounded its solemn call. The almost unbroken course of good health, which Dr. Malan had enjoyed during the long period of his ministrations at Broadwindsor, was interrupted. In May began a dangerous attack of jaundice and congestion of the lungs, developed from a chill caught in returning from a visitation held at Bridport. A funeral,

on reaching home, completed the mischief. He was in a critical state for many weeks, and probably sought change of air in July too soon.

Wales, with its grand scenery of mountains, woods, and rivers, had always presented an enticing picture to him; though, in the vigour of life, its nearness to home had considerably dimmed the attraction. Often had he said that he would reserve it for the time when he should be unable to roam further afield. In Wales there was a new language to be studied—there were trout in the streams—there was a charm of freshness and novelty within easy reach. As a calm sedative at eventide, before the long night fell, the mind that could not rest inactive resolved to learn the Welsh language. He had already made some acquaintance with it, visiting the country twice on previous occasions; he had stayed at Bala, where he heard much about “Mary Jones,” and made many sketches of the locality, including Arenig, standing sentinel over Bala Lake, with the misty, cragged heights of Cader-Idris in the background.

Now, in July, 1883, he went to Bettws-y-coed, Pen Maen Mawr, and Llanberis. The fascinations of trout-streams at Bettws, and the fatigue of an ascent of Snowdon from Llanberis, brought on a serious relapse, which obliged him to seek immediate medical advice in London. Dr. Wilson considered it a grave case, attending him daily for a fortnight; after which, accompanied by Mrs. Malan, who had been with him in Wales, he spent a week at Bournemouth. This seemed to revive him; but on returning to Broadwindsor he was again disabled, and from that time till he resigned the living, he was continually battling with very frequent attacks of illness.

In 1884 he published “Morning and Evening Prayers for Day and Sunday Schools in the Parish of Broadwindsor” (Hatchards)—the appropriate *requiem* of his publications as a parish priest. For the conviction had gradually taken shape that his physical strength was no longer equal to the burden of a large parish; and with the conviction came the

anxious question as to the fate of his valuable library. Now no more could he spend hours of blissful consolation and intellectual enjoyment in the beloved companionship of his books—the very sight of them, the delicious odour of antiquity which breathed from them, smote his soul with a pang of anguish every time he entered his study. What would be their fate? The idea of their falling under the hammer of the auctioneer, to be scattered in dishonourable shame and oblivion as so much waste paper, was a thought of unbearable distress. The desire to preserve them from such heartless desecration prompted him to seek for them some domicile worthy of their deserts. No more honourable home could be desired than the University of Oxford—the centre of his earliest ambition, round which the enthusiasm of youth had woven its admiration, and manhood had matured its affections; Oxford—ὀμφαλὸς τῆς γῆς—the fostering mother in whose embrace he had found shelter as an alien, and for whom his love had never grown cold. Should he offer his library to the Bodleian?

He proceeded to discuss the question with Sir (then Mr.) Monier Williams, Boden Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, who was already maturing his schemes for the foundation of the Indian Institute. A long correspondence ensued, with the result that the “Malan Library” found its resting-place within the walls of the Indian Institute at Oxford. Some of Dr. Malan’s letters have been preserved. In one of the earliest of them, dated December 15th, 1883, he says:—“I cannot expect you, or any one else, to take the same interest in such a motley library; because, as a rule, people take interest in what they understand and like best. But I have handled, collected, loved, and taken interest in every volume I shall send you; placed it upon my shelves, longing for the time, that never came, of reading it. For all my literary work has been, for the last 40 years, aside the duties of an enormous hard and rough parish, that left me little time for aught else. I should be sorry, then, that any of them should be placed in limbo,

because they all can be of use. Of my books I can say that some are very rare, others very valuable, and all worth having. But they were not bought for *show*, though most of them are well bound." Other letters of the same series give expression to the deep solicitude felt by Dr. Malan for his books, the genuine affection with which he regarded them, his anxiety to have them properly catalogued to ensure their security from loss; his pleading for their arrangement to the best advantage; his yearning after particular volumes and repeated requests to borrow them for a last look; the only consolation in his bereavement being the thought of their dignified repose in the safe guardianship of *Alma Mater*. He also wrote to Dr. Duka concerning the disposal of the books given him by Csoma Körösi—

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

"April 5th, 1884.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am about disposing of my library; and I feel sorry to scatter about Csoma's Tibetan books and MSS., which he gave me in 1839, which I have used and kept ever since for his sake. But it strikes me that the University of Buda Pesth would be the proper home for those treasures, under the learned care of Mr. Vambéry. There are some thirty volumes, and if you think they would prove acceptable to the University, and you would undertake to forward them, I will send them to you at once with pleasure.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"S. C. MALAN."

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR,

April 17th, 1884.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In answer to your kind letter, I shall be delighted to receive a copy of 'Csoma's Life.' If by 'philology' they mean the system now in vogue, of 'making' languages—either one language out of two or three, or two or three out of one—then Csoma was no 'philologist,' neither

am I, assuredly. But he was far better than that; he was devoted to his one object, was master of several languages, and over and above all, he has, and shall have to the end, the honour and credit of being the founder of Tibetan studies in Europe. He did not scrutinize the intricacies of hypotheses; he had too much sense for that. But he laid the foundation, and others only build upon it. The books leave this to-morrow to your address: you would have received them ere this, but I had to unpack and re-pack them more securely. They had better remain as they are, only I would recommend your placing the parcel as it is, in a wooden box. They will travel more securely. It has cost me a little to say good-bye to them; but I feel that they ought to rest in your University, where I trust they will be taken care of and valued for poor dear Csoma's sake.

“Believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

On July 4th, 1884, Dr. Malan received by post an imposing document, which proved to be the letter of thanks from the Hungarian Academy of Sciences acknowledging the gift of Csoma's books. The letter was written in parallel columns, Hungarian and English—the latter rendering as follows:—

“MAGYAR TUDOMÁNYOS AKADEMIA.

“REVEREND SIR,—

“In the last meeting (30th Juny) of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, the letter of Mr. Theodore Duka, F.H.A., was read, informing us that you, reverend sir, kindly present to said Academy an important portion of the literary remains, Tibetan printed volumes and MSS. which our renowned countryman Alexander Csoma Körösi left with you during his last stay at Calcutta, and which you, reverend sir, have preserved during nearly half-a-century with the pious care of a scholar and trusty friend.

“The Academy received the report with great pleasure, and listened with deep emotion to your letters addressed to

Dr. Duka, in which you remember the vicissitudes of our deceased learned countryman and his scientific merits with such warm sympathy and such high regard.

"The Academy presents hereby her thanks to you, reverend sir, for that precious gift, with the assurance that she will carefully preserve the presented printed volumes and MSS. as the remains of a life heroically devoted to science.

"With the expression of my most distinguished regards,

"I am, reverend sir, yours respectfully,

"THEODORE PAULER, Vice-President.

"BUDAPEST, *the 30th Juny*, 1884."

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR,

"*October 27th*, 1884.

"TO DR. DUKA.

"Many thanks, my dear sir, for your interesting pamphlet received this morning. I have read it with gratification at finding that I did the right thing in sending Csoma's books and MSS. where they ought to be, and that the gift has given pleasure to you and your friends. I received a letter of thanks from your University in Hungarian and English—I see I must brush up my Hungarian, a magnificent tongue. But, really, I have not time for everything. Whether in Hungarian or in English, however, I am delighted at being the means of contributing to the due appreciation of Csoma's character and worth.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"S. C. MALAN."

The following letters from the Rev. William Wright, D.D., Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, having reference to the subject of Tibetan, may be inserted here:—

"BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,

"146, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.,

"*March 23rd*, 1895.

"... Our version of the New Testament in Tibetan was undertaken about 1880 at the request of the Moravian

Missionary Society. The version was made by the Rev. H. A. Jaeschké, whom Max Müller pronounced to be the highest authority for the Tibetan language, and your late father, when appealed to, also recommended him for the work.

“Jaeschké, in 1881, was carrying through the press a Tibetan dictionary and grammar, and the work was somewhat delayed; but in 1882 he was carrying through the press an edition of 5,000 copies of the four Gospels; and the ‘Gospel of S. Matthew’ was well spoken of by scholars. In 1883 the translator was in very feeble health, and with the approval of your father, proofs were sent out to Messrs. Redslob and Heyde for correction, to Kailang. They, by the assistance of a Lama, called Nathaniel, revised and returned the proofs. While the edition was passing through the press Jaeschké died, and at the suggestion of Mr. Heyde, proofs were read on the Continent by the Rev. J. W. Reichelt, who had assisted for a time on Jaeschké’s Dictionary.

“In a letter of mine, dated April 3rd, 1883, I announced to Dr. Malan the failing health of Jaeschké, and asked him if he could suggest ‘the name of any one who knew Tibetan well, just to look over the sheets and see that Jaeschké had attended to them;’ and, I added, ‘I should be glad of any hint you might be able to offer on the subject.’

“At a later period, and after much correspondence, your father agreed to look over the second proofs of the New Testament while passing through the press. In his letter, dated July 5th, 1883, he agreed to do so in the following words:—‘As to the revises, I know not a soul—except, strange to say, myself—that can look over the revises. This I will do with the greatest pleasure, if God gives me strength.’

“His chief business on the edition was to look over the proofs sent in by the others, and see that corrections marked on the margin were carried into the text. This, as far as I know, was your father’s share, and only share, in the Society’s edition of the Tibetan.

“I should add that he was always willing to help us with advice and counsel; that he was often a keen critic, but

always a generous friend; and that I have often, in the bewildering multiplicity of our versions in strange languages, profited by his advice, for which I never wrote to him in vain."

"BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,

"April 5th, 1895.

"... I find in our minutes that your father refused to accept any honorarium for looking over the Tibetan proofs of the New Testament from the Acts of the Apostles to the end." [Dr. Malan's comments upon this at the luncheon-table on the day that he received the letter were:—"Keep your money, gentlemen: freely we have received, freely give. In all labour there is profit. I studied Tibetan in 1839 and gather fruit in 1883. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might! It is easier to catch a tiger on the Himalayas than to get a man to help you. I will teach them otherwise."]

"... In looking over our records I find that as early as 1856, in a minute dated April 23rd, Dr. Malan was asked to edit an edition of the New Testament in Armenian, and a sum of £50 was offered to him for doing so; but in a letter written from Broadwindsor, April 28th, 1856, he declined to undertake the editing of the work. At a later period he was consulted by the committee with regard to the publication of the Calmuc, but it was only a question of asking his advice. On another occasion the committee consulted him with regard to the publication of the Georgian Pentateuch, which they wished him to examine, but he declined to undertake the task.

"We had a great many criticisms from him from time to time with regard to our translations in Japanese, Korean and other languages; and latterly he was very much dissatisfied at the decision of the committee to allow translators and revisers of the New Testament to follow readings in the Greek text underlying the Revised Version.

"I had some correspondence with him also with regard to an effort being made by a relative of his who aimed at popularising the English New Testament. I had written a

somewhat kindly letter with regard to the object in view, but declared that, as editor in this house, I could not in any way have my name mentioned in connection with it. Dr. Malan, in a private letter, which I destroyed at the time, thought I should not have written in such kindly terms of the undertaking. There were a few other small matters on which he wrote to me in incisive terms. I was publishing a few articles with reference to versions under the heading 'Versions on the Anvil,' and he took me somewhat severely to task for using such a vulgar title. On the whole he has been known to myself and predecessors in this house chiefly as a keen and forcible critic, willing at all times to give useful advice, always ready to hear argument, and willing to be convinced. I always looked upon him as a true friend to this Society, and when I received his most trenchant letters I knew that he wrote them out of a pure love for us and our work.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Malan,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. WRIGHT."

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

"April 9th [1884.]

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"You seem, from your letter, to have overlooked my congratulations on your having had the good fortune to visit India. I knew you had been there, and heartily wished I had gone with you.

"As to my books, I shall be happy to send to the Indian Institute such as will help its object. . . . I am, however, sorry to find you won't be ready for them before October, as my plans are very uncertain. I am thinking of resigning this large parish, in which I have laboured 39 years, and as my books are the only property I value, I should like to have had my mind at rest about their new home. But as the binding of most of them is either new or in good condition, one week only in a damp library would injure them more than years in my keeping. In your place I would urge the workmen and see the library done first, so that it might

have time to dry thoroughly during the warm weather, and not during the fogs of autumn—Oxford fogs.

“I will give the books on condition that they should be kept together, bear my name, and be catalogued within eight months of their reaching the Institute. I could not undertake to send them; so that you would have to arrange that, and send a trusty man, with boxes, who would give me a receipt for the number of volumes he carried off. You can easily get the catalogue made at Oxford. I began one myself—but it was like making my own coffin, and I could not go on.

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“April 14th [1884.]

“MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“At the risk of being troublesome I must write again. For I cannot even dwell on parting with my best friends and companions of a life-time, without wishing to make sure of a comfortable and safe home for them when they leave me.

“1. I sent you a rough list of the languages that make up my library, for you to *choose* what part you wish to have. *Would you have the whole?*

“Yet what good would the Fathers, Old and Modern Divinity, Hebrew, Syriac, etc., etc., do to your object in connection with the Indian Institute? They certainly would make a good show, as there are many folios and 4tos.—and all have cost me much money, trouble, and pleasure.

“2. As I should have to make a deed of gift, may I ask who are the trustees?

“3. I take for granted that the books would not be lent out, but only used or consulted in the library.

“4. As I said, my plans are uncertain. But in any case, whether I keep the books until October or later, or part with them earlier, the risk, expense and trouble of removing them must rest with the Indian Institute. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, to whom I wrote a few months ago about them, said

they would send their men with cases to fetch them. So may you, from Oxford, I presume. I fear no assistance could be got from this village but in making a few packing cases. I do not think that 12 large boxes would be too many; but any bookseller would tell you all about it.

“I have just read with pleasure a review of your book in the ‘Saturday Review.’

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“April 25th [1884.]

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“I thank you for your letter, which, however, obliges me to trouble you with another; as I wish to make sure of my ground ere I move in the matter.

“Am I to gather from what you say that the library will only be finished in 4 or 5 years, and that until then, my books would take their chance on the shelves of a lecture room? If so, I should demur to it altogether. Unless they leave my shelves for their resting-place on the shelves of the Indian Institute library, properly catalogued, under the charge of a trusty librarian, I could not let them go. I know by experience what comes of books left to take care of themselves, and how soon volumes are missed, and sets spoiled. I really would rather send them to the hammer than run that risk.

“If your library can be finished and fit for books by October, as you said, I would give you my books ‘en bloc,’ as you say. But not else. I mention October as the mean time, for my plans are uncertain. If, however, the library were to be *ready* before that, please let me know.

“Believe me, very truly yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“April 29th [1884.]

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“In answer to your letter I beg to enclose the label filled in. [This label, to be inserted in each book, was

worded, "Indian Institute, Oxford. The Rev. Dr. Malan's Library. No....."

"As to the date of gift—I give you the books *now*, though I cannot specify the precise date at which you shall receive them, whether in October or later; as this depends on contingencies. But they shall be yours, for the Indian Institute.

"They fill 50 feet of cases, 10 feet high, with light shelves. The lowest shelf is for folios, the next for 4tos, and the next six for 8vos. If your room is lofty, you can have more shelves, and so save length.

"If these data are not enough to save you the trouble and expense of sending a man, he may come any day, provided you let me know the day beforehand. But I should think that an intelligent workman would be able to prepare his wood accordingly. All I bargain for is, that the books and MSS. be kept together, and duly catalogued, and catalogue printed within, say, 6 months after they reach you. I made a catalogue of the Greek, Latin, and Arabic books, but it broke my heart, and I could go no further. I will try and make the catalogue of the Armenian and Georgian books, that might give some trouble to Oxford men.

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

"May 14th [1884.]

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"I expected to have been in Oxford ere this, on a visit to my brother-in-law, but as I shall not come up for another fortnight, I had better write a line of directions for your cabinet maker. I enclose a rough outline of the shelves. As there will be folios for the whole length of the bottom shelf, you had better have two cupboards made, as in the sketch—one for MSS., and the other for large folios of Egyptian Papyri, etc.

"But we can talk it over when I come up. Only your workman had better have some idea of the size of the books

before he prepares his shelves. Although I cannot at present fix the exact day or month when I shall send the books, you had better, by all means, keep to what you said, the middle or last week in September for the room and shelves to be ready.

“ Believe me, yours sincerely,

“ S. C. MALAN.”

“ THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“ May 22nd [1884.]

“ DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“ In answer to your letter, I expect to be in Oxford on Monday for the whole week. I will bring with me the exact measurement of shelves required for my books; and you and I will then settle the place you assign to them.

“ Believe me, yours sincerely,

“ S. C. MALAN.”

“ THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“ June 6th [1884.]

“ DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“ I called again at the Indian Institute and looked at the place you think of allowing to my books. But I hope you will allow me to submit to you that it has sundry disadvantages. Most of my books are books of reference that should be within reach of the reading-desks, tables, or stands, as at the Bodleian, that will no doubt also be in the Indian Institute library.

“ Now, it would be extremely inconvenient to fetch up and down the stairs, from the gallery, folios and other books that were wanted. Moreover, in the gallery they would be out of sight. I should propose, as I pointed out to your foreman, to have shelves against the whole length of the brick wall. Ten shelves would take in the Greek and Latin classics, the Semitic, Aryan, Tatar, European, etc., languages; and the rest of the books, Divinity, Church History, etc., would occupy shelves on the opposite side, right hand coming in: and a closet between the two windows for my MSS.

“If I could venture an opinion, I should recommend the gallery for MSS. that are to come, and for books in store. In that case a closet should line the whole length of the gallery, left hand side going in at the door.

“I hope you will kindly excuse my suggestion and my pleading in favour of my books. Your foreman will point out to you my meaning. We were very sorry to have to leave Oxford before your return.

“With our united kind remembrances to Mrs. Williams and yourself,

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“June 12th [1884.]

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“Accept my thanks for your kind letter and its enclosure. I am glad I was under a mistake as to the place destined to my books. The height of book-shelves must depend on the height of the room; and the architect is the person to settle that. There should not be less than 8 shelves; 9 or 10 might be better. The first space for folios should be 20 in. *in the clear*. The next, 4tos, 15 in. do. The two next, R. 8vos, 10½ in. do. All the rest 10 in. do. According to this measurement most of the books in the same language will stand together, which will be an advantage; and perhaps a label affixed to each language.

“The Classics, Semitic, Aryan, and Tatar languages, would face the door going in, and the rest on the shelves on the right hand going in.

“Many thanks for your kind wish to have us among you. We should be glad to come to Oxford, on leaving this, if God’s providence leads us thither. I can form no plans, however, until my books are safe in their new home. I shall, therefore, be glad to hear as soon as it is ready for them.

“We enjoyed our visit extremely and met with great kindness. I felt much at finding all my old friends dead and

gone. But I made fresh acquaintances I should be very glad to cultivate. Fresh and fragrant as this air is, I seemed to find the Oxford air more natural to me.

“With our united kind remembrances to Mrs. Williams,

“Believe me, sincerely yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“November 19th [1884.]

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“I am glad to hear the book-cases are ready. I shall be ready for them in a week or ten days, when I hope to send a detailed account of the library and the number of books. I have sorted them, and will now count them.

“It would be a great pity that the books should suffer from careless packing, etc. Here there is absolutely no one and nothing to assist in this case. The library will fill nearly two wagons used on the railway for moving furniture, and many of the books will have to be wrapped in paper to save the binding.

“Your best way would be to engage a responsible man, used to such work, who would bring a railway wagon, with paper, etc. He would see whether a second wagon would be necessary and order it from here. You may easily arrange all that at Oxford. Messrs. Parker must be accustomed to the removal of libraries, and would put you in the way of it. I am sorry to say I cannot undertake the packing. And nothing can be got here but horses to draw, and that, too, with some difficulty. Remember, this is the back of the moon; yet we are not lunatics!

“Believe me, very sincerely yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR,

“December 11th [1884.]

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“I enclose an abstract of my library, 4,017 volumes. By *volumes* I mean folios as well as parts of a work. That is

the sum of the books your son saw on my shelves ; within a score or so. It took me a long time to sort them. I may have overlooked a few—very few only. Such a various collection of books has probably seldom been made. I have loved them dearly . . . Alas ! the vanity of earthly things. . . .

“ Believe me, yours sincerely,

“ S. C. MALAN.”

The following is the abstract, bearing the date, August 13th, 1884.

“ The Library of the Rev. Dr. Malan, Vicar of Broadwindsor, consists of [some 4,000 volumes] on the following subjects :—

BIBLES in several languages, with Commentaries, Apparatus Criticus, etc.

A Collection of GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS, with works relating to them, on Antiquities, Mythology, Grammar, etc.

FATHERS of the Church.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, Councils, etc.

OLD DIVINITY (in Latin) : MODERN DIVINITY (in English).

HISTORY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH, in different languages.

GRAMMARS, DICTIONARIES, and LITERATURE in the following languages :—

EUROPEAN.

Russian	Norse
Slavonic	Danish
Bohemian	Feroese
Servian	Gaelic
Italian and dialects	Manx
Spanish	Irish
Portuguese	Welsh
Basque	Cornish
Bulgarian	English and dialects
Icelandic	French and dialects
Swedish	Albanese

Modern Greek	Dutch, etc.
Finnish	Wotjak
Hungarian	Syrgenian
Romansch	Lappic
Etrurian	Tehuwash, etc.
German	Greenlandish

A Collection of PROVERBS in various languages, and
DIALOGUES in very many, and sundry GRAMMARS.

SEMITIC.

Hebrew Bibles, and	Ethiopic
Commentaries, and	Amharic
Literature	Tigre
Rabbinical Literature	Arabic
Syriac	Chaldean
Modern Syriac	Phœnician
Samaritan	Assyrian

ASIATIC.

Sanscrit	Tatar
Pali	Turkish
Bengali	Mongolian
Hindi	Mandchu
Hindui	Chinese
Urdu	Jakutish
Orissa	Japanese
Telugu	Aino
Tamil	Corean
Sinhalese	Burmese
Malayalim	Karen
Mahratta	Malay
Gujarati	Siamese
Persian	Annamite
Parsi	Assamese
Pehlevi	Uighur
Zend	Kalmuck, etc.

Javanese	Assetish
Kawi	Armenian
Bali	Modern Armenian
Macassar	Kurdish
Sikh	Altai
Canarese	Grammars of several
Tibetan	other languages
Georgian	

AFRICAN.

Egyptian	Hieroglyphics ; Facsimiles of Papyri, etc.	Zulu
		Sechuana
		Galla
Coptic		—
Berber		Malagasy
Wolofe		Maori
Yoruba		Fijian
Kaffir		Tonga, etc.

MANUSCRIPTS.

Sanscrit, Purānas, etc.
Pali, Diga, Nikāya, Parajikam, etc.
Orissa, Ramāyana
Arabic, various
Persian, „
Sinhalese „
Telugu „
Coptic Liturgies, etc.
Panjabee, Adhi Grunth, and commentary, prayers, etc.
Modern Syriac
Mongolian
Writing copies in most of the above languages.”

“ THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“ *December 20th* [1884.]

“ MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“ Thanks for your letter. As you intend turning the scrap [some specimen of Oriental caligraphy] to

such noble uses, I send you a few more. They are the headings of a collection of 'Orient Pearls' I intended making for my own private use. The text is in Hebrew, from Holy Scripture, and the illustrations from everywhere. But the MS. in limbo at the Bodleian is better than these scraps.

"Very sincerely yours,

"S. C. MALAN."

The MS. alluded to above is a volume bound in morocco, stamped with a pattern copied by Mr. Malan from the Alhambra. The volume has silver clasps bearing Tatar inscriptions, and contains some 600 pages. It is known in the Bodleian catalogue as "MS. Or. polygl. f. I.," and is lettered "SACRA PRIVATA, REV. S. C. MALAN. MDCCCLIII." The title-page calls the contents, "Psalms and Prayers for Every Day in the Month." The colophon states, "I began this MS. on the 2nd of August, 1851, and finished it on the 22nd of March, 1853. The time spent in writing it was altogether 252 hours.—S. C. MALAN."

This volume contains specimens of more than eighty languages, dialects, and scripts. It has been described as "a perfect miracle of magnificent writing." One authority writes, "Dr. Malan's book is like the bow of Ulysses; as he is not here to bend it, I scarcely know who else can be found strong enough for the work. European languages are—most, if not all—represented: Latin, Greek, ancient and modern, uncial and cursive; French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, etc. Of Oriental languages I make out, Hebrew, Chaldee (or Aramaic), Arabic, Armenian, Egyptian Hieroglyphic, Sanscrit and Chinese." Another authority writes: "The first item (in *round* Burmese character) is headed, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, but it is most unusual for an item to have any title. The languages are both Oriental and Occidental. I have run half through the volume, and find it would take me *days* of hard work to identify all the Oriental scripts, or to identify all the dialects

written in European characters, though I have a most unusual experience in matters of this kind. For instance, varieties of Tatar alphabet are very bothering to identify, and if you come to such languages as Lapp, Esthonian, and Eskimo, written in European characters, you have no alphabet to guide you."

Who will be found to bend Ulysses' bow? An attempt was made to get the learned scribe himself to do so. A few months before his death he received a letter, begging him to write out a list of the languages included in the volume. But no reply was elicited. The years had drawn nigh when he said, "I have no pleasure in them," and he would not speak of the past. The gradual failing of his intellectual powers was known in all its bitterness only to his own heart, and he merely uttered an expression very often on his lips—that melancholy refrain of King Solomon's—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" followed up by "Ah, there is only one morning to the day!"

With reference to "Orient Pearls," Dr. Malan seems to have forgotten that he actually carried out his intention of making a collection of Oriental gems in their original setting for his own private use. There is a small volume, entitled, "Pearls from the Eastern Sea," containing passages in many languages, penned with vermilion and Indian ink, exhibiting a boldness of precision and symmetry of grace that compel admiration. This volume is inscribed "S. C. Malan, 1849." He brought it down one evening and gave it to one of his sons, who asked him to write the names of the various languages on each page. Dr. Malan complied, writing the names in pencil. They present a noble array: Bengalee, Modern Greek, Tamil, Polish, Georgian, Orissa, Hollandish, Lettish, Burmese, Malayalim, Sanscrit, Arabic, Tibetan, Persian, Coptic, Albanian, Japanese, Parsee, Sclavonic, Bugis, Sinhalese, Chinese, Pali, Telugu, Mandchu, Russian, and Corean.

On the memorable day which saw the removal of his library, the van arrived in the early morning, drawn by four

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
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 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

horses, and the books were carried down in relays, their estimated weight being between five and six tons. At last, when the work was accomplished, it was found necessary to procure two extra horses before the van could be started. Even then, it could not leave the Vicarage grounds without damage to the turf. That incident acted as a diversion of sentiment, and the Vicar found some palliative to his mental anguish in reprimanding the clumsiness of the driver.

So the library left its home, and the lumbering sound of the heavy wheels dwindled into distance. But before the van could leave the village another pair of horses had to be requisitioned to drag it up Hollis Hill.

In the evening of that day the burden of Dr. Malan's lamentations was, "I feel disembowelled. If they had torn out my inside they could not have hurt me more. . . . Ah! that is the beginning of the end."

On the next day Dr. Malan wrote the following letter:—

"THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR,
"January 17th [1885.]

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"My books left me yesterday—a very unique collection, which will, I trust, be taken care of, catalogued, and then prove useful to many besides Indian students. . . . It took me more than a fortnight to sort the 3,000—4,000 volumes I send you. And I was in hopes Archer would have packed them as they stood. But it was impossible. They were laid in a mass in the van; it was so heavy that it ran foul of the turf on my lawn, and it took eight horses to drag it out! I trust it will reach you safe. . . . I shall hope to come up in the spring and help in arranging some of the 'funny writing,' which you fear is still unknown at the 'seat of learning.' But such a thought, even, is a slur cast upon that august city. That a handful of books from poor Dorset should puzzle Oxford, is impossible.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

The following letter from Mrs. Malan takes up the thread of the present correspondence.

"BROADWINDSOR VICARAGE,

"January 26th [1885.]

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"... I fear his poor books have to answer for this illness of his, as the van, in starting to go away, was "coxed wild" (as my rowing son would say), and it ran at some turf, where one wheel became embedded, which caused the poor anguished loser of the books to stand about on the grass, while two more horses were fetched. Congestion of the lungs followed, and he is still in bed, with two doctors and a trained nurse. It has been a sore Christmastide. Did he tell you of resigning this living, which he has held for forty years? Hard struggle, till the decision was made. But I am taking up your time, although I do believe you will feel for it all, and I must beg you to thank Mrs. Williams for her kind letter received yesterday.

"Very sincerely yours,

"CAROLINE S. MALAN."

(In Pencil.)

Thursday [29th January, 1885.]

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"I write a line from my bed to say that, if you do not wish, or cannot keep the 'Patristic portion' of my library, the best way will be to offer in my name *the whole of the Divinity* portion to Mr. Talbot for the Keble library. It contains several works on criticism, councils, etc., which will be of more use to Keble than to the Indian Institute.

"So please ask Mr. Talbot to come and pick out the books included in 'Divinity.'

"My only conditions are: (1) That a corner of the Keble library be devoted to them, so that they continue together; (2) that a list of them be made for use of students in the library; (3) that a ticket be pasted outside every one,

with the number, stating that it is my gift to the Keble library. . . .

“Sincerely yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“THE VICARAGE, BROADWINDSOR, DORSET,

“May 9th, 1885.

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“A box of books addressed to the librarian of the Indian Institute has just left. I will send you the list on Monday. You will be kind enough to see they are labelled and placed on your shelves at the Indian Institute among their fellows. Many of them are rare and valuable.

“I have enclosed in the box a parcel of Divinity books for Keble. I write to the librarian to send for them.

“Also a small parcel for Professor Earle, which I would thank you kindly to send to him.

“I have had two very kind letters from Dr. Jowett, asking me to call on him when I come up. When will that be? You are sure to know.

“Ever sincerely yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

On January 1st, 1885, Dr. Malan had written to the Bishop of Salisbury, stating his decision to resign the living of Broadwindsor. Bishop Moberley pleaded strongly that he would reconsider his resolve, but many severe illnesses and evident decline of strength made the step imperative. The severe chill contracted while superintending the departure of his library, combined with the mental distress engendered by this last severance from the very life of his existence, produced a more serious attack of congestion of the lungs than he had before experienced. He never again ministered in the Church of Broadwindsor, so that the pain of a farewell from the pulpit was spared him. Physical weakness prevented his dwelling upon the wind-up of his forty years' ministrations as a country parson. The weeks went on, and his chief anxiety was, to hear who should succeed him. By

the middle of April he was able to visit a few parishioners, and the last week was devoted to bidding them farewell.

On Saturday, May 30th, 1885, Dr. and Mrs. Malan left Broadwindsor. Two of the villagers only, Mark Sibley and Anne Elliott, saw their departure. One faithful friend of past years walked over from Beaminster in the early morning to bid them the last God-speed.

From May to September, Dr. Malan passed a quiet time at Ilfracombe, mostly in a doctor's hands, yet enjoying the beauties of North Devon, and reading still such Eastern books as had been reserved from his library. During those months, music was ever his solace and delight. The correspondence with the Professor of Sanscrit was continued.

" 14, MONTPELIER TERRACE, ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON,

"June 12th, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"Your last kind letter reached me in the midst of all the trouble and worry of leaving a home and parish in which we had been forty years. So that I had no time to write and thank you and Mrs. Williams for your kind offer of your house in September. We have, however, taken up our residence here for the next three months, to rest from the worry of the last few months, and after my illness, from which I have not yet fully recovered. So that we shall not be able to avail ourselves of your kind offer, for which we, nevertheless, feel duly grateful.

"You are very busy now at Oxford, I suppose. Dr. Jowett, in his letter to me, mentioned that my books were being catalogued. I was glad to hear it. . . .

"With our united kind regards, believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

" 14, MONTPELIER TERRACE, ILFRACOMBE,

"June 20th, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"As to your waiting to put in hand the catalogue until you have *all* the books I may send you, I fear it may

have to wait more than need be. The next batch may not reach you before one of two events, either my death, or complete loss of sight, which I hope is not at hand.

“I cannot see why the catalogue may not be begun and be gone on with, and whatever books come after, be added to it afterwards. You already have the catalogue of the Greek and Latin classics.

“Unless you know what you have, you cannot know what you miss. And as you have many tempting volumes, it would be no more than what happens even at the Bodleian, that some of them disappeared unknown to you.

“I therefore hope for the sake of the Indian Institute that the cataloguing of the books will not be delayed unnecessarily. A very good job for the librarian during the long vacation !

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

On September 1st, 1885, Dr. and Mrs. Malan went to Bournemouth and took up their residence at West Cliff Hall. They brought with them a pianoforte—the parting present of friends among the clergymen of Dorsetshire to Dr. Malan. This was a daily source of very much enjoyment, while it recalled the past with which the donors were closely associated. In a memorandum found after his death there is a clause :—“I give my piano (given me by the clergy around my late parish of Broadwindsor), to my dear wife, whose fingers have blessed it so often. I hope she will play on it sometimes in remembrance of the many, many times I enjoyed her unrivalled playing. Alas !”

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“Dec. 5th, 1885.

“DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

“I have not written for a long while, knowing how busy you are, and not wishing to worry you with correspondence.

“I must, however, break silence to ask how the librarian is getting on with the arrangement of my books. As you

may suppose, I often think of them, and wonder how they feel without me ! They will know me again, when they see me. I would have come up to have a look, but illness has prevented me from thinking of it, especially at this time of the year. I hope to do so when the days are longer and the weather warmer.

"We are here in lodgings for the present, looking for a *home*. Judging from the weather we have had and are still having, you at Oxford must have been enveloped in total darkness. I wish the climate were different ; for I might have found a home there.

"I am glad Oxford has returned a Conservative, for we live in troublous times, and the country is in a bad way, thanks to — . With our united kind remembrances to Mrs. Williams and yourself,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"Feb. 24th, 1886.

"DEAR SIR MONIER,

"Might I beg the favour of your kindly sending me a small "Burmese Dictionary" by Dr. Judson. It is a small 8vo., half-bound, grey calf, blue letter-piece. I daresay it may not be wanted just now ; and my other copy (which you will have some day) is in a box in Dorsetshire, and can't be got at without me. I hope it won't give you much trouble. We shall look out for you and Lady Williams. With our united kind regards.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"Feb. 26th, 1886.

"DEAR SIR MONIER,

"Many thanks for the Burmese Dictionary, which has reached me safely. You have a copy of the *best* Dictionary in 4to. Likewise, Latter's Grammar 4to., also very good, with

a number of elementary works for acquiring Burmese, now no longer procurable.

“When the Burmese students have mastered the *reading*, which is the hardest part—for the *grammar* itself is easy—their best way would be to read the New Testament in Burmese. Dr. Judson’s translation is very good and the style is also correct. It is a great help, because most young men, properly brought up, must have read the Gospels and know the drift of the same in Burmese. This applies to all kinds of languages, especially ‘cranky’ ones; and facilitates the first steps. I speak from experience and can recommend it.

“With our united kind regards to Lady Williams,

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“May 22nd, 1886.

“... I had a letter from the Bodleian expressing a regret that my library had not gone to them. It is well where it is. . . .”

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“Nov. 11th, 1886.

“... My leaving a home of 40 years, and a parish, in the thick of a severe illness, was such a thorough ‘break-up,’ that I cannot wonder at some things having gone astray. Parting with my books would have alone broken my heart, if they had not been going to you—the only comfort I find in the whole thing. But it *is* a comfort.

“With kind regards to Lady Williams and self,

“Believe me, sincerely yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

From Mr. Ernest Sibree, M.A., Lecturer in Oriental Languages and Literature, University College, Bristol:—

“6, SUNNINGDALE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL,

“June 12th, 1896.

“DEAR SIR,

“I am forwarding to you by this post the letters which I received from Dr. Malan when holding the appoint-

ment of Librarian and Assistant Keeper of the Indian Institute. I never had the opportunity of seeing Dr. Malan, and my knowledge of him was gained chiefly from the splendid collection of books which he presented to the Institute. *Noscitur ex sociis*. Several of these volumes contain notes and extracts in the indigenous Oriental character, showing that he had made a very careful study of the various systems of writing adopted in Eastern countries. This is especially noticeable in the manuscript of his 'Notes on the Proverbs.'

"The kindly interest which he took in my own work, you will find clearly indicated in his letters, and I can only say that I regret, more than ever, the inability to pursue the particular line of study which he encouraged me to continue, owing to the fact that Oriental literature is most inadequately represented in the Bristol libraries. The letters, as you will observe, refer chiefly to the question of allowing books to be lent out from the Malan library. Others relate to his own borrowing of books, showing the strong scholarly instinct which possessed him till his last moments.

"If those who take up Oriental studies in this country would prosecute them with less than half the zeal that Dr. Malan showed, England would shortly cease to merit the reproach of unjustifiably neglecting that branch of learning to which he devoted his whole life.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"ERNEST SIBREE."

Among the letters forwarded by Mr. Sibree were the following:—

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"June 22nd, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,

"I beg leave to send you for the library a copy of Vol. I. of my 'Notes on the Book of Proverbs.' Vol. II. is being printed, and when it is ready, some time about Christmas, I will do myself (D.V.) the pleasure of sending you a copy.

“When I last visited the Indian Institute, three years ago, I noticed a very valuable commentary on the ‘Scize-shoo’ in Mandchu, in 10 parts, small folio, lying about uncared for. There was no one present to whom I could speak about it, nor any one responsible for the safe preservation of such valuable books. . . .

“The work is probably unique in England. It was procured with great difficulty and sent me by the late celebrated Dr. Medhurst. It was, I fear, a great mistake to bind the Chinese books in volumes. They ought to have remained in their native dress and cases. When bound they are difficult to use.

“Wishing the Indian Institute every prosperity,

“Believe me, dear sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“June 24th, 1891.

“DEAR SIR,

“I thank you for your letter, and for the assurance that the Mandchu commentary is well taken care of.

“Your mentioning Tibetan induces me to say that Mr. Jaeschké’s Grammar and Dictionary are both for Tibetan as it is *spoken*. Csoma Körösi, who gave me my first lessons in Tibetan at Calcutta, told me to pronounce every letter as written, and as he transliterates it.

“You cannot do better at the beginning of your study, than read one of the Gospels, several copies of which you have among my books. Mr. Jaeschké’s Dictionary, which was made either for the New Testament or made while he was translating it, will be of great service to you, as will also be your knowledge of the subject-matter in English.

“But unfortunately Mr. Jaeschké was ill while correcting the proofs of the four Gospels, in which there are many misprints. I saw the Acts and Epistles through the press for the Bible Society.

“If the Chinese students you mention are *in earnest*, I

might give them some excellent pencils, paper, and ink, when I return home in a few weeks. All letters will be forwarded me from here.

“ Believe me, dear sir,

“ Yours very truly,

“ S. C. MALAN.”

These evidences of his life's desire—the passion of his soul for his books—were unquenched to the very end. Every volume that still remained in his study at West Cliff Hall, was marked with a minute square of pasted paper—red, blue, or white. There was a paper of careful instructions for their disposal. Several parcels had been already packed and addressed by his own hands—including one for the school-master at Bala, who had taught him Welsh, and another for the doctor who attended him.

In the spirit of Dean Burgon's exquisite lines (*L'Envoy*—“ The last twelve verses of S. Mark ”)—

“ O Sister, who ere yet my task is done
Art lying (my loved Sister!) in thy shroud
With a calm placid smile upon thy lips
As thou wert only ‘taking of rest in sleep,’
Soon to wake up to ministries of love,—
Open those lips, kind Sister, for my sake
In the mysterious place of thy sojourn,
(For thou must needs be with the bless'd,—yea, where
The pure in heart draw wondrous nigh to God,)
And tell the Evangelist of thy brother's toil;
Adding (be sure!) ‘He found it his reward.’ ”

—we may believe that the spirit of the great Oriental linguist could hardly be received as a stranger, but rather recognised as an acquaintance by those “of every nation, kindred, and tongue,” in the inheritance of the saints in light.

An interesting obituary notice of Dr. Malan, from the pen of Professor A. A. Macdonell (Deputy-Keeper of the Indian Institute) appeared in the “Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society” (April, 1895). In the course of the article, after describing Dr. Malan as “without doubt by far the

जगविदं ॥११॥ मा नि
षाद् प्रतिष्ठां त्वमगमः
शाश्वतीः समाः । यत्क्रौ
ञ्चमिथुनोदकमवधीः का
ममोदितम् ॥ १५ ॥ तस्यै
कं ब्रुवनस्मिन्ना बभूव
हृदि वीक्षतः । शोकान्

SANSKRIT (DEVANAGARI).

FACSIMILES FROM "PEARLS FROM THE EASTERN SEA."

PERSIAN.

بس نامور که زیر زمین دفن کرده اند
کز هستیش روی زمین یکس نشان بخاند
و آن پیرانش را که سپردند زیر خاک
خالش چنان بخورد که روستخون بخاند
زنده است نام فروغ نور ویران بخید
که بسوی گذشت که نویسیران نماند
خیی کی ای فلان و غنیمت شمار عمر
زان بیشتر که باند بر آید فلان نماند

most accomplished Oriental linguist in England," and giving a brief sketch of his life, Dr. Macdonell speaks of the MS. "Notes on the Proverbs." "That volume shows that Dr. Malan was a master of Oriental caligraphy. His writing of the Devānāgarī character few have probably ever seen equalled; and his Chinese hand it would be hard to excel.

". . . Oxford men have a special reason to cherish the memory of Dr. Malan as a benefactor of his old University. It must have been a great sacrifice to him to part with his books, for he was evidently much attached to them. Two or three hundred of them he still retained till within the last year or so, when, owing to failing eyesight, he gradually sent them to the Institute by instalments. The last box arrived in Oxford only a few weeks before his death. In a letter of October 8th, 1894, dated from Bournemouth, and addressed to the writer of this notice, Dr. Malan wrote: 'I send you my very last box of books, a very small one; but it contains my volume of MS. "Notes on the Proverbs," which Sir M. Monier-Williams wishes to keep in the Indian Institute. I also enclose a relic well worth treasuring, the portrait of Alexander Csoma Körösi, the founder of Tibetan literature in Europe. I received from him my first lessons in Tibetan at Calcutta in 1837.' Although he must have been nearly blind when he penned this letter, the handwriting is still remarkably bold and clear, showing no trace of the infirmity of old age.

"His letters proved that he continued to take a lively interest in Oxford to the last. But he often seemed to look back with regret to the days of sixty years ago, having little sympathy with the changes which the University has undergone in recent times. The influx of lady students was perhaps the innovation to which he was most opposed. He also often expressed strongly conservative views regarding a practical question of scholarship, the transliteration of Oriental languages in Roman characters. This he regarded as a kind of barbarism, and could hardly bear to look at a book in which an Eastern language was thus degraded.

"When a scholar is suddenly carried off in comparative youth and the midst of achievement, there is naturally more 'sadness of farewell.' Dr. Malan's friends, on the other hand, though they cannot but mourn his loss, have the consolation of knowing that death only came when his life's work was done, and approaching blindness had cut him off from the companionship of the books he loved so well.

"ARTHUR A. MACDONELL."

Dr. Duka kindly forwarded a translation of an obituary notice which appeared in a Hungarian paper, "*Varsarnapi Ujsag*," Budapest, 11th August, 1895.

The notice begins: "Solomon Cæsar Malan, Doctor of Divinity, the friend of Alexander Csoma Körösi, and his pupil in the Tibetan language, died on the 25th November last, in Bournemouth, in the 83rd year of his age; doubtless the most prominent among Orientalists in England. . . . Csoma was surprised at the linguistic talents of his pupil, and when, in consequence of bad health, Malan was obliged to leave India in 1840, Csoma made over to him his Tibetan books, forty in number, which, thanks to the magnanimity of the donor, are now the property of the Hungarian Academy of Science at Budapest. The original MS. from which Csoma's great 'Tibetan Dictionary and Grammar' were printed, in Calcutta, in 1834, is in the library of the Oriental Institute at Oxford" (presented by Dr. Malan as part of his library).

The following letter from Sir Monier Williams appeared in the *Times*, December, 1894:—

"THE MALAN LIBRARY AND THE OXFORD INDIAN INSTITUTE.

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"SIR,—The Oriental literary world has suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Dr. S. C. Malan—an Orientalist absolutely unequalled, and never likely to be equalled, in respect of the marvellous diversity of his linguistic attainments and the profundity of his scholarship.

"In your interesting obituary notice you have alluded to the value of his library; and since it was at my suggestion that Dr. Malan most generously presented his books to the Oxford Indian Institute, you will, I trust, permit me to add that the collection contains priceless treasures, the possession of which has elevated the library of the Indian Institute to a unique position among the Oriental libraries of Europe.

"Dr. Malan, however, was careful to couple his invaluable gift with a very reasonable condition. He stipulated that his library was to be catalogued and a catalogue printed. In this difficult task we have already made some progress, but where can be found any one cataloguer competent to deal with so great a variety of languages? Obviously we need several specialists, and some experts have already helped us; but I am sorry to say that we lack means as well as men. Cataloguing is, after all, a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Oriental scholars and specialists are to be had, even in England, but cannot be expected to work for nothing.

"Unhappily the pecuniary resources of the Oxford Indian Institute are utterly inadequate. The University grants it an income of £300 a year, but cannot give more, being itself hampered in its operations by reason of the 'hard times' and the general depression.

"Let me not be misunderstood. The Indian Institute cannot complain of any niggardliness on the part of its supporters. It has been erected on the very best site in the centre of the University. It is indebted for the completion of the first half of the fine building now conspicuous in Broad Street (with its lecture-rooms, library, and museum) to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and to a large number of munificent contributors in the United Kingdom and India; and it is mainly indebted for the completion of the second half to the munificence of one of the most enlightened and liberal of Indian Princes—the Thákur Sáhib of Gondal (in Kathiawar).

"For all this the Institute is not ungrateful. On the contrary, it is giving the best proof of its gratitude by doing most

important work in the interests of our Indian Empire, and I have reason to believe that both the Indian Office and Foreign Office recognise its efficiency, and the value of its aid in the training of Indian civilians and student-interpreters.

"Still, I regret to have to inform its generous supporters that its power of fulfilling all the objects for which it was founded, must, to a great extent, depend on the success of an appeal, which I am now making, for contributions towards an adequate endowment fund.

"My age and state of health oblige me to seek a warmer climate during the worst winter months, but any letter addressed to me at the Indian Institute, Oxford, will be forwarded.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"M. MONIER-WILLIAMS,

*"Boden Professor of Sanscrit, Keeper and Curator
of the Indian Institute."*

"CANNES, December 1st [1895.]"

On July 1st, 1896, the completion of the Indian Institute was inaugurated with due ceremony by Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India. Sir Monier Williams in the course of his speech said that "the Oriental library of the Institute would soon be second to none in Europe" . . . that "its greatest benefactor was the late learned Dr. Malan, as visitors might judge for themselves by inspecting the 'Malan Library' in the room set apart for its reception. . . . Even the Bodleian over the way, with its plethora of wealth, had not some of the treasures to be found on their shelves."

CHAPTER XIV.

BOURNEMOUTH, 1885—1893.

Life at Bournemouth—Visits to Wales—Letters to Sir Monier Williams—Links of the Past—Letters from * * * —Serious Accidents—"Notes on the Proverbs"—Golden Wedding—Letters to Misses Kennaway—Corean Version—"Mary Jones"—Letters to Dr. Sinker.

THE life at Bournemouth settled itself in a quiet and even course, brightened by the kindness and cheered by the society of many valued friends. While daylight lasted Dr. Malan found abundant occupation in preparing his "Notes on the Proverbs" for the press. When the tired eye pleaded for rest, he would walk on the West Cliff, or hear the music in the Winter Gardens, or pay visits to friends. Among the houses at which he was most frequently welcomed was "Goodrest," the residence of Mrs. Kennaway (widow of the Rev. C. Kennaway, Vicar of Campden) and her daughters, and "Wykeholm" (Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Pigou), and the house of Mrs. Popham. The Rev. C. Brodrick Scott, D.D., formerly head-master of Westminster School, was a very familiar friend, who for some years never failed to spend the tea-hour on Sundays at West Cliff Hall.

Dr. Malan also found a pleasant resource in giving assistance to several artistic friends by impressing them with his own bold style of drawing. One of his pupils was eminently successful in acquiring the character of his trees. He often said to her, "You've caught my trick better than any one." He would take a short stump of pencil and begin working rapidly without any outline, and gradually under the broad surface of the lead would develop an exquisite oak—the keen chisel-edge of the pencil being used with masterful effect in emphasising the details of foliage and branches

needful for the consummation of a perfect tree. "When you copy it," he would say, "don't make any outline; go at it as you saw me, with a free hand and decided touch."

As the spring-time of 1886 approached, the old craving for foreign travel re-asserted its sway with restless impatience. Japan was the desired goal. But sober counsel pleaded successfully against a scheme which, considering his years and impaired health, would have been imprudent; and he was prevailed upon to content himself with a tour in Wales. On July 15th, accompanied by Mrs. Malan, he went to Llandrindod Wells, where he studied the language with a Welsh clergyman, and found opportunities of conversation with sons of the soil in his walks. After a month at the Wells, Dr. and Mrs. Malan proceeded to Towyn, and Aberystwith, concluding their tour at Tenby, and returning to Bournemouth at the end of September. A small book, "Mary Jones of Ty'nyddol," was written towards the close of the year, and published in 1887.

Two letters to Sir Monier Williams refer to this period.

"WEST CLIFF HALL,

"June 8th [1886.]

"DEAR SIR MONIER,

"We are still here, but on the wing. We have altered our plans, and settled not to go so far north as Dolgelly. We go to Llandrindod Wells, S.W., and try that first. It stands high and is bracing. Your and Lady Williams' visit has left us a fragrant recollection: very much in consequence of it, I have made a beginning of my work on the Proverbs, and am in the 2nd Chapter. This, however, is harder work than the first, of collecting the notes. I hope to go on with it, so long as my sight allows me. And this brings me to ask your leave for me to borrow for a time some of my books, such as Kowalevsky's Mongol. Dictionary and others, without which I can't get on. As I know you will return a favourable answer, I would call for them on our way back from Wales in Sept. (D.V.), when I very much fear you will not be at Oxford. . . ."

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“Sept. 13th [1886.]

“MY DEAR SIR MONIER,

“I found the books all right on my arrival here, and I must write again one line to thank you for the trouble you took about them. I really welcomed my old acquaintances, and they me also, for they all but talked to me in a whisper. What use I shall make of them must depend on how I shall be. I am no great things just now. But, as my devoted wife says, the place ‘does wonders for me.’ Whether I feel it or not, I am of course in duty bound to believe her. . . .

“Dr. Legge has sent me very kindly a copy of his last work on the travels of Fā-hien in India. . . . With our united kind remembrances to Lady Williams and yourself,

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

Meanwhile, though separated in presence from the familiar scenes of his ministerial labours, many a link held fast, to keep in mind those he had left. From his successor at the Vicarage, from the schoolmaster and others, he received constant communications keeping him acquainted with parochial news, and his liberal contributions to the parish charities must have proved a benison to many. At one Christmastide he made a list of old parishioners whom he specially wished to remember, and despatched one of his sons to Broadwindsor to present a florin to each person named. The distribution was not effected without some heart-burnings. As the ambassador proceeded among the cottages, news of his mission spread, and many of the inhabitants beset him with expectant remarks. One elderly female accosted him thus: “What? bain’t there one for me? That is a shame! I do claim it!”

A very sincere friend, * * *, who desires that her name may be suppressed, communicated the following reminiscences, which may serve as a bond between Broadwindsor and Bournemouth, since she alone bade Dr. Malan God-speed on the day he left his home.

“ BEAMINSTER,

“ *March 30th, 1895.*

“ . . . We are once more a stricken place—the influenza is raging here. I have been so occupied with the sick, I could not write before. My eldest nephew who lives with me has been very bad. I sent you the ‘Cure’ book yesterday, it was given me as a help, and as you see only comprises two years.

“ What can I tell you of your father? I don’t think that there was a week that he did not call here. He was often in the town, and really I don’t think he ever came without coming here—he was really attached to my father, mother and aunt. His conversation used to be brilliant, on out-of-the-way topics, odd things in herbs and plants and eggs, kept for him and his knowledge. I early knew of his wonderful knowledge of anatomy—and how wrong it was for a horse ever to be shod with more than five nails. He was the first person who gave David Reed, the marble mason and tomb-maker, the right dimensions of a cross. They still go by his measurements. David is dead, but the son carries on the business—and our horses were shod with five nails—our dear old groom Chubb, who could neither write nor read, but who had a most clever head, being always open to improvements, and grasping them. A shoe was drawn on our stable door by your father for his edification.

“ I remember his Lent sermons, and hearing his wonderful Saxon praised—such simple language. I remember him at Society for the Propagation of the Gospel meetings, giving most interesting and utterly self-unconscious accounts of his travels. I remember, when I was twelve years old, the Exhibition of 1851, and his being sent down (I suppose by the Bible Society) to help for the text, ‘God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,’ which was needed in 100 languages, and that he supplied 80 of them. I think they had already several when they sent. [This chart, published by Messrs. Partridge and Oakley, Paternoster Row, was entitled “A Memorial of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, consisting of a text in

above one hundred languages : ‘ God hath made of one blood all nations of men.’ ” The publishers, strange to say, are “ unable to give any information about it. . . . Those who had the management of our publications at that date have now passed away, or retired from business, so that it is not possible for us to verify the fact. We have referred to the English catalogue between 1836-1860, but find no mention of such a chart.”]

“ You see I was at lessons in the schoolroom, and kept in my place here, until I was sixteen, in 1855, and then I went to school till 1857, so that so much time is lost, and I lived as it were upon echoes. After that, I remember the delightful society he mixed in at Broadwindsor, for the visitors were always brought here as well. And also how very much we sang with your father. His journeys abroad, and his returns from his foreign travels ; his vivid descriptions of countries and peoples ; his proverbs—particularly the one Chinese—‘ Never choose a wife by candle-light ; ’ his looking in here on his return from Great Toller fishing, with beautiful trout, so artistically arranged with grass, belongs to quite the late period.

“ * * * ”

“ BEAMINSTER,

“ May 9th, 1895.

“ . . . Keep the books, certainly. (His collection of dried flowers from the Holy Land, and a record of his doctoring sick people at Broadwindsor.)

“ The flower one was given me because my brother died in Palestine in 1850 and is buried there. Your father was one of the last to see him, as I think they met at Malta, and he brought us a parcel of presents from him. . . . The medical book was given me because I dabble in homœopathy ; and from being strongly prejudiced was converted by watching your incomparable sister under the treatment, at the time her back was so bad. . . . Mrs. Egerton has been staying with Mrs. George Pinney at the Bouchier’s old house. She has an excellent memory. I asked her if she could remember aught ; but all she could remember was Colonel Bragge

coming in and saying: 'I have just met that marvel who knows everything—from the shoeing of a horse to the boiling of a potato.'

“ * * * ”

“ BEAMINSTER,

“ May 29th, 1895.

“ . . . One thing I am going to beg you, which is not to mention us in your biography—it would be a distress to me. I so dislike lives being bared. Forgive me. I would rather leave the knowledge of that friendship to heaven, and not divulge it to the public. Who could record your mother's life? Only an angel. My love, admiration, and respect for her surpass all knowledge.

“ . . . I don't think any man can know what the awful discipline of his blind sight was with such gifts.

“ With best love to you all,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ * * * ”

In 1887, weary of “seeing nothing but chimney pots,” as he expressed it, and enamoured of the mountains and streams of Wales, on June 29th, he journeyed with Mrs. Malan to Llanwrtyd Wells. He enjoyed a pleasant little society at Dolecoed House, and seemed a welcome addition to the party. His studies in the Welsh language were resumed under the guidance of a Welshman. He took great interest in the restoration of the parish church.

In the winter of that year he met with a serious accident. On Dec. 21st, being out in the town after dark, he was knocked down by a cab, and was carried insensible to the dispensary, whence he was brought to West Cliff Hall, where his kind friend Dr. Nankivell attended him: and the attendance continued at intervals for the remainder of his life.

In the summer of 1888 Dr. and Mrs. Malan visited different places in Wales. Dr. Malan was specially interested in St. David's, where he met with much kindness from the venerable Dean.

Other letters to the Misses Kennaway refer to these years passed at Bournemouth.

"WEST CLIFF HALL, *April 9th* [1887.]

"MY DEAR AGNES,

"Thanks many for the beautiful azalea I found on my return home from my walk to-day. I have not yet tried the taste of that 'peace offering' you brought me the other day, and now comes another offering of what?—an emblem of new life and hope of everlasting life through Him Who rose again at this season to remind us of His kingdom, where flowers will blossom for evermore.

"With best love to you all, I remain, dear A.,

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, *Sept. 11th*. [?]

"... We here manage to keep ourselves awake in our humble way. My good wife and myself have some music together almost every day—either violoncello and pianoforte or clarionet and pianoforte. And as, poor we! our pretensions are not great and our ambition is *very moderate indeed*, we do not aspire to rank among 'the exquisites,' and so enjoy ourselves 'quietly.'"

"WEST CLIFF HALL, *Oct. 12th* [1888.]

"DEAR, DEAR 'LITTLE FRIEND,'

"Forget! how? I shouldn't know how to if I tried. I couldn't; but while thanking you, dear Marion, for that delightful book, my heart is full of sadness—it is, indeed! It looks so much like a farewell to which I see no end! Parting with dear A. yesterday was a sorrowful parting, truly. How I shall get through the winter without "Goodrest" to turn into for a hot cup of tea and a warmer welcome, I know not. However, as I am not to be out after sunset, and as I am, the Dr. says, to remain a cripple the whole winter, I fear we shouldn't have met so often. (By the way, being a cripple does not suit my genius in the least; but God's will is best.)
... Best love to dear, dear mother, ever dear M.,

"Your sincere friend,

"S. C. MALAN."

“ WEST CLIFF HALL,

“ *Thursday* [No date.]

“ MY DEAR MARION,

“ I must try and muster strength to thank you for your most kind and welcome letter. I thought that as soon as tidings reached you dear people, some soft Eolian sounds would soon be wafted hither, and so it is.

“ Well, I have been *very* ill and have suffered more than ever in my life. The cold, wet weather we had, and a succession of chills, fell on my right side and all the nerves in it. Dr. Nankivell had a very poor opinion of me, and said that many younger men had succumbed to the same thing not half so violent as mine. I left a young man, I returned as I am—a poor old cripple, hobbling on two sticks, more shaken, more incapable than I have ever been.

“ But enough about my wretched self. I am very sorry to hear dear mother has been so poorly, and you, too, dear Marion, though I am glad to hear you are becoming a tower of strength. Agnes is that already.

“ But, Aunt Lou let out ominously, ‘ I don’t hear of their coming back.’ Is ‘ Goodrest ’ to continue in mourning? But I can’t write any more than to send you all my hearty love. God bless you, dear Marion.

“ Ever your affectionate

“ S. C. MALAN.”

“ WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“ *Nov. 7th* [1888.]

“ MY DEAR AGNES,

“ Aunt Lou told us the sad, sad news. And yet why sad? Your dear mother was ripe for heaven, and, however bitter the loss of her be to us all—to me first—we cannot wish to keep her back from her strolling by the river of life with the Good Shepherd, in the paradise of God. No, indeed. It is for us to join her one day. How soon we know not; only let us be worthy of it—and ready.

“ I can’t tell you what a blank she leaves in my heart. Sixty years’ regard and affection can’t be snapped asunder

without a pang. I need not tell you how much you and dear Marion are in my thoughts. But your mother's Father and your own will guide and protect you. I would have gone to the funeral if I was not ailing and a 'cripple;' but I should think the fewer the better at such a time.

"With my tender love to Marion and yourself, ever dear creature,

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

The summer of 1889 was passed at Great Malvern and Tenby. In this year he published the first volume of his "Notes on the Proverbs."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"Nov. 30th [1889.]

"DEAR SIR MONIER,

"I have desired Messrs. Williams and Norgate to send you a copy of my 'Notes' as soon as it came out. Lady Williams was so kind as to take interest in the work so that it is also intended for her.

"It is, however, very far from what I meant it to be. But since my accident two years ago my head has not been the same, and my bad sight has made the correction of the printer's work very difficult.

"Still, such as it is, please to bestow a kindly look upon it. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"Dec. 4th [1889.]

"DEAR SIR MONIER,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I fear you look at me with a magnifying-glass. My going on with the work depends on my health and eyesight, and also on the reception given to this first volume. No publisher would look at it, and I published it at my own expense—much too costly a pastime for me to indulge in any further alone.

"The title of the book, 'Book of Proverbs,' was stupidly devised by the binder: and gives no idea of the work. It is being altered to 'Notes on the Book of Proverbs.' If you had an opportunity of sending your copy to the publishers the title on your copy would be rectified.

"I am, yours very sincerely,

"S. C. MALAN."

In the summer of 1890 he revisited Bala and Great Malvern, and published a small brochure, "The Corean Version of the Gospels." On October 27th came the sorrow of his daughter's death.

In January, 1891, he met with another serious accident, from falling on a frozen path in Branksome Park. He was found lying insensible, and was brought home by a passing friend. In the summer of that year he went to West Malvern, and was able to climb both the Herefordshire and the Worcestershire Beacons.

In January, 1892, the Rev. Henry Burrows (his former colleague in the curacy of Alverstoke) died. Dr. Malan wrote the following letter to his daughter.

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

"*Jan. 29th* [1892.]

"DEAR MISS BURROWS,

"Your kind letter received this morning was a sad comfort to me. Many thanks for the very interesting details it gave of your dear father's last moments. One by one all my Oxford friends have departed and have left me alone. It is, to say the least, a solemn warning; for at 80 I feel that although very well (D.G.), my turn may come next.

"I am sorry to say I shall not be able to attend the funeral, but I shall be with you all in spirit. Your father always was, for me, the personification of Christian kindness, humility, and freedom from all guile. I often took him for my pattern of a holy life; and although we wrote but seldom, yet he was very often my guest in thought and affection. I only pray

I may follow him, through what remains of life, to whither he is gone. Amen.

“I am glad to hear your dear mother is supported under this heavy trial. But it is not death: he is only gone before. With Mrs. Malan’s kind regards and mine to all of you,

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

In 1892 he published the second volume of his “Notes on the Proverbs.” The summer was passed at Llandrindod Wells. He was a very great favourite with the visitors at the Pump House Hotel, as also with the swans, which pursued him on the lake, while he fed them from the banks.

In 1893 he wrote the following letter to Dr. Duka:—

“WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,

“Feb. 28th [1893.]

“DEAR DR. DUKA,

“I have again to thank you for your pamphlet, which, like all the other contributions of your pen I have seen, is most interesting. You must have enjoyed yourself greatly at Stockholm. It is a pretty, quaint, *fresh*-looking place. Swedish, too, is such a pretty, sweet language, with a peculiar intonation which I used (in 1841) to think very engaging. I could talk it then; but it has grown as rusty as my Hungarian. How I wish I could say all this in your noble language! But it is impossible to remember everything; especially after the violent concussion of the brain I had two years ago. With renewed thanks,

“Believe me, yours sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

In the summer of this year, 1893, was his last absence from Bournemouth—one fortnight being spent at Llandrindod again. A chill caused a hurried return to West Cliff Hall, and he was mostly ill through the remainder of the year, being also severely tried by the dangerous illness of his son Edward.

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,
"Oct. 12th [1893.]

"DEAR DR. DUKA,

"I meant to have read the essay you kindly sent me before I thanked you for it. But I have had time only to look at the map and glance at the inside. That was enough to show me the treat in store for me. Many thanks for your kind thought of me. But it has made me heave a sigh, when I see how much there is to know which I know not, alas! I envy you the knowledge of Hungarian, which together with Finnish, are the two European languages best worth learning for their own sakes. Finnish is the Italian of the Ugrian tongues, and Magyar is the Spanish of them. I love them both, but I know very little of them as yet. Life, however, is too short for it all, and for all the topics of interest within and without one's reach.

"With many thanks, I am, sincerely yours,

"S. C. MALAN."

On Tuesday, October 24th, 1893, Dr. and Mrs. Malan kept their GOLDEN WEDDING DAY. Allusion to it is found in the following letter to Miss Kennaway.

"BOURNEMOUTH, Oct. 25th [1893.]

"MY DEAR AGNES,

"I am sure that sweet letter of yours was well worth a golden wedding. So full of gentle, real faithful friendship. I was very glad I never told you about this said wedding, since it fetched such a charming letter, and from Mary Ona, dear soul! one also. In short, we thoroughly enjoyed your epistles. About telling you of the day beforehand, I recollect your saying to me about G. B. that 'people don't like telling their ailments,' and I daresay I muddled it. But I am the last man in the world to hawk about my goods.

"Seriously, however, we have both great reason to be most thankful to our kind, merciful Heavenly Father for our degree of health and well-being, after 50 years of pilgrimage together, in storm (not much of it) and sunshine (plenty of it).

May He in His mercy lend us His arm to the end, that can't be very far off. . . .

“Ever most affectionately yours,

“S. C. MALAN.”

In the following letter mention is made of a pain in the chest, the true nature of which was not suspected for many months, but which subsequently became proved to be due to the development of a tumour, which was the immediate cause of his death.

“WEST CLIFF HALL,

“Aug. 3rd [1893.]

“DEAR BOTH OF YOU,

“I was delighted to get your letter from Avranches, and to hear that you are in the ‘acme’ of delights with everything; you don’t even think much of gnats; they are only gnats, not mosquitoes, a very different sort of volatile, and far more troublesome. Even you would mind them, I think.

“Well, we did come back from Wales sooner than we intended, as I caught cold one day while feeding the swans by the lake. It ended in bronchitis, not ‘bad,’ but enough to make me feel very poorly, and leave me in the doctor’s hand ever since. I also have a nasty pain in the chest, that makes me feel ‘no how’ all over.

“Perhaps this is all owing to your being away from Bournemouth; I daresay I shall be better when you come back (D.V.).

“I saw Aunt Lou a day or two ago, looking middling I thought. Mr. Pigou is getting on nicely, and Mary is at Clewer! . . . Mrs. Malan is (D.G.) pretty well: I begin to think she is stronger than I. I am thankful for it, for she is my mainstay.

“We have had fair weather on the whole, but rain more or less every day, as we might expect in July. But we have never suffered from heat. We always enjoy a delicious sea-breeze on this cliff. It was much warmer in Wales.

S.C.M.

C C

"I am sorry to say that the music I have yet heard in the Winter Garden, though it cost £90 a week, is mostly very trumpery. It is music for the million; but among that million there are a few hundreds who like something better. I go on with my violoncello lessons; the teacher, a girl of 20; and the pupil an old 'crone' of 81!

"Go on prospering, dear children! In rain and sunshine, with not too much of either. And come back as soon as you like.

"With best love from both of us,

"Believe me, yours ever affectionately,

"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL,

"May 18th [1894.]"

"MY DEAR A.,

"I can't write much, but I must just send you a line of heartfelt thanks for the beautiful prayer of Bishop Andrews you have sent me.

"Yes, 'age' is evening indeed. I once felt as if it would always be 'morning' with me; but the shades of evening have come upon me very suddenly.

"I like Hymn 22, 'Ancient and Modern,' very much. . . .

"Ever yours affectionately,

"S. C. MALAN."

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

"HOLY FATHER, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, Feb. 3rd [No Date.]"

". . . As I said to Aunt Lou, she is my last crutch. Mother was the other, and now that she is at rest I do very badly with only one crutch to get along with. I feel very much like a tree on a common, with leaves dropping, or being blown off one by one. Now you and A. would have been two charming sticks to help me to hobble about, but you have left me.

"To-day, for the first time, I have had the great pleasure of going to church in the morning; the first time since last June! I am better (D.G.), but the doctor says I shall never be the same; he had a very bad opinion of my chances of life. But our Heavenly Father is better to us than all our fears, and knows a deal more than doctors, etc. So I have trusted, and will yet trust Him.

"I also went to the Amateur Musical Society for the first time last Wednesday; it was at the Fenwicks'. It was very good. A trio of Beethoven and a splendid violin concerto of Bach. . . . Mrs. H. is quite right. Stump is a good ground when finished with chalk. . . .

"Ever yours affectionately,
"S. C. MALAN."

"WEST CLIFF HALL, BOURNEMOUTH,
"Dec. 27th [1890.]

"MY DEAR AGNES,

"Many thanks for your kind thought of me, for your kind letter, and for those delightful robins in the old hat that seems to fit so well that they won't come out. I am sorry I can't send you an equally quaint card, for I have been a prisoner at home for the last fortnight with a bad attack of bronchitis caught at church. The doctor said that, but for churches, doctors would have nothing to do here! The churches give them work to do, no doubt. I caught just the same cold at S. Peter's when we first came here.

"To-day is the great and good Bishop of Durham buried at Bishop Auckland. He came here better this day three weeks ago. I had tea with him on the Monday following; I was myself taken ill on the Wednesday, and he is now buried. Very solemn truly. However, this is a season for rejoicing amid the surrounding gloom. Let me, therefore, wish you and Marion every blessing, comfort, and enjoyment that is good for you both.

"And with our united love to you both,

"I am, dear A., your affectionate friend,
"S. C. MALAN."

Miss Kennaway writes:—

“He remarked one day to a friend who had great facility for learning music by heart, as he recalled that he once had the same power: ‘When I was young I forgot nothing, and when I learnt anything it was like engraving on copper. In middle life it was not so easy, and what I learnt was soon forgotten—it was like writing on sand. Now, my child, it’s no use at all—I might as well write on water.’”

Dr. Sinker supplies the following interesting communication:—

“Two little books of his now lying before me illustrate more strikingly, perhaps, than larger works would do, the curious width of his marvellous learning and of his interests. The one is a booklet on ‘The Corean Version of the Gospels’ (1890), the other is ‘Mary Jones, of Ty’nyddol’ (1886), a translation from the Welsh of the story of the little girl who was indirectly the means of the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

“Of the former, my friend Bishop Moule, of Mid-China, writes: ‘The pamphlet on “The Corean Version of the Gospels” affords a compendious illustration of Dr. Malan’s varied gifts and characteristic mental temper. The latter, his scholarly conservatism, is seen on the first page in the judgment that the Revised Version of the New Testament “has been weighed and found wanting in the solid scholarship that is not all about jots and tittles, but that loves the weightier matters of taste, worship, and right judgment in handling the letter of God’s Word.” The body of the work demonstrates his all but universal acquaintance with the languages of mankind. The subject discussed is a Corean translation. The blemishes—in the writer’s opinion the result of too blind a reliance on the Revised Version—are illustrated in upwards of sixty selected verses or phrases, in the discussion of which reference is made not only to several Greek and Latin Fathers and the Vulgate, but also to the more or less ancient versions in Syriac, Coptic, Georgian, Slavonic,

Gothic, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Persian; and to recent translations into Chinese, Japanese, Mandchu, and Thibetan. Of these latter all but one are quite unknown to me. I have looked through the references to the Chinese (classical) version, itself a monument of the genius of a very different and self-taught scholar, the late Dr. Medhurst. I find, indeed, in his treatment of them, what our author himself, at p. 27, leads us to expect, a degree of inaccuracy which probably nothing but “a prolonged residence in the country” would enable the student with any certainty to avoid. But, on the other hand, there is evidence of his real acquaintance with the idiom of certainly not the easiest, nor the most obvious for study, of the score or so of languages which he lays under contribution.

“‘I had long known by report the name of Dr. Malan, and had revered it both for his manifold accomplishments, artistic and musical, as well as linguistic, and for his reverent conservatism in questions of sacred criticism. A rarer characteristic in a man so accomplished is the freedom from pedantry, and the frank appreciation of the difficulties and the performances, in the anxious work of Bible translation, of far inferior men. The sympathy that glows in his closing paragraphs may well hearten the lonely translator in the mission field and the friends of the great Society which he names. After urging that, in the present state of criticism, the Authorised Version is a safer guide for a translator than the Revised, he proceeds: “So great, however, is the difficulty of translating the Bible into any of the cultivated languages of the East . . . that one ought to forbear judgment and to thank, rather than blame, pioneers in the work of translations, which have always been, and will always be, more or less imperfect at first. . . . But neither shortcomings nor errors in translation, more or less inseparable from all labour of this kind, can in any way detract from the magnitude of the work carried on by the British and Foreign Bible Society. . . .” God speed the work and bless all who have a share in it.

“‘G. E. MOULE, Bishop in Mid-China.’”

Dr. Sinker proceeds: "The story of Mary Jones must seem an astonishing one to a generation which can buy Bibles at the cost of a few pence. Yet at no more remote date than the year 1800 we have brought before us the story of a young Welsh girl of sixteen, the child of poor weavers in a remote hamlet of Merionethshire, who, after patiently saving during six years every halfpenny and penny given to her for various trifling services, resolutely undertook on foot, and barefoot, a journey of from twenty-five to thirty miles to Bala, the nearest place where there might be a Bible for sale. This not only meant a journey of from fifty to sixty miles, but also a chance of failure after all, for the Bibles might all have been sold. So indeed it proved; but good Mr. Charles, to whom she went, moved by her resolution and by her grief, allowed her to buy a copy reserved for one of his friends. That Bible was the cherished possession of Mary Jones for the sixty-six remaining years of her life, and is now deposited in the library of the Bible Society.

"Yet from small beginnings what great results may flow. The story of Mary Jones was brought before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society in 1802, and dwelt on with such effect, that two years later the Bible Society was founded and began its glorious work.

"Dr. Malan reminds us in his preface that a story must lose much when transferred to another language, like a dried flower, which but faintly recalls the living flower that was gathered; yet the record is most lifelike, and shows, both in text and notes, how keen an insight Dr. Malan possessed into the condition of life and religion in Wales. In one or two notes, he justly protests against somewhat ungenerous remarks on the part of the original Welsh writer, who was not a churchman, as to the Christian Knowledge Society. That Society was the first in the field; it has not ceased to supply Wales with Bibles and with sound literature, and in the year before Mary Jones's walk to Bala, had published an edition of the Welsh Bible of ten thousand copies.

“ To the story of Mary Jones, Dr. Malan adds a translation of the story of ‘ Modryb Nancen Rogers ’ (Dame Nancy Rogers), an old woman, who, when this memoir was written, was living at a village near Swansea. This poor woman was upwards of eighty when she was led to think seriously of the value of the Bible, and at the age of eighty-three began to go to a Sunday-school and learn her letters, that she might read the Bible.

“ Very different scenes do the two little books bring before us—the wild shores of the farthest East and the rocks and heather of the Merionethshire hills. Yet this helps to bring out the truth, which the departed scholar urges upon us as one which we are sometimes apt to forget, that ‘ the body of Christ is not one member, but many.’ ”

The following are portions of letters written by Dr. Malan to Dr. Sinker:—

“ *Oct. 12th, 1889.* . . . I must confess that my experience of the LXX. as a version makes me hold it very cheap. I have had occasion lately to consult it often in the Proverbs, and I cannot say that it has in any way altered my opinion. The worst of it is, that the LXX. has largely influenced other versions. Indeed, if we were left to the LXX. and the Vulgate only we should be at a loss to find our way.

“ I venture to send you a pamphlet of mine (‘ Select Readings,’ etc.) which you may not have seen. You will probably think me very presumptuous to beard your Cambridge heroes, but that revision, and the way it was done, roused many of us to righteous ire. But as to Drs. W. and H., when I found that they ignored altogether Dean Burgon’s work on the authenticity of S. Mark xvi. 9—20, because they deny it, I confess my feelings of admiration for those learned doctors received a shock that has not yet subsided. That work of Dean Burgon was said by German critics to be the best work on Biblical Criticism issued from the English Press.”

“ *July 12th, 1890.* . . . As to the Revised Version, the more I look into it the more I wonder at such an outcome,

from the men engaged in it. Such English! let alone their ignorance of the old Versions. But it would be a real calamity that the Revised Version should be further extended through translations made from it."

"*March 7th*, 1892. . . . It is always a great pleasure to hear from you; especially about our common Faith. It is, however, becoming uncommon, alas! But let us be true. . . . Old paths are best and safest. Keep to them, as I try to do, shutting my ears to the strife of tongues of men, who, having shaken off the shackles of faith, do their best to shake our faith also. Never! I keep to 2 Tim. iii. 12—17, and to the company of those 'of whom the world was not worthy,' and 'who walked by faith;' leaving those who will walk by sight to find their way as best they may.

"You are right, and abide so, in my humble opinion. Our Scriptures, the *λόγος θεῖος* Plato longed to possess, led the Fathers and Saints of old to the city, the maker and builder of which is God; thither they will lead us also, despite the vagaries and babblings of 'science falsely so called!' So keep to your own views as to Chaldee and Aramaic, West or East. They are at least as good as those of others, inasmuch as they cannot speak with *certainly*, but only say what they think well: 'quot capita, tot sententiæ.'

"*April 15th*, 1893. . . . I am only just recovering from a long illness; and on looking over some papers, I found a letter from you dated March 6th, 1892, a year ago. I know I was out of health and in bed at the time. Was the letter ever answered? I am afraid it was put by safely and forgotten. All I can do is to implore your forgiveness. It is not altogether negligence on my part; illness had a good deal to do with it.

"In that letter you ask my opinion about the language and date of Daniel.

"Well, my feeling is, that I would rather be thought 'outside all science,' as the critics of the day have it—in company with the Fathers—than be 'advanced' by siding with the high and low critics of the present, for whom I

profess very little respect. I welcome any amount of real knowledge that aims at proving the Bible true; but the object of the present criticism so called, is to prove the Bible false; and with it I will have nothing to do. Our Saviour quoted Daniel, and that covers all objections as to dialect, date, etc. I take the book as the Fathers, SS. Cyril, Cyprian, Chrysostom, etc., took it. *After all*, no amount of disquisitions will settle the date, authorship, etc., etc., better than it is.

“I am much afraid my answer will not prove satisfactory to you. But I can only write as I feel. Daniel is in the canon of Scripture S. Paul told Timothy to study, as inspired. Our Saviour quoted it: that is enough for me.”

Transcript of note sent with, and now fastened in, “Notes on the Book of Proverbs,” vol. i. :—

“BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb.* 12th, 1890.

“MY DEAR DR. SINKER,

“Kindly allow me to offer you the accompanying volume. I am well aware of all my shortcomings; and sundry misprints will tell you of my bad sight. And as regards transliteration of Oriental languages—a slovenly and lazy process—I confess I know nothing of it. It is simply impossible to represent the sound of many letters in any other way than by the letters themselves.

“S, C t, t, etc., convey to me no idea whatever of the characters they are meant to represent. But we live in days when everything has to be vulgarized to suit the public.

“Believe me, yours very sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

Transcript of note in, and sent with, a volume—a Hebrew Pentateuch and Targum of Onkelos (Amsterdam, 1817):—

“*May* 29th, 1894.

“DEAR DR. SINKER,

“Kindly accept this choice little volume. . . . This leads me to ask if a few good folios of the Fathers would prove acceptable to you. My reading days are now ended,

and I should like to have those dear Fathers in safe hands when I am gone.

“Yours very sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

“On the subject of the Revised Version,” writes Dr. Sinker, “Burgon and your father were one. I heartily feel with them. One of the first scholars in Cambridge said to me once, that the Revised Version of the New Testament was ‘like a grand organ played out of tune.’”

CHAPTER XV.

“NOTES ON THE PROVERBS.”

Origin and Object of Work—Oriental Literature Searched—Method—Letters from Dr. Legge and Dr. Sinker—Letter to Sir Monier Williams—Analysis of Notes—Amendments of Authorised Version—Smart Sayings—Household Words—Fables—Animals—Trees, Flowers, Fruits—Wisdom—Woman—Sons—Personal Touches—Striking Comparisons—Conclusion.

WHILE the whole literary work of Dr. Malan was based upon loyal devotion to the inspired Word of God—his intellect being subservient to the conviction of its truth—the bent of his genius drew him coincidentally towards one portion of the Sacred Volume, which perhaps less than most engages the attention of Biblical students.

The Book of Proverbs offered to him the most attractive altar upon which to lay a life-homage of the offerings of his linguistic learning and research. He saw from his earliest acquaintance with Oriental study that the literature of “the children of the East” presented an infinite treasure-house of wisdom, digested and moulded into expression from the glimmering dawn of antiquity. To quote from his preface: “This manifold meaning of the Book of Proverbs” (which he shows to include parables, fables, apologues, couplets on moral subjects, maxims, aphorisms, etc.), “led me to think that kindred passages from the writings of some of ‘the children of the East country’—brought together, as it were, a tribute to the King, ‘whose wisdom excelled them all’—might form a more useful and more appropriate commentary on the wisdom of his words, than adding one more to the many practical helps or critical works already published, in which probably I could have said little or nothing new. . . . We shall find, on the one hand, a general agreement in

matters of a daily life ; while, on the other hand, the yearnings of the best of those men of old after ‘ an unknown God,’ though lacking the faith of the Wise King to whom God had revealed Himself, yet prove how true is the saying of S. Paul to the Athenians, ‘ that God is not far from every one of us.’ No, indeed ; for we cannot study the best of those ancient children of the East without feeling drawn towards them. We cannot help being either pleased with their wit, with their quaint common sense, which they tell in their own way, or delighted with the freshness of their old ideas, and with the beauty and elegance of their own words, which, alas ! wither or die in the rendering. This feeling of reverence for those ancient writings, but of worship for the Word of God, led me, when an undergraduate at Oxford, to begin these ‘ Notes,’ and to continue them, through many vicissitudes, and at long intervals of time and place, as the by-work of other duties ; looking forward, as I did, to the time when, free from the care of a large country parish, I should have leisure to revise and arrange my materials. The time came at last ; but with it also came sickness and failing eye-sight ; and, worse, separation from my library, which is at Oxford. This left me almost entirely dependent on my notes, as they were written at the time—unable to verify many of my references, and to finish my work, which is, I fear, but a rough pen-and-ink outline of what was intended to be a true picture of Eastern thought and wisdom. These gleanings in the ‘ East country,’ however, such as they are, may yet prove acceptable to some who feel interested in lore of this kind—who, like the favourite swan of Hindoo poetry, will ‘ pluck curds of wisdom from the whey ’ of what may seem perhaps childish or trivial.

“ . . . The notes number altogether about sixteen thousand—15,967, more or less—and were every one taken from the original, which I also copied, whole or in part, in its native character, for the sake of greater accuracy. For I could not bring myself to degrade Saraswati’s precious gift of Sanscrit, with its noble Dēvānagari alphabet, to the common level of

Roman type. . . . This work has been to me a source, if but of occasional, yet of life-long interest. Many a time, when sitting down to it after less congenial and harder work in the parish, I could not help saying to myself—‘O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.’”

Dr. Malan dismisses the range of literature traversed in the gathering of his “Notes,” by one humble allusion to it in a foot-note to the preface of the first volume. There he says that they were all taken from Eastern “Non-Christian” writings, except a few quotations from Ethiopic Didascalia, and occasional passages from Greek and Latin favourites, which could not be ignored altogether. A contributor to the “Oriental Review” supplements this by stating that the “Notes” are “culled from a range of Oriental tongues such as few scholars have ever encompassed, and they have not been taken from translations, but mostly from untranslated original texts, the literature of China, Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet, and the Sanscrit, Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, Pali, Burmese, Malay, and all the Semitic, Persian, and Turco-Finnic languages, as well as Georgian, Armenian, and Russian, having been laid under contribution. Few readers will be able to gather from the simple and unpretending references at the bottom of each page the marvellous extent of Oriental reading which has furnished the author with parallel passages from the vast literature of the East.”

The results of this patient work—extended over more than half a century—were recorded upon sheets of blue foolscap, every quotation being written with marvellous symmetry and power. No one who examines the MS. volume can fail to be struck with the manifest excellence of the penmanship. Dr. Malan seemed so to infuse himself into the particular language with which he was dealing at the moment, as to catch the spirit of the very letters, so that it is questionable whether any scribe of the East could excel him in such transcription. When the work had so far progressed that he was able to estimate the probable amount of paper requisite for his purpose, Dr. Malan himself bound the folios into a

massive volume. This volume was eventually presented to the Library of the Indian Institute at Oxford, where it now reposes, a fitting monument to his memory, as it was the beloved companion of his life.

It was his custom to make his children, in their youthful days, commit to memory and repeat to him daily before breakfast some verses of the Book of Proverbs. They stood before him in order of age, and each said a verse in turn. This order becoming a habit, it occurred to the children that the labour might be lightened by each learning only the verses that would fall to their share of repetition. On one occasion the father thought fit to reverse the order, with the result of shame and confusion in the ranks. “I’ve found you out now!” he exclaimed, and, while administering his rebukes against conduct that savoured of deceit, his eye twinkled with (possibly) the sentiment of the lord who commended the unjust steward.

Perceiving that his daughter Edith was gifted with a good memory, he once offered her a prize if she would learn the whole Book of Proverbs by heart. In less than a month she presented herself before him ready to prove her qualification for the promised reward; and, although he tested her title to it by the most rigid examination, she fully justified her claim, and satisfied him that she really had committed the whole book to memory.

Dr. Malan shows in his “Notes” that there is not a verse in the Book of Proverbs which does not find abundant parallels in Eastern literature. Many of these are delightful in their quaint originality and epigrammatic terseness. Had the commentators had access to the treasure-house, of which he alone possessed the key, how they might have inundated their commentaries with gems of the first water, dug first-hand from primeval mines.

In dealing with the subject as Dr. Malan has done, he consummates a work, so audacious in its scheme, so gigantic in its embrace, as altogether to eclipse all previous efforts of those who have set themselves to commentate on the book.

Obviously his plan is the only one that commends itself as really satisfactory. The great king was learned in all the wisdom of the East. How should one illustrate and expound his writings except by studying that same wisdom? As Joseph stored the garners of Egypt with corn like the sand of the sea during the years of plenty, wherewith to supply the hungry in the years of famine, so did this great Orientalist store his garners with grain during the fifty years of his power with untiring diligence, gathering from every source, and when the days drew nigh in which he could take no pleasure, he brought forth the accumulated wealth of his labours for the enlightenment of the unlearned.

The "Notes" were published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate in three volumes, dated respectively 1889, 1892, 1893. With reference to this work, Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese at Oxford, writes:—"The time and labour, bodily and mental, which this immense compilation must have required, can hardly be estimated. The originals were in Chinese, Japanese, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, Latin, and a multitude of works in other languages, and the quotations from them are all well and clearly written and, so far as my examination of them has gone, correctly translated. I can only think of the collection as a pyramid of various learning, hardly to be paralleled."

The Rev. Robert Sinker, D.D., also alludes to the "Notes on the Proverbs" in the following interesting letter:—

"... I rejoice much to think that you are intending to publish some account of the life and writings of Dr. Malan. Such work as his was, carried out for so long a course of years, fully demands it.

"My acquaintance with him, which gradually ripened, I can fully say for myself, into a very deep and warm friendship, began about twenty years ago in this way. I had been reading his book, 'Philosophy or Truth?' which discussed some of the numerous errors in Dean Stanley's 'Jewish Church.' Reference was therein made to the Armenian

version of a work of which I had just edited the Greek text, the ‘Testamenta XII. Patriarcharum;’ and I ventured to consult Dr. Malan, then a perfect stranger to me, on the subject. He gave me, I need not say, a most courteous and kindly answer and put me in the way of obtaining all the information I sought.

“From that time forward I gradually got into the way of consulting him on various difficulties when I got beyond my bounds in a learned subject. Both then and now, as I look back on those times, I know not which impressed me most: his marvellous store of learning, on which he seemed to draw as on a store-room where all was in most perfect order; the kindness with which, amid a multiplicity of work, he always gave help ungrudgingly; or the transparent, simple humbleness with which he, *inter doctos doctissimus*, never seemed to give a thought to the wonderful position he occupied.

“My own knowledge of Eastern languages is confined to Hebrew and Aramæan; and after Dr. Malan had given a large proportion of his books to Oxford, when I fear his sight was beginning to fail, he answered my questions on such points as the exact meaning of passages in the Armenian and Ethiopic versions of the Bible, as readily and as fully as if he had come straight from a special study of the points I raised.

“Of course, it is not hard to find men who are profound experts in a group of languages—the marvel in Dr. Malan’s case was that he mastered a group as most men would master a single language: and this not as a mere Mezzofanti, but with the keenest appreciation of the literature into which he broke, as well as the purely linguistic side of the matter. Such works as that on the Revised Version of the New Testament, or the translation in parallel columns of the eleven oldest versions of S. John (exclusive of the Latin), are works which, I suppose, no other man in England could have done.

“My friend, Bishop Moule, of Mid-China, told me that he had read with much interest and admiration Dr. Malan’s little *brochure* on the ‘New Corean Version of the Gospels.’

“I think myself if Dr. Malan’s claim to be viewed as a

learned man were to be made to rest on one book, there is one book which amply suffices—the ‘Notes on the Book of Proverbs.’ He kindly gave me a copy of it—the last volume reaching me just after last New Year’s Day. The array of languages here is marvellous—Sanskrit and Tibetan, Chinese and Burmese, Tamil and Telugu, Hebrew and Arabic, and a small army more. Yet it is no mere compilation, the result of other men’s work; it is the genuine fruit of honest study, and is a most delightful book.

“In all Dr. Malan’s letters I was impressed not only by the humility, which was so unconscious of the vast superiority of his learning to my own, but by the strength of his faith in the Divine Character of God’s Word. Some men may have been led by a little dabbling in learning into forms of unbelief; his vast learning seemed to emphasise his view of the Bible. For the prevailing theories, which would hack and hew the Old Testament as a mere congeries formed by chance, when or by whom we know not, he spoke always in terms of the strongest reprobation.

“It was to me very touching when, last summer, Dr. Malan asked my acceptance of a number of books, Hebrew and other, which his sight no longer allowed him to use. As late as about Nov. 10th, he sent me a book which, I need not say, I prize *most* highly—his Hebrew Bible, ‘which has been his close companion for more than 50 years.’

“Believe me, most truly yours,

“ROBERT SINKER.

“TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

“Dec. 4th, 1894.”

In presenting the MS. of “Notes on the Proverbs” to the Indian Institute, Dr. Malan wrote as follows to Sir Monier Williams:—

“BOURNEMOUTH,

“Sept. 7th [1892.]

“DEAR SIR MONIER,

“As I was debating where to find a safe resting-place for my MS. Notes on the Proverbs (about 16,000 translated

and copied by me whole or in part in their native dress), the ‘Report’ of the Curators of the Indian Institute you gave my son when he did himself the honour of calling on you at Enfield House, fell in my hands. I found that there is a safe place for MSS. at the Indian Institute, where they will be taken [care] of.

“That decided me on presenting my MS. Notes to the Indian Institute. That seems the right place for it. It is a kind of witness of some of the use I made of most of the books that stand on your shelves at the Indian Institute.

“I shall send a small box—the very last—of books to the Indian Institute. I believe that, if reckoned, my books, large and small, would exceed 4,000 volumes. May they give as much pleasure and prove as useful to others as they did to me.

“The Oriental Congress is in full swing; but I can’t find an account of it anywhere. I never thought much of it, and thought best to keep out of it. When I look back 50 or 60 years, what a start Oriental studies have taken since then—a proof that good taste is being revived among men. . . .

“Yours very sincerely,

“S. C. MALAN.”

Dr. Malan was disappointed at the meagre notice taken of his work by the Press. In a letter to the writer (who had sent him some remarks on Vol. III.), dated “West Cliff Hall,” Feb. 4th, 1894, he said:—

“... Your letter delighted me. It was wonderfully interesting. Your good opinion of my book was very comforting, for not a word is said about it. Reviewers have agreed among themselves that it shall be still-born: either because they are too stupid to see anything in it; or, rather, they ignore it from prejudice, which is more likely. . . . You would be the very man to write a review of it; but it would never do to come from you. I enclose the only notices I have seen of it.”

After such encouragement, let the attempt *pace patris* be made. It is a task of peculiar attraction, inasmuch as the

“Notes” comprise a part of his life-work most intimately connected with the man himself—running like a golden thread through all the long tissue of sixty years—from Oxford to the end—embroidered upon all the vicissitudes of varied time and scene—the balm of care, the consolation of sorrow, the refreshment of weariness. It is fitting that this *magnum opus* of his life should be crowned with the chief chaplet of praise by such of his friends as could best estimate its worth.

A cursory glance at any page of the work will show the careful manner in which the reference to every quoted passage is given in a numbered foot-note. But the abbreviations employed render it impossible in most cases for any but an expert to interpret the name of the work and author, much less the language of the quotation. This disadvantage to the general reader was so palpable, that Dr. Malan was asked to supplement his work with a brief philological and historical notice of every authority quoted. But his failing sight and separation from his library were impediments, and he had no inclination for the task. It had been his way to gather the choice fruits from the immensity of the store at his disposal, simply for his own delectation, without consideration for the deficiencies of lesser intellects. That life-long solace had been enjoyed in the solitude of his sanctuary—where none might intrude to criticise or hazard a suggestion—with the result that his work is shorn of a measure of practical utility. Truly he obeyed the exhortation of the ancient sage who wrote:—“From the cradle to the grave seek after knowledge. It is the deep without a shore. But pearls lie not on the sea-shore—if thou desirest one, thou must dive for it.” Those who lack the power to dive must perforce stand aloof.

The plan of the work is to take the Book of Proverbs, verse by verse. The wording of the Authorised Version is then examined, and where that is found to be defective, amendments are suggested. Then each verse is illustrated with gems of Oriental wisdom for the most part, though Occidental languages are freely taxed for contributions.

A perusal of the volumes will introduce the reader to many a terse expression of “the experience of nations and the wit of one”—“savoury, sapient, elegant and sharp answers, in which Easterns delight,” says Dr. Malan—though none ever delighted in them more than Dr. Malan himself. The reader will find familiar proverbs unearthed from primitive hiding-places; familiar fables traced among the nations of antiquity; he will notice particularly how animals, flowers and fruits naturally lend themselves for teaching or illustrating home-truths; he will find sublime apostrophes of the Creator, and of eternal wisdom, even among the nations who knew not God.

The following are selected from his amendments of the Authorised Version:—

On Proverbs xii. 25, “Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad” (with which, by the way, the Revised Version agrees), Dr. Malan says, “Authorised Version is here a translation of the Vulgate rather than of the Hebrew, that cannot be thus rendered. . . . The LXX. and the old versions have all stumbled more or less at this passage, of which the sense seems to be: ‘(If) heaviness (is) in the heart of man, let him keep it down, and a good word will make it glad.’”

Ch. xvi. 1. “The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, *is* from the Lord.” Here Authorised Version agrees with the Vulgate rather than with the original, which is: “To man [belong the] preparations of [the] heart, but from Jehovah cometh the answer of [the] tongue.” LXX. is in hopeless confusion. (Revised Version concurs: “The preparations of the heart belong to man: But the answer of the tongue is from the Lord.”)

Ch. xvii. 12. “Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.” Authorised Version reads as if “a bear robbed of her whelps had better meet a man than a fool in his folly.” Whereas the Hebrew means: “meet a bear robbed (of her whelps) by a man, and not a fool in his folly.” (Revised Version is identical with Authorised Version.)

Ch. xviii. 24. "A man *that hath* friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend *that* sticketh closer than a brother." Dr. Malan upholds the translation of Gesenius and others: "A man has many friends (acquaintances) for his ruin," they may do him more harm than good; "but one who really loves him, will stick to him closer than a brother." (Revised Version reads: "He that maketh many friends *doeth it* to his own destruction: But there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.")

Ch. xxi. 4. "The plowing of the wicked, *is sin.*" Authorised Version is no rendering of the Hebrew, and is not clear. The sense in which all the old versions, Chald., Syr., LXX., Vulg. and Armen. take it, is preferable: "An high look, and a proud heart, and the lantern of the wicked (that lights him in darkness) are all error." (Revised Version reads "the lamp of the wicked.")

Ch. xxi. 6. "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue *is a vanity* tossed to and fro of them that seek death." Authorised Version: "tossed to and fro" is not in the Hebrew. . . . "Vapour"—possibly that causes the mirage in the desert, which is followed by the thirsty traveller, but recedes before him, and then vanishes away. . . . An image well suited to the place. (Revised Version, "is a vapour driven to and fro.")

Ch. xxi. 8. "The way of man *is* froward and strange: but *as for* the pure, his work is right." Authorised Version and most versions stumble at this verse. . . . the sense being: "The way of a man burdened with the feeling of guilt is crooked; but to the innocent, his way is straight." (Revised Version closely agrees: "The way of him that is laden with guilt is exceeding crooked: But as for the pure, his work is right.")

Ch. xxvi. 15. "The slothful hideth his hand in *his* bosom." Not "in his bosom," but "in the dish" placed upon the small table around which the company sits, and into which every one dips his sop: S. John xiii. 26. (Revised Version: "The sluggard burieth his hand in the dish.")

In the next verse (xxvi. 16), “The sluggard *is* wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason,” to which rendering Revised Version adheres. Dr. Malan dwells on the literal meaning of the Hebrew, “men that return a savoury, sapient, elegant and sharp answer in which Easterns delight.”

Ch. xxvi. 22. “The words of a tale-bearer *are* as wounds.” “As tit-bits,” not “as wounds.” (Revised Version: “The words of a whisperer are as dainty morsels.”)

Ch. xxvi. 28. “A lying tongue hateth *those that are* afflicted by it.” Not so, “those who afflict it,” by showing its deceit. (Revised Version, “those whom it has wounded.”) In this instance he differs emphatically from both Authorised Version and Revised Version.

It is interesting to observe, from these few examples, that he was ready enough to acquiesce in the correction of manifest errors of translation in Authorised Version. Let it also be borne in mind that his amendments were suggested independently of the Revised Version.

From amid the wealth of smart sayings which lie embedded in the “Notes,” the following are selected:—

“Why dost thou sell thy house? Because I cannot sell my neighbour.”

“Learn wisdom as if dying to-morrow.”

“Repair your water-pipes on a fine day.” (Mandchus.)

“An impudent face is gehenna.” (Rabbis.)

“A wise man’s advice to a fool is like singing to stones.”

“One moon scatters the gloom; not so a number of stars.”

“Cheap makes a spendthrift.” (Telugus.)

“Diligence is a merchandise that yields large profits.” (Arabs.)

“Tread on thorns while thy sandals are on thy feet.”

“When it is fine, carry your umbrella.” (Chinese.)

“Pitchers go to the river, but broken ones, whither?”

“Sweeter than ambrosia,” say the Tamils, “is the rice cooled by the little hand of one’s child passing through it.”

“Fleeing from the rain he met the hail.” (Turks.)

“Out of keeping, like a gold nose-ring on a swine’s snout, or beauty on a silly woman.”

“Water taken from a well springs up again.”

“The hand that gives is above the one that receives.” (Arabs.)

“The trees that bear fruit are alone pelted with stones.”

“He who goes with a lame man learns to limp.” (Hungarian.)

“Touching pitch—smeared black.” (Japanese.)

“If thou be drinking milk in a toddy-shop, all men will say it is toddy.”

“A wise man receives a blow when praised by a fool.”

“To every weeping there is one laugh.”

“He who has seen a serpent is afraid of a strip of bark.” (Ethiopic.)

“Think twice and speak once.” (Turkish.)

“If thou wilt be great, be small.” (Bengali.)

“Health is better than wealth.” (Osmanlis.)

“Speak not railing words even to an enemy: Like the echo from a rock, they will immediately spring the result back upon thyself.”

“Is a river said to be impassable? I think it passable, and cross it.”

“Patience is bitter, but the fruit of it is sweet.” (Persian.)

“As the camel, so is the burden,” say the Rabbis.

“One false move loses the game.” (Chinese.)

“Carcases float on the surface of water; therefore do not spread untruths.” (Burmese.)

“The poor man has no friend but his own shadow.” (Mongols.)

“Him whom the Sultan favours, Satan lets off.” (Arabs.)

“The ear is adorned by the hearing—not by the earring.” (Hindoo.) [Evidently a smart translation.]

“God bless him who pays visits—but short ones.” (Egyptian.)

“He that praises thee to thy face is a disciple of the devil.” (Georgian.)

“Better is a blind uncle than none.” (Bengali.)

“Praising a man for his gift is like asking for more.” (Arabs.)

“Excess of politeness becomes rudeness.” (Javanese.)

Many of his favourite sayings—familiar as household words at Broadwindsor—are found credited to their original source:—

“Men are wolves who devour one another; and he who is not a wolf is devoured by the rest.” (Arabic.) So also Plautus: “*Lupus est homo homini.*”

“It is easier to catch a tiger on the hills than to get a man to help you.” (Chinese.)

“He who buys what he does not want, shall have to sell what he cannot spare.” (Arabs.)

“Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.” (Rabbi Simeon.)

“The woman either builds the house, or destroys it.” (Osmanli.)

“What is learnt in youth is engraved on stone; but what is learnt in old age is written on sand.”

One familiar proverb is conspicuous by its absence. It sounded to the children like *Bhunktvā Rāja-vad āsita* (Sanskrit)—“After dinner sit like a king”—repeated, how often! at the dinner table by the anxious mother, when the congested state of the Vicar’s noble brow betokened blood to the head, and fond affection pleaded that time might be allowed for digestion, before he returned to the all-engrossing books. It was sometimes capped by another—“There is only one forenoon to the day!”

“Man is the architect of his own fortune.”

Dr. Malan’s habit of quoting Rabbinical apophthegms was so common that his children learnt to travesty the custom. A laugh was often drawn from the father by some spurious quotation coined for the purpose at the

mint of juvenile wit, to disarm parental authority. For example, when the annual visit to the dentist at Exeter was in prospect, evasion from the ordeal might have been attempted by such argument as this: "Why should I go? My teeth are all right. Don't you know that the Rabbis say, 'It is easier to drive a man free from toothache into the den of a lion, than into the den of a dentist.'"

The cosmopolitan character of many familiar proverbs is exemplified:

"Walls have ears and fields have eyes." (Georgian.)
"The very beams of thy house are witnesses," say the Rabbis. "The stick has eyes." (Japanese.)

"Misfortunes never come singly." "Upon every misfortune lies another." (Arabic.) "Nulla calamitas sola."

"All that glitters is not gold." "Non omne quod micat, aurum est."

"Two of a trade never agree." "Every trade is inimical to the same." (Persian.) "Because," say the Georgians, "one tradesman knows another."

"New brooms sweep clean." "A new broom of strong cocoanut fibre," say the Singalese, "sweeps clean." To which the Georgians add—"but an old one scrapes up the sand."

The rustic wit of Broadwindsor, mentioned elsewhere, in capping a Singalese proverb with a Georgian, proves that the heaven of the good Vicar's genius was not altogether lost upon his flock.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The Singalese say, "Like letting go a bird in the hand to catch one in the bush." The Georgians, "An egg to-day is better than a fowl to-morrow." "To-day's hen is better than to-morrow's goose." (Osmanlis.) "Better a minnow in the hand than a salmon swimming in the river." (Welsh.)

"More haste, less speed." "Don't run too fast, and you will not fall," say the Hindoos. "It is the haste of a man that kills him" say the Arabs, and "Perish haste—for haste

causes delay.” “If you are in a hurry, go round,” say the Japanese.

“Thou canst not gather grapes from thorns” say the Arabs.

“No rose without thorns—no pleasure without pain.” (Turks.)

Many of Æsop’s Fables either find in Oriental languages their original source, or have been translated into these, *e.g.*, “The Goose with the Golden Egg,” “The Cock and the Pearl” (Chinese), “The Boy and the Frogs” (Telugu), “The Man and the Drowning Lad,” “The Wolf and the Lamb,” “The Wolf and the Crane,” etc.

On “The Ass in the Lion’s Skin,” Dr. Malan writes: “In the *Sinhacharma jataka*, whence this fable has found its way all over the world, it was a merchant who clothed his ass in a lion’s skin in order to let it graze at liberty everywhere. It was attacked for trespassing; it brayed, and was killed. So *Hitopadesa*, bk. iii., fab. 3. But in the Calcutta edition, 1830, the ass is clothed in a tiger’s skin, whence the Javanese proverb, ‘A tiger’s skin for headgear.’”

“The Maid and the Milk-can.” Calilah tells it thus: “A poor man put milk and honey in a jar, and said, I will sell that for a dinar, and with it buy goats, oxen, a field, and seed to sow. I shall marry and have a son. If he misbehave I will give him the stick—thus! brandishing the stick which broke the jar.”

The habits and idiosyncrasies of animals provided the ancients with a fertile source of proverbial lore.

“Follow the owl,” say they in Egypt, “and it will bring you to ruinous places.” “Take the raven for thy guide,” say the Arabs, “and he will bring you to carcasses of dead dogs.”

“Though cows be of different colours, yet is milk always white. So is the path of wisdom one, though virtues differ.”

“A draught of milk given to a serpent only increases his

venom. So, also, advice given to fools tends to wrath rather than to peace. . . . Like spitting to the wind, it falls back upon one's face."

"Fortune follows the lion-hearted man who never flags in his efforts; while craven men say, luck must give it."

"If Peter's ass work for Paul, it will leave its skin on the road" (by dint of incessant work), say the Georgians.

"Like a shrimp, the froward man hops backwards." (Bengali.)

"The lion's pride becomes a lion only."

"He who will catch fish," say the Georgians, "must often go out and get wet."

"First tie thy donkey," says the Turk, "and then commend it to God." And, "Die not, O donkey; spring is coming, and clover will grow."

Of a malicious man.—"Even the Indian elephant is afraid of the gad-fly."

"When frogs are the talkers, then silence is most becoming." (Sanskrit.) "A cat that mews catches no mice." (Georgian.)

"Where the carcase lies, there the vultures come," say they in Bengal.

"When the iguana becomes an alligator, then the river is not at peace."

"Only when the tank is full do frogs flock to it." (Telugu.)

"The kite is known by his flight, and the diligent man by his walk." (Telugu.) [The vigorous firmness of Dr. Malan's walk was eminently characteristic of strong purpose.]

On being overwhelmed by misfortunes.—"However much water may overflow, it will only be up to the frog's neck."

"When a man falls on the road, even a crow pecks at him." (Persian.) "When an elephant is fallen into a pit, even a frog will give him a kick backwards." (Bengali.)

"The frog at the bottom of the well knows nothing of the great sea." (Japanese.)

"You waste labour in pounding a donkey to make it a horse." (Bengali.)

“Red is a fox even when dead.” (Finns.)

Dr. Malan's love of birds prompted him to give at length two modern stories—the only two which are found in his work. He illustrates, ch. xiii. 4, “He that openeth wide his mouth shall have destruction,” by the fable of “The Two Geese and the Tortoise,” friends that lived together in the same pond. But fishers preparing to catch them, the geese each seized one end of a stick in its beak, telling the tortoise to bite and hold tight to the middle of the stick. Thus they started to fly to another pond, and the tortoise, opening its mouth, had destruction. He then quotes a story from the “Animal World” (November, 1875), of two sparrows rescuing a crippled sparrow that had fallen to the ground, with a twig held in their beaks, according to the same process. The other anecdote he takes from “The Fireside” (May, 1890), of a mother-sparrow restoring a fallen nestling to the nest by means of a straw.

Trees, flowers, and fruits, likewise furnished the Oriental sages with food for proverbs:

“Better a kala-berry eaten to-day than a jack-fruit eaten to-morrow.”

“A cucumber at once, better than a pumpkin later.”

“The lotus flower grows from the mud.”

“Cut the pumpkin and cook it while the fire is burning.”

“No good sprout will grow out of rotten seed.” (Mongols.)

“Everybody hacks at the fallen oak.” (Greek.)

“A little musk scents him who rubs it.”

“If thou wilt eat the kernel of the nut, break the shell.” (Latin.)

“Fruit ripening under the leaves is not more agreeable than pleasant writing on a white sheet of paper.” (Arabs.)

“A forbidden apple is sweetest.” (Hungarian.)

The sublime encomium upon Eternal Wisdom in ch. viii. is illustrated by many striking and magnificent passages, *e.g.*, from the Book of Enoch: “Blessed art Thou, Lord, O King; great and powerful art Thou in Thy greatness!

Lord of all the hosts of heaven! there is not anything too difficult for Thee; there is no wisdom Thou hast not traversed."

"When the whole universe was still in darkness, unseen and imperceptible, as it were buried in sleep, then the Eternal, Himself indiscernible, brought all into being." (Manu.)

"I am heaven-born, says Wisdom. I am the great lamp of intrinsic knowledge. I wear the diadem of knowledge. I am prince of the most perfect."

Sublime rhapsodies of creation, quoted from many tongues are too numerous and lengthy to recount.

The stately metaphors of T'hargyan—"What is life? It is an arrow shot upwards into the air that soon returns to whence it came. It is water running down a precipitous mountain. Many chances befall this life from the air, from the flitting of a bubble"—seem to find an echo in the verses of a modern poet (H. King):

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night."

The wise king had much to say about woman, a subject on which the ancient sages were eloquent in strains complimentary and otherwise.

"A woman's jewels are not to be compared to the ornament of modesty in her."

"A smiling woman and a weeping man are not to be trusted," say the Tamils; also, "He who hearkens to a woman's advice is a fool."

"Open not thy windows (eyes) before the bows of angels" (women's eyebrows).

The custom in the East for women to paint the inside of the eyelids with "kohl" (black antimony), to give them a dark hue that sets off the white of the eye and deep black of

the pupil, was introduced by the wicked angel Azazel, who so taught the daughters of Cain.

In the nether world Arda Viraf saw the souls of women in torments, "who on earth painted their faces and wore false hair." . . . And one, "gnawed and stung by scorpions," who "dressed her hair-curls over the fire." Dr. Malan refers to "a remarkably prophetic passage in the Vishnu Purana, about such practices in the present time," which he does not quote.

"Ten measures of talk," say the Rabbis, "fell upon the earth: women took nine measures for themselves, and left one for the rest." "Where there is no mother-in-law the daughter-in-law is exalted." (Telugu.)

Dr. Malan was always particular about neatness of dress in women. "The secret of good dressing," he said, "is that no one should notice what you have on," basing his verdict on the Japanese saying: "A well-conducted woman dresses according to her station without show." "If the housewife is blind, all the pots get broken."

"There are three kinds of wives," say the Arabs, "the wife for beauty, the wife for life, and the wife for her dowry." ["The one for life is best," adds Dr. Malan, within a year of celebrating his golden wedding.]

"A good wife will hide her husband's faults; she will drink vinegar at his hand without making a wry face."

"He whose wife speaks unkindly to him had better go into the jungle."

Solomon's exhortations to his son elicit a copious fund of illustration, from which the following examples are selected.

"One gifted son is better than a hundred fools." "A son who is always on his mother's lap, turns out good for nothing." (Japanese.) "I brought him up as a puppy," says the Turkish mother, "and when he grew up a dog, he bit me."

Many a boy nowadays might learn wisdom from the Chinese youth, who was so diligent that he wore his ink-slab

into a hole by dint of rubbing his ink-tablet on it. (English boys have been known to wear school-desks into holes by methods not so indicative of diligence.)

"Repeat and go over," said the Rabbis, "and thou shalt require no balsam" (for purposes that need not be explained).

"The pupil honours his teacher by going about with him, but at seven feet distance behind him, for fear of treading on his shadow." (Japanese.)

Prince Ptah-hotep (B.C. 3500), "in the oldest book extant, Abraham may have read it in Egypt," says: "Obedience is a blessing to the obedient. He who honours his father, mention of him will be in the mouths of all men, now and hereafter."

It is to be hoped that the Osmanli proverb is obsolete: "Send the boy for fruit—but go thyself after him." And parents might be found to demur to the Chinese, who say: "He who is really fond of his son gives him plenty of the stick." "The demon flees before blows well given," say they in Bengal.

"The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth," says the wise king, and schoolmasters often have good reason to believe him.

"A whole family is adorned by a well-educated son," say the Hindoos, "as a diadem by a pearl set upon it."

The Chinese instruct their children with pictures of filial piety not lacking humour. "Han-wam-Te during three years tasted every medicine for his mother. Tung-yung sold himself to defray the expenses of his father's funeral. Tae-hum fed his poor mother with ripe mulberries, and ate the unripe ones himself. [With what consequences it is not stated.] Woo-mang fed the mosquitoes on his arm, to prevent their buzzing round his father's head."

One subordinate source of keen relish, in the last recension of this life-work, drew from Dr. Malan's pen touches of a personal nature. It pleased his fancy to prove that words of wisdom, uttered in the dawn of history, had not lost poignancy of application in the nineteenth century. Always

professing himself “a Tory to the backbone,” and ever fierce in his denunciation of political opponents, he revelled in fitting shafts to his bow gathered from the arsenals of antiquity. Thus, quoting from Homer, *Il.* iii. 213:—“Menelaus spoke fluently few words—for he was neither a man of words nor a random talker,”—he adds: “Student of Homer, hearken!” (His comments are given below in brackets.)

“He whose measure we cannot take, cannot be understood,” say the Hindoos. [Truly history repeats itself.]

“As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death.” [Exemplified at the present time when overweening vanity, reckless ambition, and blinding egotism think it sport to inflame and deceive others, deliberately sowing the wind for others to reap the whirlwind—and come it will.]

“Tall talk and long speeches do not possess one speck of truthful action.” [How applicable to politics of the present day!] “When a crafty man speaks fair, it is from his own wishes, not out of respect for others. The voice of the night-bird on the wing is a bad omen,” says the Tibetan. [How true!]

“A scorpion’s sting is hidden under that man’s earnest counsel,” say the Arabs.” “Thy tongue is indeed to be dreaded.” [Now, as in those days.]

On xxv. 8. “Go not forth hastily to strive,” etc. The Chinese say, “Do not hearken to the instigations of lawyers who recommend lawsuits.” [A wise advice: for true is the proverb, “In law the first loss is the least.”] The Singalese say, “The suitor is but a crab sporting in the water that will make it red” (by boiling it.) “He is but a grasshopper hopping into the fire, in order to put it out.” (Telugus.) “Like an areca-nut in the nippers.”

Dr. Malan appreciated the behest of Rabbi Tibbon, who said in his will, “My son, make thy books thy companions, as Ben Mishle says: ‘My books are my garden and paradise.’” “If you collect books for your children,

they will not be able to read them," says a Chinese sage. Surely through the parental mind must have flitted a thought of personal application as he transcribed the passage. The thought sometimes vexed him that none of his sons inherited his genius. On the other hand he made no attempt to lead them into the path of linguistic study. He declined even to encourage French spoken at meals.

The remark of Bhartrihari caused a smile to twinkle on his face: "Men not fond of music are like brutes without horns and tail."

Of striking merit are the comparisons in the following sentiments: "The wretched man, who in this busy world does not practise devotion, only cooks weeds in a saucepan adorned with jewels, or ploughs his field with a golden plough to sow tares, or fences his land with a hedge after cutting down his camphor-trees to grow crops of inferior grain."

"Hope is but a river, and treasures are the water of it, thirst for gain is but the morning waves, passions are the crocodiles in it, and destruction is the birds thereof. It carries away the tree of constancy; it is most difficult to cross, because of the whirlpools of folly. It is edged with lofty thoughts for its banks. Good and holy men who come to it, rejoice at the sight of it."

"The day of death is called 'the day of the kiss,' when the two worlds kiss each other. It is so called in order to express the soft departure of the souls of good men from their bodies, as softly as a hair is taken out of milk."

In the passage (ch. xiv. 21) "He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he," Dr. Malan substitutes, as nearer the Hebrew, "God bless him!" There is a sympathetic tenderness in his interpretation of the sentiment, which he must have heard, times untold, from the lips of his Broadwindsor poor.

"This world passes away. Wilt thou compare the body to anything? It is like the changeable surface of the field, when the hoar-frost melts away, trodden by the foot of one man and then of another. A dream of dreams."

“At that time they will rejoice with exceeding joy, and delight themselves in the Holy One. . . . And in those days, grief and sorrow, toil and plagues, shall not come near them.” (Book of Enoch.) “And when the soul of the pious goes onwards after passing the bridge Chinvat, a sweet-scented breeze comes to greet him. And the soul asks, What breeze is this? Then Shrosh answers, It is the breeze of paradise that smells so sweet.” (Mainyo.)

Dr. Malan closes his work thus: “‘Tell me,’ said King Milinda to Nagasena, ‘the works, good and bad, done by oneself, where are they laid up?’ ‘O king,’ answered Nagasena, ‘those works follow one like a shadow, incessantly, for ever.’”

And he adds, “Joh. Buxtorf ends his work on the Targum and text of the Proverbs with these words (in Hebrew characters):

“‘The Book of Proverbs is finished: praise be to the living God.’”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST YEAR, 1894.

Gradual Decay of Bodily Strength—Extracts from Letters to Dr. Sinker—
Mrs. Malan's Account—Bournemouth Cemetery.

HIS last illness was mercifully attended by little severe suffering. "I could not be let down more gently," he sometimes said. "There's nothing left but for God to take me to His kingdom." The gradual increase of weakness and aversion to food gave occasion to longer periods of sleep during the day; but in waking moments he was himself till the end of consciousness. Himself, in the old brusque impatience and love of humorous jest, in terse expression and abrupt transitions; as young in heart as when he fished at Toller—clear-headed in giving his last injunctions. Often, on waking, he would speak of something on his mind, particularly directions about his books, the disposal of his plate, etc. More than once he said to his married sons: "Train up your children for the life to come; this present life matters very little."

It was his desire to be buried in a churchyard, and he expressed a preference for that of S. Augustine's Church, built by Canon Twells—not aware that no burial-ground is attached to it. On Saturday, November 17th, he gave explicit directions about his funeral; "I wish it all to be as plain as possible—no flowers—no carriages. On the stone put, 'Waiting till He come.'"

It gave him the greatest comfort to have his hair combed by my hand. He himself, all unconsciously, had taught me the art some five-and-thirty years before, when he impressed upon me the character of the stroke necessary for drawing

heads in chalk. Little did I think at the time that one day the practice so acquired would be utilised to bring him the only comfort available in the wide world—when the poor, wearied body could find no rest, and sleep seemed banished from his pillow.

The following extracts from letters to Dr. Sinker deserve to be read with special interest, as containing probably the last of Dr. Malan's written words:—

Jan. 25th, 1894 (11 months before his death). “. . . I have, and will have, no sympathy with Wellhausen and Co., whose one object is to pull down the Bible instead of building it up. The other day I had a prospectus sent me of a new Hebrew Bible according to Driver, Cheyne, and other such worthies. There is a knot of them, allied with German and Yankee ‘savants,’ who, in that programme, printed apart the portions of Job as a specimen—which they did not think up to their mark! Whither will arrogance and effrontery go next? I replied to the bookseller who favoured [me] with that document, that I am satisfied with my Hebrew Bible as it is, and has been—without any tinkering, at least by such hands.”

April 24th, 1894 (7 months before the end). “. . . I must try and answer your kind letter to Mrs. Malan, although, as you see, my hand shakes still from weakness. For I have been very ill since I last wrote to you. I suddenly lost nearly six pints of blood in three days, which has brought me very low, at 82 years of age. But God in His mercy spared me yet awhile. My head, however, is still so weak and confused that I can do nothing. Perhaps I may improve.

“I read your article in the ‘Churchman’ on Psalm cx. with great interest. But I think you too lenient. It quite passes my comprehension that, after all that has been said both by our Saviour and others on this Psalm, there can be men of mind so far diseased and reprobate as to treat it with such cruel disrespect. It is one of the signs of the last times, as S. Paul tells us.”

June 4th, 1894 (5 months before the end, in a letter of which the handwriting is much altered). “. . . My illness—God’s visitation—is an ulcer of the stomach; incurable, I fear. I may linger on, but never be well enough to do anything, as my sight is too far gone to enable me to read or write—a very great trial! But God’s will is best.”

June 27th, 1894. “. . . I send you among them [a present of books] my manual Hebrew Bible, that went with me to India, and was a great favourite. But I can’t see to read it now.”

Aug. 3rd, 1894. “. . . One can’t read the Fathers except in folios. The founders and supporters of the Church should be laid as a foundation of large solid stones. I remember better days than the present, when my good friend, Dr. Pusey, used to send us all ‘to the Fathers.’ Now, whom is it to? Some new-fangled blue-light, with some new vagary, to catch the ear of the public.

“I shall feel much interest in your raps at Wellhausen and any other Samaritans of that sort. But my fighting days are over! Thank you for your kind enquiries. My sufferings—more or less—never leave me. But God’s will is best.”

His dear wife has written this account of the last year.

“1894.—In February there was evidence of the internal disease, which ended fatally the following November. During the intervening months there were fluctuations of temporary improvement; but the sentence of death had gone forth, and the physical strength, which had resisted so many previous illnesses, was now visibly declining. His knowledge of medicine probably made this plain to him, but he never talked of it. His studies and his music came to an end. He could no longer visit his friends. The last house he entered was Dr. Scott’s, on his 82nd birthday, April 22nd. Dr. Scott had been intimate with him for years. The two had met at tea every Sunday afternoon until Dr. Scott himself began to fail—and now their last conversation took place, and the thought haunted a third person present,

‘Which of these two will go first?’ Dr. Scott’s death followed a fortnight after his friend’s.

“In the course of the summer Dr. Malan’s few remaining Eastern books were packed and given away. This was the last wrench, and it was bitter work. Yet, amidst all privations, the time never seemed long; and his last summer was the happiest he had known. There was no longer any feverish craving for Japan. Even Wales was impossible. The old impetuosity was often breaking out, but amidst all which was denied him of former pursuits, the back was fitted to the burden.

“Throughout this summer and autumn he received the utmost kindness from Dr. Nankivell, as also from Dr. Ord in Dr. Nankivell’s absence. He rose late, and retired early. Old and valued friends came to see him continually, and his sufferings were mitigated by the kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. Candy and their daughters. He loved to hear hymns repeated, and the last chapters of S. John were his greatest comfort. He heard collects repeated, early every morning; and at last he became reconciled to the impossibility of going to church. He enjoyed carriage-drives and wheel-chairs, as also sitting or lying down in the garden. And his sons visited him.

“There was no marked change till the end of October, when a critical attack came, and he then thought he was dying. His last words on leaving the drawing-room were, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ Dr. Nankivell assisted him to bed, and he never rose from it again.

“Five more weeks of decay followed, and Sunday, November 25th, closed his pilgrimage. He had been unconscious for several days. There were no final words, and at 6.30 P.M. the watchers’ work was over. The church bells were just commencing for the evening service, which he had loved! The conflict ceased, and the spirit fled.”

His body rests in the Cemetery at Bournemouth. Over it is a granite ledger, with a recumbent cross, and the

inscription—"SOLOMON CÆSAR MALAN, D.D., died November 25th, 1894. WAITING TILL HE COME"—because, as he once said to the children in the schoolroom at Broadwindsor, "there is no more death—it is a sleep in Him—between to-day and to-morrow."

NO MORE DEATH—for HE, Who said plainly, "Lazarus is dead"—said likewise, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. . . . I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"For a while the tirèd body
Sleeps with feet towards the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

* * * * *

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sisters, sons, and mother
Meet once more."

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APPENDIX A.

GRATULATORY ADDRESS FROM THE MALANS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WELLINGTON, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

March, 1887.

To our kin in England, Greeting !

Grace, Peace and Joy from Him Who was, is, and shall be, the
 God of our fathers, our God, and the God of our children,
 through Jesus Christ, our Saviour !

WE, descendants of the Huguenot Refugee, JACQUES MALAN, residing at and near Wellington, in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, desire to express our great joy at having, through a letter from Mr. Edward Malan, M.A., F.L.S., of Sherborne, to Mr. Chr. de Villiers, of Cape Town (to whom our *sincerest* thanks are due for his untiring and interesting researches into our family connections), once more become acquainted with our kinsmen in England.

Many of us yet vividly remember the meeting with the late generally beloved and lamented Major C. H. Malan some ten years ago at Wellington. To him we owe our first knowledge of something of the history of our early ancestors. Specially memorable was his description of the early dwelling-place of the Malan family, the estate "Les Malans," close to the village of Mérimindol, in the south of France, mention of which is also made

in the preface of one of his published books. It was through him, too, we first learnt of the present existence of relatives in distant lands.

The interest then awakened in them, though we are sorry it should ever have slackened, has never entirely abated.

From that time Major Malan has been, and still is, the connecting link between you and us. The report of his premature death sincerely affected us; but, "though dead, he yet speaketh." His books are known and read amongst us. His memory is fondly cherished by those who saw and learned to love him. His noble example of a godly life is revered. His name is honoured, and the wish to perpetuate that name, springing from the respect due to such as he, is seen in the fact that, not long ago, a son of the younger branch of the family received, at baptism in the Wellington Church, the name of "Major Malan." We cannot but here convey our very special greetings to, and sincere wishes for God's blessing upon, his widow and only daughter, who have, through and with him, an affectionate place in our hearts.

Through the well-known Reverend Andrew Murray, Moderator (Chairman) of the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church of this Colony, who visited Europe a few years ago, we again learnt some reports about our kinsmen in the Waldensian Valleys. Even more interesting was the issue of a personal acquaintance which some of us formed with the first Waldensian Missionary to Basutoland, the Reverend Weiszacker, at one time Secretary to the Synod of the Vaudois Church. His joy at meeting and seeing so many of the Huguenot descendants at and about Wellington and in the adjacent districts of the Paarl and Stellenbosch, was hardly equal to ours on hearing from him that his wife, who accompanied him, was a Miss Malan, and one of a numerous family of that name residing in those valleys, distant and unknown, yet to imagination dear and familiar, and crowned with undying glory through the blood of their faithful martyrs.

Yet, even after all this, it seemed as if no *permanent* tie of acquaintance could be laid between us. We have, however, a quaint Dutch proverb among us which, translated into English, reads thus: "Where blood cannot run it creeps;" and the time, we believe, has now come when the truth of this adage is to be verified in our case.

We see in all we have mentioned how the same hand of God, which separated our ancestors two centuries ago, has slowly but

surely been drawing us, their children, together again. The renewed desire, both on your part and on ours, to know more of each other, expressed in and awakened by the letter of Mr. Edward Malan, is in this "a token for good," and we earnestly trust that henceforth the bond of blood-relationship may even be more closely drawn and firmly riveted.

Perhaps we, through the means above mentioned, know more about you than you do about us. The name of Dr. César Malan, of Geneva—that "hero in the faith," "whose praise in the Gospel is in many Churches"—cannot indeed but be familiar to more than one of us. In some of the textbooks on Church History, used at the Theological College of our Church at Stellenbosch, his name and achievements are most honorably mentioned. Is his biography ("Life and Writings of César Malan") from the pen of that son of his (Rev. S. C. Malan, formerly of Broadwindsor), whom we have now learnt to know as the father of "our" Major Malan? Most gratifying was to us the report of his attainments in another sphere of knowledge, as likewise the testimony of his having grown grey in his Master's service. To him especially, as, we presume, the head of the family in England, we hereby convey our most cordial and reverent greetings. May the Almighty continue to deal bountifully by him and his! May he yet long be spared for you all, and may our family motto, *DEUS ARX MEA*, be the strength and joy of his declining years!

We know that some information about the family here will interest you, and with this we shall conclude.

The Malan family reside principally round about the town of Wellington, situated some three hours by rail from Cape Town, and one-third that distance from one of the earliest settlements of the Huguenot refugees, a beautiful valley between magnificent mountains, still known by the name of "French Hoek" (corner). They are a large, intelligent and influential family of the Wellington congregation, which has the esteemed Reverend Andrew Murray for its pastor. It is the place where one of the first two missionaries of the Paris Missionary Society settled fully fifty years ago, and where up to this time the work is continued and owned of God.

This mission received, and still receives, the support also of our family; and the name of the aged missionary, who is still living, the Reverend Bisseux, is a household word amongst us.

In the erection of the "Huguenot Seminary," a most flourishing

institution at Wellington for the higher education of our South African young women, some of the members of our family took an active part, and are still represented on the Committee of Management of that school.

Those living about Wellington are mostly, if not entirely, engaged in wine-farming; and some of the most beautiful and fruitful wine farms in the whole of South Africa are in their possession, lying in the fertile valley of the Kromme River, named "Upper Valley" and also "Wagonmaker's Valley," perhaps better known to you as the "Vallée du Charon," in the middle of which is one of the stations of the Paris Missionary Society above mentioned.

We see in the temporal affluence enjoyed by the greater part of the family a fulfilment of the words of the "faithful witness," contained in S. Mark x. 29—30. Surely in these sunny vine-clad vales, with the quaint but stately and substantial farmhouses nestling among the grand old oaks, God has more than an hundredfold restored to the children what their ancestors sacrificed for "His name's sake" in the fair fields of France.

The Church to which we belong is the "Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa." It is by far the strongest Church both in influence and numbers, accepting as its acknowledged symbols the canons of the Synod of Dordrecht (1618 and 1619), the "Confessio Belgica" and the "Heidelberg Catechism."

Several of our family have occupied and do still occupy positions of trust as churchwardens in the Wellington congregation and elsewhere.

Of the Wellington branch of the family not many have followed learned professions. Still, from it have proceeded one medical doctor (an M.B., C.M. of the Edinburgh University), and two young ministers of the Gospel, both B.A.'s of the Cape University. The name of one of these appears on the list of signatures below, while the other is at present completing his theological course at the Edinburgh University.

The language spoken by us goes by the name of "Cape Dutch." French is, unless specially studied at school, unknown among us, the use of it having been officially forbidden not long after the settlement of the French refugees at the Cape. The only *French* pastor who still preached in our mother tongue was Pierre Simond (1688—1701), in memory of whom there exists a school at Drakenstein, named the "Simondium."

The family name is also found in the most distant parts of South Africa, several of them having joined those intrepid burghers of the East, who, dissatisfied with English rule in 1835 and following years, “trekked” (emigrated) to the wild and distant north and north-east. There, after surmounting great natural difficulties, passing through unparalleled dangers and enduring fearful hardships at the hands of the savage tribes of those unexplored regions, they became the founders of the present Colony of Natal and the States now known as the Free State and the Transvaal. Here, too, they belonged to the pioneers of civilization; and though their deeds have often been painted in black colours both here and in England, still, those who know them and their circumstances better honour them as true heroes and heroines—men and women who *feared* God.

The Malans are, as a rule, a long-lived family, several having attained the age of seventy, seeing their grandchildren’s children, while some have even passed into the thin ranks of octogenarians. Generally, too, they are a tall and strong-built race.

The Christian name of our first ancestor continues to be the principal Christian name of the family—Jacques Jean (Dutch, Jacobus Johannes)—being the name of both father and son above mentioned. They are respectively in the fifth and sixth generations in the direct line of descent from the refugee Jacques Malan; but many of the fourth generation are still living.

We have written not in pride, but in grateful acknowledgment of the mercies of Him Who has been our God and the God of our fathers, and Who has blessed us far beyond our deserts.

May the faith of our fathers abide in us as that *living* faith “which overcometh the world.”

May that faith unite us, however distant from each other, by uniting us all and each to GOD OUR FORTRESS.

And may that faith in Him, as the guiding principle of our lives, keep us ever in “the path of the just, which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

So with heartfelt wishes and affectionate greetings to you all, pray

Your brethren in blood, trial and faith,

Signature.	Residence.	Age—Years.
J. J. MALAN ...	Wellington ...	90
J. D. MALAN ...	„ ...	82
D. J. MALAN ...	„ ...	79
and 52 others.		

APPENDIX B.

SUGGESTIONS TO MISSIONARIES.

“YOUR heathen friend is a Brahmin, a good specimen of his caste; grave, learned and courteous: and you enter into conversation with him. The way to begin is not by saying, for instance, as some have done before now: ‘What is that threefold thread across your shoulders? All folly, Kamalakānta! Twice born you! Of what birth? the devil’s, no doubt. Like your first birth, out of the mouth of Brahma, I suppose. Who ever heard of such nonsense?’ and so on, in the strain of certain unguarded, ignorant and light-minded missionaries, who—I say so deliberately—do more harm than good to the cause of the Gospel they attempt to preach; and drive away from the fold of Christ some of the wandering sheep they profess to seek.

“But your feelings of propriety will teach you better things. You will rise when your Brahmin teacher enters the room, and greet him with all due respect. ‘Ayushmān bhavatu bhavān—Long life to you, your worship! Pray sit down. How fresh and green everything looks to-day after last night’s rain! It reminds one of the beauties of Avanti; and the breeze from the river blowing over the lotuses tells of the fragrant breath of day, sung by Kālidāsa in his Meghaduta.’

“K. ‘The sun, too, is not very hot.’

“M. ‘But very brilliant, Kamalakānta. The sun to-day brings to mind, if you will allow me to quote in your ears from the Rig-Veda—‘Tat Savitur varenyam—’

“K. ‘Oh! the gāyatri! You——’

“M. ‘May I go on?’

“K. ‘You may.’

“M. “Bhargo devasya dhimahi
Dhiyo yo na : prachodayat.”

‘We meditate on that pre-eminent light of the brilliant, heavenly, beaming sun: may he rule over and illumine our minds!’

“ K. ‘ May he indeed ! ’

“ M. ‘ I too, Kamalakānta, pray as you do, that the brilliant, heavenly sun may enlighten my mind and warm my heart.’

“ K. ‘ But you do not worship the sun ? ’

“ M. ‘ Do you, then ? ’

“ K. ‘ No. I worship the sun invisible, eternal, of purer light than eyes can behold, of whom the sun in the sky is but a dark emblem.’

“ M. ‘ So do I. I too worship the LORD, Who is a sun and shield ; the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings.’

“ K. ‘ A shield to protect ? Like Indra who “ bharti-opashamiva diam ” (spreads heaven like a covering).’

“ M. ‘ Yes, to protect us, for “ Indra vishwasya rajati ” (Indra reigns over all).

“ Twamasya pare rajaso vyomana : swab’hutyoja avase d’hrishan mana :

Chakrishe b’humim pratimanamojaso pa : swa : parib’hureshya Divam.”

(Firm in thy counsels, O Indra ! thou abidest in thine own strength, even beyond that bright expanse of heaven. Thou hast made the earth ; thou art the type of vigour, and thou hast encompassed the sky and the firmament even unto the heavens !)’

“ K. ‘ Very good.’

“ M. ‘ Who is Indra, Kamalakānta ? ’

“ K. ‘ Indra is Heaven, Our Father. “ Indra kratunna abhara pita putrebhyo yatha ” (O Indra ! bring us wisdom, as a father to his children).’

“ M. ‘ Yes. “ Madhu Diaur astu na : Pita ” (May our Father, Heaven, be favourable to us !)’

“ K. ‘ And again : “ Apir no bodhi, Indra !—twaminna āpyan ” (O Heaven, be our fostering friend ; for thou art akin to us).’

“ Something of this kind might do as a beginning. At all events, you have conciliated your hearer. You may then proceed further, and thus lead him by degrees from natural to revealed truths, and from the consciousness of his own guilt to Him Whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. You may yet save his soul alive, for he feels after God, if haply he may find Him. He spends his life in abstinence and penance, in rites and ceremonies, and in vain repetitions, which give him no peace, for he feels that his sin remains. And yet you may hear him breathe in fervent

prayer and glimmering faith these wonderful words: 'Aditirnu pātu no dushtaram, trāmanam, vacha' (May the Eternal One (invincible, saving Word!) protect us evermore!) While he sets you an example, perhaps, of patience and submission to the will of God and—'Nābhinandeta maranannabhinandeta jīvanam Kalameva prātiksheta nirdeshambhritako yathā' (Neither wishes for death, nor longs for life, but awaits his time as a hired servant does his lord's behest).

"Your intercourse with Buddhists will be more difficult than with Hindoos. Their creed of a deified Intelligence, or Reason, their intricate allegories, and their barren metaphysics, are so different from the Brahminical faith, as to have made a breach between the two systems that will never heal. They have, however, a code of morals even purer than that of Brahmins; nay, some of their precepts only require a spark of life from heaven, instead of from earth, in order to be Christian. But the Buddhist has no hope. His end is *nibbhatti* ('extinction'); the act of the flame going out when, *dīpo nibbhutoti*, a lamp goes out; whereas the flame of a Brahmin's spirit is absorbed into the eternal sun at his death. The Buddhist, therefore, has no real motive of action in the practice of his morals, however good and strict they may be. Your part will be then to try and give him that motive in the fear of God; and if he besets you with reasoning, and sets aside the groundwork of our religion—faith, you may remind him of what Buddha said: 'Grog. po. dag. dad. pa. ni. ch'hos. snan. pai. sgo. ste. Bsam. pa. mi. phyed. par. hgyur. ro.' (Friends! faith is indeed a door to the doctrine of morals (religion): it renders the mind undivided.)

"And again: 'Dad, pai. stovs.' etc. (The power of faith is a door to religion: it enables us to escape clean out of the power of the devil.)

"Having thus established faith as a ground of action, and faith in God as the root of all good works, you may proceed to draw largely from their writings some of the very best moral precepts ever written, and teach your Buddhist friend to practise them from a new motive of action—faith, and therefore the fear of God.

APPENDIX C.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

THE Rev. J. H. Armstrong has supplemented his narrative with the following information :—

“ Soon after our arrival at Smyrna, we were transferred to the Lazaretto on the south of the Gulf, about three miles from the town. The house had been built by a wealthy Turk for himself, but was taken by the authorities for sanitary purposes : attached to it was a large court-yard shaded by three fine plane-trees, beneath which much of our time was passed—the sunny side being occupied by our Turkish fellow-voyagers. The house was in a very dilapidated condition and was infested with fleas. Five of us, Turner, Duff, Malan, Sanders, and myself, had one of the rooms facing the sea. With daily washings we managed to keep our apartment comparatively clean, and passed a very agreeable quarantine of fifteen days.

“ We used to rise between five and six o'clock, and, after reading the Morning Service, we had breakfast, which largely consisted of ripe fruits. Drawing, writing, and reading occupied us during a large part of the day, and made the hours glide insensibly and pleasantly away. We bathed twice a day in the refreshing waters of the beautiful bay, and in the afternoons we took exercise by playing many of our old school games, much to the astonishment of our Turkish companions, who watched us with grave surprise, as we enjoyed them with much of the former zest.

“ Quarantine authorities afford those incarcerated nothing but bare boards and beds ; consequently the first thing we thought of was, how best to provide for our bodily wants of food and drink. On consultation we invited the landlord of the best hotel in Smyrna to come down and make arrangements with us. He had already sent us in food accompanied by an outrageous bill, but two mornings after our incarceration he came down. There was a space two feet wide between a double barricade of palings.

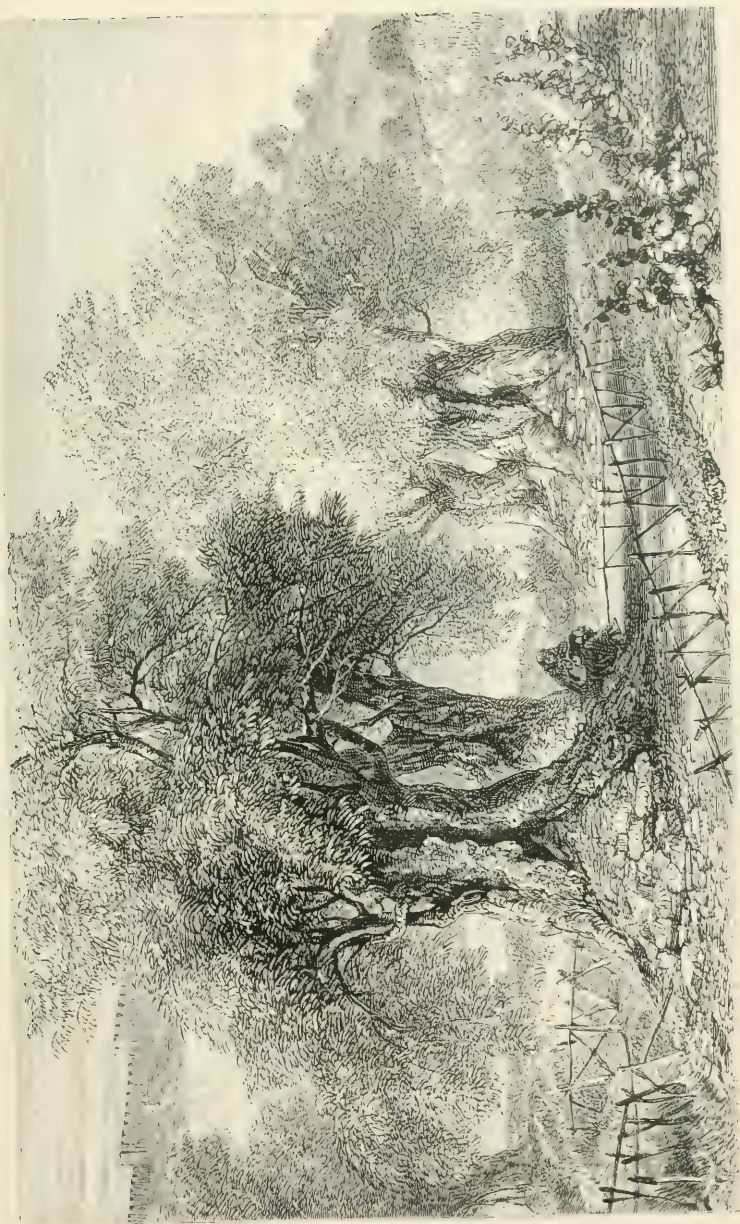
This space was patrolled by a guard, to prevent any personal communication between those detained and others from outside. Our interview with the landlord became rather warm, in consequence of his charges and the quality of the food already supplied. He held out for certain terms, to which we would agree, if only we could have security that the food would be sufficient and good. Some of the party suggested that all would be well if we could have him incarcerated with us. The hint was taken up by one of the long-armed members of our party, who suddenly, in the heat of the discussion, pushed his arm out, and managed to touch the shoulder of the eager landlord. This being observed by the watchful guardian, the landlord was at once turned into quarantine. He was very wrathful, but we somewhat pacified him by saying, that, if we were well treated, he should be fed at our expense. So it came to pass that we had nothing to complain of, so far as he was concerned.

"Our table was spread in the shade. On one occasion we engaged in a frolic, which from throwing a few crumbs developed into hurling pomegranates and water-melons at each other. The Turks on the opposite side of the quadrangle, who seated close to the wall were smoking their pipes in the glare of the sun, looked on with grave equanimity, until at length, by accident or design, two or three pomegranates went over the heads of the combatants and smashed themselves against the wall under which the Turks were reclining. Upon which they rose up and, gravely stroking their beards, retired from the scene.

"On the conclusion of our quarantine Malan took up his residence with Mr. Adjér, an American missionary, who lived in the pretty village of Bournabat, situated under the mountains on the north of the bay."

Further interesting information is gathered from an unpublished record by Mr. Turner, entitled, "A Reliquary from Palestine."

The two parties of English travellers, while sojourning in Jerusalem, would sometimes assemble to read the Evening Service with the Bishop's chaplain in the small octagonal building on the summit of the Mount of Olives, said to mark the scene of the Ascension. "We were able fully to enjoy the great privilege of reading our Evening Service within its walls, and making the hollow dome resound with our best attempt to chant the glorious words, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.'"



Among the crowd of pilgrims was a young Moslem refugee from Candia, who, after enduring persecution, torture, imprisonment, and loss of all his worldly goods, owing to his desire to embrace Christianity, had reached Jerusalem in a state of dire distress. Befriended by the Greek Convent he was formally received into the Christian Church by baptism in the Jordan. The ceremony was surreptitiously performed, for, "if the circumstance had been known, it would have exposed him to the scimitar or the bow-string of the Pacha of Jerusalem, who, being himself a renegade, exhibits a more than usual intolerance against all seceders from that system of religion to which he has himself become a convert."

With reference to the venerable olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, Mr. Turner quotes the words of a scientific traveller (W. R. Wilde, member of the Dublin Natural History Society) :—
"They are, undoubtedly, the largest, and, I may add with safety, *the most ancient olive trees in the world.* . . . There is nothing unnatural in assigning an age of nineteen centuries to these patriarchs of the vegetable kingdom, whose growth is perhaps the slowest of any in existence." Mr. Turner adds in his own words, "I have been informed by a dear friend (S. C. Malan), who made several most masterly drawings of the Garden of Gethsemane, and thus—from holding such constant 'line upon line' communion with these most venerable guardians of that sacred enclosure—became well acquainted with every notch and wrinkle in their seamed countenances, that, from the singular manner in which the stems spring, as it were almost in different sections, out of the roots, they gave him the idea of having been separately engrafted upon them; or, that, after having been cut down, they had sent forth fresh shoots, and blossomed upwards, and borne fruit again."

APPENDIX D.

PUBLICATIONS BY THE REV. S. C. MALAN, D.D.

- “Persomache Herodotica, a Tabular Analysis of Herodotus,” Ox. 1837.
- “An Outline of Bishop’s College, and of its Missions,” Burns, 1843.
- “Family Prayers,” 1844.
- “A Plain Exposition of the Apostles’ Creed,” Crewkerne, 1847.
- “A Systematic Catalogue of the Eggs of British Birds,” Van Voorst, 1848.
- “List of British Birds,” Van Voorst, 1849.
- “Who is God in China—Shin or Shang-Te? Remarks on the Etymology of Elohim and of Theos, and on the Rendering of those Terms into Chinese,” 8vo., Bagster, 1855.
- “Three Months in the Holy Land” (Journal of Sacred Literature, 1855).
- “A Vindication of the Authorised Version,” Bell and Daldy, 1856.
- “The Threefold San-tsze King, or Triliteral Classic of China, translated into English, with Notes,” Nutt, 1856.
- “Magdala and Bethany, a Pilgrimage,” Masters, 1857.
- “The Coasts of Tyre and Sidon,” Masters, 1858.
- “A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, on the Buddhistic and Pantheistic Tendency of the Chinese and Mongolian Versions of the Bible published by the British and Foreign Bible Society,” Bell and Daldy, 1856.
- “Aphorisms on Drawing,” Longmans, 1856.
- “Letters to a Young Missionary,” Masters, 1858.
- “Prayers and Thanksgivings for the Holy Communion, translated from Armenian, Coptic, and other Eastern Rituals, for the Use of the Clergy,” Masters, 1859.
- “Meditations and Prayers of S. Ephrem, translated from the Russian,” Masters, 1859.
- “The Gospel according to St. John, translated from the Eleven Oldest Versions, except the Latin, viz., the Syriac, Ethiopic, Armenian, Sahidic, Memphitic, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, Anglo-Saxon, Arabic, and Persian, with Foot Notes to every Translation, and a Criticism on all the 1,340 alterations proposed by ‘the Five Clergymen’ in their Revision of that Gospel,” Masters, 1862.

- “Preparation for the Holy Communion, translated from Coptic, Armenian, and other Eastern Originals, for the Use of the Laity,” Masters, 1863.
- “Meditations on our Lord’s Passion, translated from the Armenian of Matthew Vartabed,” Masters, 1863.
- “A Manual of Daily Prayers, translated from Armenian and other Eastern Originals,” Masters, 1863.
- “Philosophy, or Truth? Remarks on the First Five Lectures by the Dean of Westminster on the Jewish Church, with Plain Words on Questions of the Day, regarding Faith, the Bible, and the Church,” Masters, 1865.
- “History of the Georgian Church, translated from the Russian of P. Joselian,” Saunders and Otley, 1866.
- “Sermons by Gabriel, Bishop of Imereth, translated from the Georgian,” Saunders and Otley, 1867.
- “Repentance, translated from the Syriac of S. Ephrem,” Masters, 1867.
- “Thoughts for Every Day in Lent, translated from Eastern Fathers and Divines,” Masters, 1867.
- “On Ritualism,” Saunders and Otley, 1867.
- “An Outline of the Early Jewish Church from a Christian Point of View,” Saunders and Otley, 1867.
- “The Life and Times of S. Gregory the Illuminator, translated from the Armenian,” Rivingtons, 1868.
- “A Plea for the Authorised Version and for the Received Text; in Answer to the Dean of Canterbury,” Hatchards, 1869.
- “The Holy Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper according to Scripture, Grammar, and the Faith,” D. Nutt, 1868.
- “The Liturgy of the Orthodox Armenian Church, translated from the Armenian,” D. Nutt, 1870.
- “Instruction in the Christian Faith, translated from the Armenian,” Rivingtons, 1869.
- “Differences between the Armenian and the Greek Churches, translated from the Russian,” Rivingtons, 1871.
- “The Conflicts of the Holy Apostles, an Apocryphal Book of the Early Christian Church, translated from an Ethiopic MS.,” together with “The Epistle of S. Dionysius the Areopagite to Timothy, on the death of S. Paul, also translated from an Ethiopic MS.; and The Assumption of S. John, translated from the Armenian,” D. Nutt, 1871.
- “Misawo, the Japanese Girl, translated from the Japanese,” 1871.
- “Our Lord’s Parables explained to Country Children,” Bell and Daldy, 2 vols., 1871.
- “A Form of Prayer for the Use of Sunday Schools,” Smart and Allen, 1871.
- “Bishop Ellicott’s New Translation of the Athanasian Creed,” D. Nutt, 1872.

- “The Confession of Faith of the Orthodox Armenian Church, together with the Rite of Holy Baptism, as it is administered in that Church, translated from the Armenian,” Hayes, 1872.
- “The Divine Liturgy of S. Mark the Evangelist, translated from an Old Coptic MS. and compared with the same Liturgy, as arranged by S. Cyril,” D. Nutt, 1872.
- “The Coptic Calendar, translated from an Arabic MS., with Notes,” D. Nutt, 1873.
- “A History of the Copts, and of their Church, translated from the Arabic of Tāqī ed-Dīn El-Maqrīzī, with Notes,” D. Nutt, 1873.
- “The Holy Gospel and Versicles, for every Sunday and other Feast Day in the Year, as used in the Coptic Church, translated from a Coptic MS.,” D. Nutt, 1874.
- “The Divine Εὐχολόγιον and the Divine Liturgy of S. Gregory the Theologian, translated from an Old Coptic MS., together with the Additions found in the Roman Ed. of 1737,” D. Nutt, 1875.
- “Prayers and Thanksgivings for the Use of my Parishioners,” J. P. Coombs, Beaminster, 1878.
- “The Two Holy Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper according to Scripture, Grammar, and the Faith,” D. Nutt, 1880.
- “The Miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ explained to Country Children,” George Bell and Sons, 1881.
- “Seven Chapters [Matt. i.—vi. ; St. Luke xi.] of the Revision of 1881 Revised,” Hatchards, 1881.
- “Select Readings in the Greek Text of S. Matthew, lately published by Rev. Drs. Westcott and Hort, Revised ; with a Postscript on the Pamphlet, ‘The Revisers and the Greek Text of the New Testament,’ by Two Members of the Revision Company,” Hatchards, 1882.
- “The Book of Adam and Eve, called also The Conflict of Adam and Eve with Satan ; a Book of the Early Eastern Church, translated from the Ethiopic ; with Notes from the Kufale, Talmud, Midrashim, and other Eastern Works,” Williams and Norgate, 1882.
- “Morning and Evening Prayers for Day and Sunday Schools in the Parish of Broadwindsor,” 1884.
- “Mary Jones of Ty’nyddol, translated from the Welsh,” Hatchards, 1887.
- “Notes on the Proverbs,” 1st vol., Williams and Norgate, 1889.
- “The Corean Version of the Gospels,” 1890.
- “Notes on the Proverbs,” 2nd vol., Williams and Norgate, 1892.
- “Notes on the Proverbs,” 3rd vol., Williams and Norgate, 1893.

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